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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1924

A CONVERSATION WITH CORNELIA

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

I

WHEN I am in doubt, I talk with Cornelia; and while I am with her, my uncertainties disappear. But this subject she herself broached, at her home in one of those paradises of wood and water where Americans of her class have learned to hide their lives — for the summer.

She is a young woman of forty-five with what Hazlitt somewhere calls a 'coronet face,' finely cut and proudly borne, and it gives one a feeling of distinction merely to be in her presence. My memory holds like a piece of radiant sculpture the image that she left there at her wedding, twenty years ago, when she turned at the altar after the Episcopal benediction and paced down the aisle, clear-eyed and fearless, to the thunder of organ music: it seemed to me then that the young chevalier of the diplomatic service on whose arm her hand had alighted was leading the Samothracian Victory into the holy state of matrimony. It was an excellent alliance, with high sanctions and distinguished witnesses — auspiciously begun and with a constantly felicitous continuation. She has walked ever since, so her friends declare, between purple ribbons: her ways have gone smoothly and well in

delectable regions far above the level of the rank-scented multitude.

When one talks with her, her hands lie still in her lap. She does not think with her hands, nor does any other emphasis of her body intrude its comment upon the serene and assured movements of her intelligence. So remote she seems from the ignominious and infamous aspects of existence that one wonders how she becomes aware of them. Yet such unpleasant things, verminous or reptilian, as creep within range of her vision she inspects sharply and with intrepidity; for she knows precisely how to deal with them.

As I sat there, blissfully receiving a sense of the security and perfection which emanate from her, it just flickered into my consciousness that, if a mouse could have entered that impeccably ordered room, she would not for a moment have been at a loss. She would quietly have summoned a maid. Then she would have said, 'There is a mouse in the room. Take it out.' She likes everything to be right; and she knows so absolutely what is right, that any shade of uncertainty in conversation with her seems a kind of baseness and disloyalty. Yet, as much as a superior

being can be troubled, she was troubled about the state of current fiction. She was troubled in that high and spirited sense of responsibility which certain fine women feel for the tone of the Republic.

'You have shown,' she said, 'some understanding of the immense influence exerted by literature upon the minds of our young people. But your discussion of "unprintable" books is up in the air. You must meet peril definitely, perilously, or your readers won't even believe that it exists. In a prairie fire, you must fight fire with fire: water, the flames snuff up like a perfume, and sweep on. You don't come to grips with the facts. You asperse them with rose water.'

'You mean,' I replied, fencing feebly, 'that I did not furnish a guide to those new books which no young person should read? I had thought that would rather please you. The suppressive societies will supply the information which I omitted. I am not specially interested in the circulation of any questionable books — except my own.'

'Your innuendo is nasty and your tone is flippant,' she said. I bowed in acknowledgment of my entire agreement. 'But the subject,' she continued, 'is grave. It is very grave to those of us who have boys and girls of eighteen and twenty. We wish them in these formative years to be subject only to the finest influences. How can they be, when they read such books? How can anyone who is interested in moulding the characters of the younger generation *not* desire to keep such books as you know they are reading out of their hands? When I think of my son and my daughter, with their clean sweet young minds, wading into the filth of our popular fiction, I repeat to myself those lines of Heine — you remember: —

'Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.'

'Try it,' I suggested with studious brutality. 'Call in the children. Lay your hands on their heads, and pray that God may keep them in their purity and beauty and sweetness. How will they take it? Demurely, I fancy — while they are in your presence. But when they meet in the garden afterward they will exclaim, "Is n't mother an old dear!" And then they will laugh softly, and think of — all sorts of things. Heine's prayer, you know, does n't hit off the aspirations of contemporary youth. Beauty is still "all right." But the quality of sweetness, though it is not yet wholly unmarketable, is held in greatly diminished esteem. And as for purity — "What is purity?" asks the jesting younger generation, and will not stay for an answer.'

'Young people ask many foolish questions,' said Cornelia dismissively. 'What troubles me is rather the changing attitude of so many parents and teachers. Have they lost that beautiful desire to shield the years of innocence? Have they quite lost their sense of responsibility?'

'No,' I conjectured, 'they have n't altogether lost their responsibility. But they have n't known quite what to do with it; and just now it seems temporarily to have slipped from their hands. They did n't know how to use it when they had it; or they were afraid to use it, and cast the responsibility for the innocence of their children upon God; and now the children, sick of that evasion, are acting for themselves. I am afraid that we have rather lost contact with the younger generation. It has experienced so much, it has read so much, it is so accustomed to the free discussion of all sorts of

topics which we thought ominous even to mention — that I often suspect we have more to learn from it than it has to learn from us.'

'That is a false and vicious humility.'

'No, I assure you, very genuine, however vicious. It came over me in the spring several years ago in a vision. I happened one day to observe in my garden a large white cat stalking with soft experienced tread under the lilacs on the lookout for young robins making their trial flight. Being of a somewhat analogical turn of mind, and having then a high conceit of the wisdom of our generation, I said to myself: "The garden is a symbol of the world. The wise cat is the old professor. The fledgling robin is the young student." As I murmured the last word, the white cat made a flying leap for the nestling. It proved to be, however, an adult wren, pert and elusive, which hopped just one spray higher and twittered derision. The cat walked off crestfallen, muttering: "Such wise birds! I have never known a season when birds were wise so young."'

'Well?'

'Well, I really trust these "wise birds" nowadays much further than you do.'

'Won't you explain why?' said Cornelia.

'Let me tell you another story. At a neighborhood party recently, where there was dancing, and the very youngest generation was present, I was greatly flattered by receiving from Adelaide, a young lady of five years, marked attentions which on previous occasions had been directed to Bertram, a far more plausible person than I in all respects, and, moreover, only thrice the age of Adelaide. I said, "I thought you were devoted to Bertram." Instantly she replied: "I was. But I am not interested in Bertram any longer. I know all about him." At the

age of five, don't you see, she has already begun to "sip the foam of many lives." I happened to be, shall I say, the Coca-Cola of the evening. But I know that I shall be sipped and discarded. Already Adelaide has become critical, fastidious, wary; she will not for long be taken in.'

'Well, again?' from Cornelia, with a hint of irritation.

'I mean to insist,' I explained cautiously, 'that such sentimentalists as you and I seldom do justice to the hard, clear-eyed maturity, of a sort, which our young people have attained by pooh-poohing our sentimentality and subjectivity and adopting what Santayana calls a simple "animal faith" in the material surfaces of things.'

'Just what do you mean,' Cornelia inquired, sharply and scornfully, 'by hard, clear-eyed maturity? I have no such feeling about my own children. My own son and daughter are being brought up as I was brought up. Well-bred young people to-day differ in no essential respect from well-bred people twenty years ago. What some idiots try to make us believe is a change of standards is not a change of standards. It is merely a horrid confusion, due to the fact that a great many ill-bred people are expressing themselves.'

'That in itself,' I said, 'implies a change in conditions, if not in standards. There is, as you say, a horrid confusion. The confusion is due to the fact that the well-bred young people are now applauding the ill-bred old people. That is really significant. When the well-bred young people begin to desert, it is all up with the Old Guard. That indicates either a revolt or a revolution. You must remember, Cornelia, that one half of history is an account of the struggle made by your class to keep the rest out; and the other

half of history is an account of how the rest are getting in. If you are now in the presence of a revolt by a weak body of outsiders, you may still effectively oppose it. But if it is a revolution including your own household, you had better prepare to support the best elements in the *de facto* government — in the literary no less than in the political republic.'

'There are no best elements,' Cornelia retorted, 'in what you call the *de facto* government. There are no good elements. There are no decent elements. It is an insurrection of hoodlum and bedlam. It is all vile. The situation,' she continued with the clear precision of a cookie-cutter, 'demands drastic action. You, instead of strengthening the hands of those who attempt to act, amuse yourself with philosophical futilities, and virtually throw the weight of your levity against all action.'

'Suppose I desire an antecedent action of the mind?'

'But you are so ambiguous that you have no force. One can't really tell on which side you are.'

'I should like,' I hurriedly replied, 'to be on the side of the angels. You know that I should like to be on your side. If I am ever driven from your side, it will be by the fine high-bred incuriosity of angels. It will be by the applause of angels, accompanied by some fresh demonstration of their immitigable hostility to thought.'

'You are rude.'

'And you — just faintly provoking. I am not sure, Cornelia, that you quite understand the limits of a writer's power. I have a friend, long experienced in a public library, who assures me that critical articles have no real effect. Readers either agree with them from the outset and are pleased, or disagree with them from the outset and are displeased. This, she tells me,

is especially true of lawyers, clergymen, professors, and all nice people. Perhaps that is so. Let us suppose that it is. Suppose also that I were returning to the discussion of "unprintable" books. What treatment of the subject would please *you*? You are a "conservative" of definite convictions, and you demand drastic action. Exactly what is the situation and what the appropriate action? Are you prepared to say?'

'Certainly,' she replied. 'And I will tell you also the stand which I believe should be taken by a critic who professes to have the public welfare at heart.'

'Before you do that,' I interposed, 'you must pardon me one more flippancy. Isn't it true that people often "take a stand" to watch something that is going on and that will continue to go on whether they remain in their "stand" or not?'

'If you mean to ask whether I am a moral utilitarian, I am not. People of character take a stand in order to prevent obnoxious things from going on. If the obnoxious things continue to go on in spite of them, people of character are glad to be left behind, or even to be trampled under foot, when that is the only way to make their protest effective.'

'You speak like yourself, Cornelia,' I said, 'and no higher compliment is possible. Your image interests me. I seem to see an invading army with leveled spears, and you dauntlessly flinging yourself upon them. Opposition interests me as long as it is effective — as long as the opposing breast checks the leveled spears. Sniping from the housetop at the postman, after the revolution has actually taken place — in that, there is a kind of unpalatable futility. But how do you apply your figure to the duty of the critic in the face of current fiction?'

'I apply it in this way. You yourself have admitted that it would be very easy to make a list of popular writers who, however varied their art and method, have running through their work an insistent preoccupation with sex of quite a different character from its occasional romantic treatment in the novels that you and I were brought up on. The heart of the matter is this: the minds of young people are being gravely affected by a group of writers who, in their several ways, definitely challenge the idea of chastity. Now, what a really serious critic should do is to call a halt in the production and reading of that sort of literature.'

'My dear Cornelia,' I exclaimed, — I always exclaim 'My dear' when I am about to express impatience; it introduces the note of suavity, — 'My dear Cornelia, do you read the magazines? Do you attend church? Do you see the newspapers? Did you not observe that the form, "It is time to call a halt," was first employed on the tenth of August, 1914, by an editor in Oshkosh with reference to the German advance on Paris? In the following week it was applied by a clergyman of Tulsa, Oklahoma, with reference to the consumption of chewing-gum in the United States. Since that time, it has been in continuous employment by all serious critics, lay and clerical, with reference to the output of the leading English and American novelists.'

'Well,' she replied, 'what if it has? So much the worse for the leading English and American novelists. If they are all running amuck, is that any reason why the rest of us should lose our heads? If the novelists are going definitely wrong at the point which I have indicated, a critic could not be better employed than in standing at that point and calling a halt.'

'You assign to criticism,' I said, 'a

task which appeals but faintly to the critic — a task like that of a traffic policeman without authority or power. If I had all the authority in the world, I would not cry "stop" to the novelists, even to those that I have criticized most harshly.'

'And why not?'

'Because I learn too much from what they are doing to desire to dam the stream of information. The realistic novelists to-day are extraordinarily copious, candid, and illuminating confessors of private morals. I have, to be sure, been troubled by the fact that the lives of respectable people are so seldom revealed in these confessions. I have even allowed myself to wonder faintly at times whether unwillingness to confess may not be, as our direful midwestern school contends, the chief distinction between respectable people and the other sort. It is a horrid doubt, concerning which no one but the novelist betrays much curiosity, or provides much light. And so, for novelists, I wish freedom to confess, and, for myself, freedom to comment on their confessions — though, since they have become so desperately confessional, it seems frequently indelicate to do so. If they are, as you assert, definitely challenging the idea of chastity, the matter is indeed of more than merely literary interest. I should like to know whether our standards are undergoing revolutionary change. Won't you please go out and "call a halt," while I go home and inquire in my own fashion whether anything is going on; whether the idea of chastity has actually been challenged; if so, what idea of chastity, why, where, when, in what manner, and with what results?'

'You are hopeless,' said Cornelia, rising. 'I shall ask the Bishop to make this the subject of one of his Lenten discourses.'

'That will be just the thing,' I rejoined, 'to induce profound reflection in our novelists.'

II

When I returned to my study, I dropped into a chair which frequently invites meditation, before a case containing current fiction. My eyes glanced swiftly along the rows of Wells, Galsworthy, Bennett, Beresford, and Walpole, lingering an extra moment on *Ann Veronica*, *The Dark Flower*, and *The Pretty Lady*; visited with slow interrogative scrutiny the 'colorful' assemblage of Hergesheimer, D. H. Lawrence, Rebecca West, May Sinclair, W. L. George, James Joyce, J. B. Cabell, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Charles G. Norris, Ben Hecht, and Waldo Franck; then fluttered to rest upon a dozen miscellaneous recent arrivals — Meredith Nicholson's *Broken Barriers*, Mrs. Gerould's *Conquistador*, Maxwell's *Spinster of This Parish*, Willa Cather's *The Lost Lady*, G. F. Hummel's *After All*, *West of the Water Tower*, Herrick's *Homely Lilla*, Brand Whitlock's *J. Hardin & Son*, Lewisohn's *Don Juan*, Edith Summers Kelley's *Weeds*, and Margaret Prescott Montague's *Deep Channel*.

Here, I said to myself, is material enough to prove Cornelia's case, if she has a case. Among this company, I shall find the challengers, if there is a challenge. What are they calling in question? The idea of chastity. — Whose idea of chastity? Cornelia's idea, the idea of all nice people. — What is the idea of all nice people regarding chastity? Look in the dictionary, the record of good usage. — Here it is: 'Innocence of unlawful sexual intercourse.' — As a history of usage the dictionary should add in parenthesis: 'This is a virtue assumed to be present in all members of

the female sex in good and regular standing.'

Here we have a simple and definite idea to work upon: Chastity is freedom from unlawful sexual intercourse — a virtue assumed to be present in all members of the female sex in good and regular standing. — Who first gave currency to that idea? Our friends the Victorians? Oh, no! It is astonishing how many so-called Victorian ideas, delicate and fragile, can be found thriving in manlier ages, in old robust books like *Don Juan*, *Tom Jones*, and in the drama of that 'den of lions' — the Renaissance. How they valued this virtue — those 'lions' of the Renaissance! How they valued this virtue in their wives! What praise they had for its possessors — 'chaste as the icicle that's curded by the frost from purest snow and hangs on Dian's temple.' Shakespeare valiantly assumed the presence of that virtue in all members of the female sex in good and regular standing — except Cleopatra.

But we must not be too historical. The idea of chastity exists full blown in Goldsmith, in those two famous stanzas which inquire what happens when lovely woman stoops to 'folly,' and learns too late that men 'betray,' that is, fail to legalize the 'folly.' We remember what follows, for the lines were in every anthology employed in our formative period to give to our young minds a relish for virtue and a lively apprehension of the consequences of departing from it. Cornelia still thinks we should prescribe Goldsmith rather than Mr. Galsworthy for the 'collateral reading' of her daughter. Goldsmith declares very firmly that when lovely woman stoops to folly, no art can wash her guilt away: —

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom — is to die.

Several distinct elements appear in our fully developed idea: first, chastity is the virtue of a legal status; second, women are naturally law-abiding; third, if they lose their status it is by the natural perfidy of predatory men; fourth, the disaster is irretrievable. There is no salvation for the woman but death, the cloister, exile or, occasionally, a shamefaced return to 'chastity' at the point of the pistol.

This idea flourished in the 'good old' novels of Sir Walter Scott; it is fairly well illustrated in the case of Effie Deans in *The Heart of Midlothian*. Scott was a romancer. His contemporary, Jane Austen, was a realist. She was far less chivalrously certain than he that lovely women who are neglectful of legal status are by nature virtuous. She looked at them hard; she inclined strongly to believe that such women are by nature vain, sentimental, and ignorant — like Lydia Bennett in *Pride and Prejudice*. But Jane Austen is at one with Scott in treating unlawful passion austere. In the fiction of both these worthies, the erring woman is unmistakably a 'victim'; the man, however plausible his manners, is a profligate and unprincipled, if not a designing, villain; the consequences of departure from legal status are depicted in strongly deterrent colors. Our idea of chastity is fortified by them.

Now let us advance a generation or so and question our friends the Victorians: do they accept our idea and loyally enforce it? Yes — *now and then*. Familiar cases? There is the case of little Em'ly in *David Copperfield*. She is the typical victim of the typical seducer; and Dickens punishes them both in approved traditional fashion. He drowns the wicked lover, which is, of course, a logical consequence of departure from legal status. He sends the victim with her 'soft sorrowful blue

eyes' to Australia, where she attempts to expiate her guilt by a life of self-sacrifice. She has many a good offer of marriage: "But, uncle," she says to me, "that's gone forever." Here we have the doctrine of the irretrievable. That doctrine is sternly proclaimed by George Eliot in the graver case of Hetty Sorrel in *Adam Bede*. The repentant lover tries to do something for Hetty. His last words are that it is no use: "You told me the truth when you said to me once, "There's a sort of wrong that can never be made up for." Neither Scott nor Jane Austen could have handled these elementary cases in a more strictly orthodox fashion. Our idea is again fortified.

But the great Victorian novelists pushed their speculations beyond the elementary problems raised by the victim-villain situation. They had, several of them, personal reasons for reflecting thoughtfully upon the social utility of the stout bulwarks with which the English law attempted to fortify the idea of chastity and the related doctrine of the irretrievable. Dickens is said to have fallen in love with all the Hogarth daughters and to have married the wrong one. Thackeray married at twenty-five a woman who half a dozen years later became insane and outlived him. Bulwer-Lytton was legally separated at twenty-three from a woman who outlived him. Meredith's *Modern Love* discusses an incompatibility of temper from which a death divorced him. And George Eliot, high priestess of Victorian morality, was actually living in a kind of solemn and almost officious virtue with another woman's husband. These were circumstances arranged to liberate speculation and to set it playing a little skeptically about the one way out — the sole dark exit which Goldsmith had so glibly offered to lovely women who are unfortunate in love.

In a novel of the mid-nineteenth century, which used to be thought very dangerous reading, — *Jane Eyre*, — Charlotte Brontë considered one of these more difficult cases, and almost presented it. Jane, an eager, self-reliant, self-supporting, and fairly hard-headed young woman, first of our modern heroines, is loved with a grand passion by Rochester, who is enchained by marriage to a hopeless lunatic. Now the novelist permits Jane to fall deeply in love with Rochester, thus perilously illustrating the possibility that a truly great and two-sided passion may come into existence outside legal status. Charlotte Brontë, however, intervened twice to save the situation. She was n't fastidious about the chastity of Rochester: chastity is a female virtue. But she was fastidious about the chastity of Jane. And so, of course, she makes Jane ignorant at first of the fact that Rochester is married; and she makes Jane tell him that it is all up when she learns that he is married. That was the perfectly correct thing for Jane to do.

But it created a dilemma. Charlotte Brontë knew that it created a dilemma — a dilemma with unchastity for one horn and the frustration of a grand passion for the other. (It should perhaps be explained that a grand passion, in those illiberal days, was thought of as an experience that befell a girl but once in a lifetime.) Charlotte Brontë did not quite dare to treat this dilemma. She faced it for a moment. She let her readers face it for a moment. Then she intervened again: she destroyed the dilemma. She made it all come right. She restored both hero and heroine to chastity by pitching the lunatic wife headlong into the flames of the house of Rochester.

A happy thought! — so it must have seemed to the author. Yet, as one reflects upon it, this solution appears

a little dangerous. To pitch a superfluous wife into the flames — well, it would not quite serve as a Kantian basis for the solution of all such problems. Under the English law, the dilemma reasserted its actuality. *Jane Eyre* stands there early in the Victorian Age as a challenge, rather evasively presented, to the idea of chastity. (In W. B. Maxwell's *Spinster of This Parish*, 1923, a modern heroine is placed in almost precisely Jane's situation, except that her lover does not think it necessary to lie to her about his lunatic wife. Without a moment's hesitation, she accepts the grand passion. Since she accepts it with all the fortitude and fidelity of an old-fashioned wife, she seems to-day a quite safe old-fashioned character; and it is hard to conceive of anyone's thinking of her as 'unchaste'.)

Other Victorians, usually with much circumspection, returned to the dilemma; and they returned to it in such numbers that to challenge the idea of chastity as a legal creation may be regarded as a rather distinctively Victorian 'contribution.' From the question, what to do when you are united to an undivorceable insane wife the Victorians proceeded cautiously to consider the demands of virtue in analogous sets of circumstances. What is the point at which the maintenance of legal chastity involves the loss of ethical integrity? What is right conduct for a young girl whose parents or relatives have united her in a 'suitable marriage' to a repellent brute of means and good family? That is a question which interested Thackeray in *The Newcomes*; and it will be remembered that the wife of Barnes Newcome answers the question in her own case by giving her husband occasion for divorce under the English law. It is not always observed that to Hester Prynne, in *The Scarlet Letter*,

right conduct, to the last page of the book, consists in fidelity to her lover, not to her fanatical husband; and Hawthorne, perhaps indecently, places the lovers in adjacent graves of a Boston burying-ground. Isabel Archer in Henry James's *Portrait of a Lady* is begged by her lover to desert her husband and come to him, and to disregard the 'bottomless idiocy' of what other people will think or say about them; though, on the last page, Isabel is still clinging to legality, one is left in some doubt whether she will cling indefinitely. Meredith's Diana is a standing challenge to the doctrine of irretrievable marriage. Hardy's Tess is a defiance to the idea of chastity entertained by the Angel Clares; and the obscene relation in *Jude the Obscure* is obviously that between him and his wife, not that between him and Sue, except as it is smirched by his return to his wife and by her return to her husband.

But why multiply instances? Here are enough to show that the good Victorians repeatedly solicited our sympathy and our support for heroines whose ethical integrity was afflicted by their legal chastity. The idea of illicit love as an affair of victim and villain has been largely jettisoned or given over to melodrama, as of an interest too primitive or too banal for extended consideration. To their successors, the Victorian realists bequeath as matter of far higher artistic and general human concern their rather cautious essays upon the evaded dilemma of Jane Eyre.

III

Let us now enter fearfully upon the burning ground of contemporary fiction. The territory is immense, and unexplorable here in detail. All that one can do is to stand upon the smoky

borderland, and comment briefly upon some conspicuous spots in the conflagrant area and upon the general direction of the wind.

One cannot, on every occasion for mentioning him, reread the entire works of Mr. Wells. I retain a strong impression that most of his novels of contemporary life challenge the idea of indissoluble marriage. In this respect Mr. Wells is no innovator. I retain also the impression that one tends to derive from these novels a conviction that everyone's first marriage is a mistake. This indicates the direction of the wind. Now Mr. Wells is a long way from accepting Goldsmith's idea that death is the only way out of a bad situation. He has no patience with the doctrine of irretrievability. But as long as unlawful relations furnish the only available alternative way out, his works naturally disquiet Cornelia, and challenge her idea of chastity.

His works disquiet me, because I think the defect which his heroes and heroines find in their first marriage they will find also in their second and their third and their fourth: they will find that neither the second nor the third nor the fourth marriage is capable of sustaining indefinitely the sense of ecstasy which the tired business man experiences the first time he notices how pretty his stenographer is. Tedium is three fourths of life. Sensible men settle down quietly to endure it, sustained by their fortitude and their twenty-five per cent of creature comforts and incidentals. The others imagine that by Babbittian adventures they can change the proportions and get something better than tedium. There is nothing that is even 'just as good.' Thackeray knew this and admitted it. Mr. Wells has not admitted it. That constitutes one distinction between the author of *The Newcomes*

and the author of *The New Machiavelli*.

Mr. Galsworthy told us in *The Dark Flower* about the quest of ecstasy, and in *Saint's Progress* he confessed something of the extraordinary disregard of legality in sexual relations on the part of well-bred young people, occasioned in part by the stresses of the war. Mr. Galsworthy, like Mr. Wells, inclines to make ecstasy rather than legality the test of right relations between men and women, though I think most of his heroes and heroines are somewhat less incorrigibly expectant than those of Mr. Wells. In *The Forsyte Saga*, his prime achievement and a rich and various and notable work, he makes his most significant study of that Victorian dilemma upon which Jane Eyre was so nearly impaled. In the case of Soames Forsyte and Irene and Jolyon, he brings, with great circumstantiality and seriousness, a fine woman face to face with the choice of illegal status or the substantial frustration of life; and Irene unequivocally accepts the illegal status. The entire treatment of the theme indicates, I think, Mr. Galsworthy's belief that she was ethically justified, as she was also justified by the general consequences, in her union with Jolyon. The one high crime in the book, as Mr. Galsworthy conceives it, is Soames Forsyte's exaction of marital rights from a wife who is in love with another man. — I wonder whether Cornelia has read *The Forsyte Saga*. I wonder whether, if she entered imaginatively into all the circumstances, she would not consider the act of Soames a crime. If she did, she would challenge the idea of chastity. Perhaps she would call the act 'a heinous unchastity'; but that would be to abandon our definition.

I was a bit shocked last spring when someone remarked that May Sinclair had joined the ranks of those who are

writing primarily to engage the attention of Mr. Sumner; and that *Ann Severn and the Fieldings* is an 'immoral book.' I recalled her *Divine Fire* as one of the keen delights of twenty years ago, and I remembered her recently published *Mr. Waddington of Wyck* as the most exhilarating and remorseless flaying-alive of the philanderer that I had ever witnessed.

I read *Ann Severn and the Fieldings*, and I found it, especially in its last two or three chapters, a love story of poignant and thrilling beauty. Compared with many of the physiologically and pathologically introspective novels of the day it is, despite its exhibition of a neurosis resulting in false angina pectoris, almost an old-fashioned love story. It is almost old-fashioned when presenting, in the case of Ann, a passion as straight, as single, as unswerving, as unflinching as that of Shakespeare's Juliet. Ann, brought up with the three Fielding brothers, loves one of them, Jerrold, from childhood till the end — with the 'divine fire.' Jerrold, on leave from the front, intends to ask Ann to be his wife; but by the connivance of circumstances with the lying of interested persons, he is persuaded that Ann is living with his shell-shocked brother. Jerrold, thereupon, in the recklessness of the hour, expecting to be killed in the next attack, abruptly marries Maisie. When the conspiracy of lying and ambiguous circumstances is dispelled, Ann claims Jerrold as her own, and he gives himself to her 'without a scruple.'

Now the ethical points, as exhibited by the author, are these: first, Jerrold has shown male recklessness regarding his virtue — by marrying one woman when he loved another; second, he displays an awakened ethical sensitiveness when he rejoices at the termination of his intimate relations with his wife; third, Ann has never for an instant

swerved from her virtue; Maisie proves her virtue in the beautiful, if impossible, scene in which she surrenders her husband to Ann, saying, 'I can't think of anything more disgusting than to keep a man tied to you when he cares for somebody else. I should feel as if I were living in sin.' Of course the major contention is, that Ann, though without legal status, was 'chaste'; but that is a paradox and a challenge to our idea.

Let us take one more case in this group: Mr. J. D. Beresford with the Jacob Stahl trilogy. In this rather drab yet impressive work, one finds the 'emancipative' ideas of Mr. Wells assimilated by a much less buoyant nature. Jacob muddles into a bad marriage—with an unquestionably unsuitable person from whom he separates, though he is not divorced. He falls in love with one of the keepers of his lodging-house and asks her to live with him without legal sanction till his wife shall die. After months of consideration she freely and resolutely joins him. From that point, Mr. Beresford exerts himself to prove that their relation is just as grave and permanent and as full of labor and anxiety and humdrum and gray days as marriage itself. I suspect there is a kind of grim truthfulness in the relation of this adventure. It reminds one, in the third volume, of George Eliot and of accounts given by sundry visitors of the slightly dreary decorum of her *ménage*. There is no expectation of ecstasy on the part of either of the adventurers. They merely look, outside marriage, for the alleviations of the ultimate human solitude afforded by a satisfactory marriage. They are tolerably successful. But when the death of Stahl's wife clears the way, they return, for various reasons of expediency, to a legal status.

Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy, May

Sinclair, and Mr. Beresford, are all, I think, seriously interested in morality. On the whole, their work does not contemptuously and explicitly challenge the idea of monogamous marriage. At least, it does not flout the possibility of arriving, by freedom of readjustment, at some reasonably satisfactory and permanent relationship between one man and one woman. And so, in a sense, their point of view begins to appear relatively conservative. If they could be questioned regarding their moral purpose, or tendency, they would all profess sincere respect for virtue. But they would add that they are concerned as novelists with reflecting the revision which the idea of virtue is undergoing in our time. They are generally willing to admit that society and the State are related in necessary and vital ways to the customary form of sexual alliance. But they repudiate the notion that mere legality can set the seal of virtue upon any such alliance. Less firmly, yet pretty clearly, they repudiate the notion that mere illegality can remove the seal of virtue which individual adventurers may set upon their alliance. Because chastity has been traditionally identified with legality, they hold the word in some contempt; they incline to discard it as the name of any recognizable virtue. The important ideas which it has obscured are these: to maintain permanent relations with one who is thoroughly agreeable to you is virtue; to maintain permanent relations with one who is thoroughly disagreeable to you is vice. (There is quite a bit of ground between.)

IV

Among the novelists who have arrived within the last ten years it is more difficult to discover any community in constructive ethical intention

or tendency. One can no longer feel sure that marriage is regarded as the normal condition for which fidelity in illegal relations is a substitute. One recalls numerous heroines who collect erotic adventures like female Don Juans, and others who stoutly and 'conscientiously' refuse marriage to lovers to whom they refuse nothing else. And here is George F. Hummel's *After All*, advertised as follows: 'Its analysis of the inherent self-destructiveness of marriage is carried to a conclusion which, however opposed to accept standards of morality, has in it the logic and compelling force of a thinking man's profoundest conviction.' Here are D. H. Lawrence's *Lost Girl*, and Arnold Bennett's *Pretty Lady*, and W. L. George's *Ursula Trent*, and Willa Cather's *Lost Lady*, and Joseph Hergesheimer's *Cytherea* and the heroine of Mr. Masters's *Domesday Book* — a whole troop of damsels who meander where they will in quest of rosebuds. Here is Robert Herrick's *Lilla* deliberately and successfully discarding marriage for an un-sanctioned union. Here is Margaret Prescott Montague's *Julie* (in *Deep Channel*) finding in an illicit relationship the effective key to a larger and more spiritual life. Here is even Mrs. Gerould permitting a grave and thoughtful illegal relationship to the hero of *Conquistador*, whom she would apparently have us regard as the very pink of essential purity. No single explanation will account for the community in 'destructive' tendency discernible in the latest phase of the 'movement,' or for the fact that there is hardly one out of a dozen recent novels which Cornelia would care to see in the hands of her daughter; or for the still more alarming fact that, if there is one such novel in a dozen, Cornelia's daughter probably would not care to read it.

Since, in the United States, marriage has been by no means a legally irretrievable disaster, it would be absurd to point to the rigor of our law as a very important occasion of the widespread indifference or disrespect for chastity exhibited or reflected by many American writers. The occasions of our revolt lie deeper than that, and many causes have conspired to give to our current fiction its unwonted aspect of levity and license.

First, as a literary inheritance, the Wells-Galsworthy group of the elder novelists bequeathed to their successors a profound skepticism of the legal touchstone of chastity, together with a pleasant rule of virtue which tends, as a social regulation, to be unworkable, since it is incapable of objective and public application. Their 'rule,' developed a little, lands one in an anarchical moral individualism; and their successors developed it by omitting the word 'permanent' from the definition of virtue.

Secondly, the appearance of a good many rather frothily wanton pictures of frothily wanton younger sets may still be attributed to reaction from the austerities of war; the writers of the futilitarian school take chastity lightly because they take everything lightly: for examples, Mr. Carl Van Vechten and Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald — though it must be admitted that the latter, in *The Beautiful and Damned*, has written the most impressive temperance tract of our time. (I wonder if Cornelia noticed that it is a temperance tract.)

Thirdly, women are discovering various means of avoiding the inevitable penalties which the earlier novelists inflicted upon sorrowful blue-eyed girls who stooped to folly: they don't, in fiction at least, so often have to abandon a baby (*Adam Bede*), or to lose their job (*Esther Waters*), or to be

barred from marriage (*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*), or to suffer ostracism or exile (*David Copperfield*).

Fourthly, as in the use of cocktails and tobacco, the double standard is manifestly giving ground before a single standard, and that a masculine standard: see any novel of the literary and artistic 'villages' of New York or Chicago—for example, those of Mr. Floyd Dell. In Meredith Nicholson's *Broken Barriers*—an extraordinary disclosure from the Indiana school—unchastity is almost blandly presented as, for a considerable group of young business women, something like the accepted avenue to social advancement and as a preliminary to a good marriage.

Fifthly, chastity, legal and spiritual, has for a dozen years been under fire in this country as a distinctive aspect of that 'Puritanism' which, as we know, must be destroyed, root and branch, before we shall have any art, letters, or society worth mention.

Sixthly, the idea of 'sex' as a sacred mystery under protection of Church and State has given ground before an interesting series of competing ideas: the idea of sex as a chapter in physiology; the idea of sex as a social asset and a contribution which every good mixer makes to the occasion; and the idea of sex as a horrible nuisance.

Seventhly, there is appearing here and there in current literature evidence of the growth among us of an æsthetic philosophy which rejects the moral valuations of life. Its doctrine is briefly this: You can't be sure that any act will yield you happiness. You can't be sure that any act will be virtuous. You can be sure that every act will yield you experience. Let us go in for experience, and value our acts according to the quantity and intensity of the experience which they yield.

Mr. Hergesheimer at present, I think, best represents the æsthetic point of view. I am afraid that Mr. Hergesheimer is just a little bit of a *poseur*. He pretends to feel surprised that many people regard his books as of immoral tendency. I myself am not one of those who are much worried by the moral aspects of his work. If he were content to let the novels speak for themselves, few people would guess how unorthodox the author is. But as a matter of fact Mr. Hergesheimer is a renegade Presbyterian. He is a Presbyterian turned artist. He is proud of his apostasy and he likes to talk about it. He has shaken off his patrimonial 'Puritanism'; he finds life more delectable since; and he delights to find a cool spot in a Havana hotel, and to stretch out his legs and discourse somewhat expansively, for the benefit of his fellow citizens north of the Gulf, upon his 'emancipation'—with frequent pointed references to his informal dinner jacket of Chinese silk, the orange blossom in his buttonhole, the flourished Larrañaga cigar in his fingers, and the frigid mixture of Ron Bacardi, sugar, and vivid green lime at his elbow.

As an artist, he is interested in two things: first, in the luxurious, the 'colorful,' the exotic; and, second, in the poetry of passionate idealisms, martyr-hot. He himself exhibits a middle-aged prudence and coolness; he possesses a certain amount of taste of a certain kind, which preserves him from a certain kind of now popular grossness; he paints himself as a connoisseur of sensations: these qualities, together with his old-fashioned romantic attachment to 'grand passions,' give him a salient distinction, indeed a real isolation, among the 'Jacksonian rabble' who imagine that Mr. Hergesheimer is one of them, and who still constitute the main body of the anti-

Puritan movement. Yet, as an artist, he finds himself constrained to be essentially an anti-moralist. He welcomes all experience in proportion to its intensity and richness of color. He cannot help admitting his 'preference for those girls who have the courage of their emotions.' He cannot help confessing his artistic pleasure in observing a crucifix as the background of a prostitute. He cannot deny himself the revenge upon his Presbyterian ancestors which consists in referring to the prostitutes of a house in Havana as 'informal girls'—as if, forsooth, when one emerges from the ancestral hypocrisies of Presbyterianism, 'formality' remains for the only real distinction between these girls and any other sort of girls.

O Cornelia, I begin to understand what troubles you!

Mr. D. H. Lawrence seems to have set out with the notion that sex is 'the greatest thing in the world,' and with the correlative notion that we can't very well have too much of it or have it on too easy terms. He is still, if I understand him, a great believer in experience for experience's sake, and he passes in many quarters for a dangerous immoralist. To the conventional sense, indeed, he may easily appear to write his novels as if the world of conventional morals had no existence. Even in *Sons and Lovers* his heroes and heroines explore their sexual good where they find it with barbaric or *übermenschlich* indifference to legality—or, should one say, with the indifference to legality prevalent among a coal-mining population? In his more recently published *Women in Love* his seekers of experience and self-realization are men and women who have exhausted the possibilities of gratification through any ordinary intimacy of relationship. The book has offended pudency by a few intelligible

paragraphs of plain speech where we were formerly accustomed to silence. But its really shocking aspect is its studious remorseless revelation of what a horrible, devouring mania sexual passion may be: how involved with mortal fear; and with cold, probing curiosity; and with murderous hatred. One of the characteristic 'high spots' in the story is that in which Hermione expresses the kind of intimacy that she desires with Birkin, and consummates her 'voluptuous ecstasy' by seizing a beautiful ball of lapis lazuli and bringing it crashing down upon his head. Except for a lively incident of this sort here and there, *Women in Love* must impress the ordinary novel-reader as intolerably dull, dreary, difficult, and mad: and anyone who declares that it makes 'sex' attractive should be punished by being required to read it through.

Mr. Lawrence's interest in it is predominantly the interest of an exploring moralist who has specialized in sexual relations and is coming to conclusions which are important, if true. He is coming to the conclusion that—for men, at any rate—passional surrender is not 'the greatest thing in the world.' He is coming to the conclusion that the romantic poets and the romantic novelists—including perhaps Mr. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy—have all been on the wrong tack in representing as the height of human experience that ecstasy in which one individuality is merged and absorbed in another. This he regards as in its essential nature an ideal of decadence. This is an aspiration toward death and disintegration, from which the inevitable reaction is disgust. The virtue of a man is to preserve his own integrity and resist the dissolution of union. 'When he makes the sexual consummation the supreme consummation, even in his *secret* soul,

he falls into the beginnings of despair.' I quote this sentence from Mr. Lawrence's fantastic and curious *Fantasia of the Unconscious*. And from his *Studies in Classic American Literature* I quote these words, calculated to trouble both his enemies and his friends: 'The essential function of art is moral. Not æsthetic, nor decorative, not pastime and recreation, but moral. The essential function of art is moral.' This will perhaps trouble Mr. Hergesheimer more than it troubles me.

Among the later novelists of the Middle West one might choose either Sherwood Anderson or Ben Hecht as a striking representative of the anti-Puritan movement. But there is so much cloudy symbolism in the author of *Many Marriages* that one may more expeditiously indicate the position of the author of *Gargoyles* — and of less widely circulated works. Mr. Hecht, generally speaking, appears to be the inheritor of Mr. Dreiser's moral outfit, during the latter's lifetime. He interests me more than Mr. Dreiser ever did because his intellectual processes are much more rapid. Mr. Dreiser reaches his conclusion by a slow, vermiculous, emotional approach, like the promenade of the *lumbricus terrestris*; Mr. Hecht darts at his like a wasp. He is a stylist and he feels a kind of ecstasy in the stabbing use of words. He is a satirist exulting in the stripping of shams. In *Gargoyles* he is a cynic with the point of view of mad King Lear crying, —

'Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy
own back;
Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind
For which thou whip'st her.'

He is an angry and disenchanted moralist. But he is also — and this is the particularly interesting aspect of his case — an angry and disenchanted 'immoralist.' The emancipated heroes

of *Gargoyles* and *Erik Dorn* hurl themselves over precipices of experience to wallow in abysses of spiritual inanity and despair. Yet before they are emancipated, as Mr. Hecht sees them, they are in an equal agony of moral chains. Basine, in *Gargoyles*, loathes all women for his wife's sake. 'His distaste for his wife had kept him faithful to her because his imagination balked at the idea of embracing another Henrietta.' Again we are told, almost in the Dreiserian phraseology, that 'cowardice' had made him an excited champion of domestic felicity, marital fidelity, and kindred ideas. In his symbolical romance, Mr. Hecht represents man as an agonized animal, self-crucified on the cross of his moral ideals, martyring himself in behalf of laws and conventions to which his desires and appetites are in unquishable opposition. Hitherto, his satire of conventional sexual morality has not revealed to me any constructive element: its caustic and sulphurous bolts leap from an anarchical darkness of all-embracing disillusion and fathomless disgust.

The note of sexual disgust is, to the student of contemporary morals, a point of high interest in the recent realistic fiction. This note of disgust is clamorous in *Blackguard*, by Mr. Hecht's spiritual satellite, Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim. It is a steady undertone through the novels and short stories of Sherwood Anderson; in *The Narrow House* and *Narcissus* of Evelyn Scott; and in the *Rahab* of Waldo Franck. It is a cry of diabolic torture in James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist As Young Man*; and in *Ulysses* it is a rolling orduous pandemonium.

In reading the novels of Ben Hecht, Maxwell Bodenheim, Sherwood Anderson, Evelyn Scott, Waldo Franck, and James Joyce, one's first impression is frequently of wonder as to what motive

can prompt an author to perpetuate a record of experience so humiliatingly painful, and a vision of souls so atrociously ugly. Is the motive revenge upon life for having taken them in? Is the motive to cleanse the stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff that preys upon the reason. The mad King Lear perhaps felt relieved when he had completed his psychoanalysis of the 'simp'ring dame'; but when he had reached his conclusion in 'burning, scalding, stench, consumption,' he cried perforce: 'Give me an ounce of civet; good apothecary, sweeten my imagination.' In the emetic school of fiction appears the *reductio ad nauseam* of the idea of sex as a social asset. No lust-bitten monk wrestling with hallucinations in a mediæval cloister could have made the entire subject more bewilderingly detestable than this group of anti-Puritan and anti-Catholic emancipators, who apparently set out with a desire to make it pleasant.

V

At this point, as it seemed to me, I had accumulated sufficient material to enable me to resume my conversation with Cornelia, without being immediately extinguished by the immense superiority of her intuitions regarding what is right. Meditating on the evolution of the idea of chastity from Goldsmith and Scott to James Joyce and Ben Hecht, I went to see her again.

It was a pleasant midsummer morning, enlivened by a cool breeze from the lake. I came up through the wood path into the garden, and found her sitting in the pergola, cool and fresh as the breeze. Her hands lay still in her lap, clasped upon an open book. Unaware of my presence, her gaze seemed to have gone dreamingly down the green slope, to rest in a kind of hovering question above the bright young

animation of the tennis court. As I appeared, she looked up quickly and said instantly, —

'Sit here, and let me read you these lovely verses of Walter de la Mare's.'

'Do,' I replied; and she read with, oh, just a suspicion of a tremor in her clear smooth voice, these lines: —

'Like an old battle, youth is wild
With bugle and spear, and counter-cry,
Fanfare and drummery, yet a child
Dreaming of that sweet chivalry,
The piercing terror cannot see.

'He, with a mild and serious eye
Along the azure of the years,
Sees the sweet pomp sweep hurtling by;
But he sees not death's blood and tears,
Sees not the plunging of the spears.

'O, if with such simplicity
Himself take arms and suffer war;
With beams his target shall gilded be,
Though in the thickening gloom be far
The steadfast light of any star!

'Though hoarse War's eagle on him perch,
Quickened with guilty lightnings — there
It shall in vain for terror search,
Where a child's eyes beneath bloody hair
Gaze purely through the dingy air.'

She closed the book, and we were silent for a moment, in which I felt within myself curious little surges of sympathy breaking over rocks of difference. Then she said, —

'Well?'

'Cornelia,' I answered, 'you were right. The idea of chastity has been challenged, is being challenged, on all sides, in many ways, for many reasons.' I made a discreet summary of my discoveries, and concluded: 'Current fiction reflects a condition bordering on anarchy.'

'Could n't one know that without making an investigation, without ploughing through these dreadful books?'

'Perhaps,' I responded. 'But, Cornelia, I think you were wrong in an important respect. I think there has

been a real change in standards, and that even very nice people no longer think just as they used to think. At least they no longer say what they used to say, and they are more tolerant of what other people think.'

'Do you imagine,' she persisted, 'that this new tolerance indicates general moral progress? I think it indicates general moral laxity. Come, let us be definite. At what points precisely do you fancy there is any advantage to be gained by taking sexual relations away from the protection of Church and State and committing them to the whims of individuals?'

'My dear Cornelia,' I protested, 'the prevailing theory is not that Church and State have "protected" sexual relations. The popular theory is that Church and State have ignored them, or, at least, in attempting to regulate them, have ignored so many exceptional cases that the regulations are invalid. For all these cases, the novel has been a kind of court of last resort. On the whole, I believe that it has greatly enriched the idea of virtue by giving a hearing to the innumerable cases in which legality is the mask of nearly intolerable conditions.'

'Intolerable conditions,' interrupted Cornelia, 'are usually the result of imprudent marriages, marriages for advantage, marriages without love. Those who make such marriages should expect to pay the price. It is sentimentality to discard a good rule to save a few exceptional individuals. Incompatibility of temper is no harder to bear than small-pox or anything else that marriage may let one in for.'

'I am explaining how we differ,' I resumed. 'I find myself in pretty full sympathy with the current tendency to revolt against the doctrine of the irretrievable as applied by Goldsmith and certain of the Victorians. The

earlier Georgian principle that virtue, in this connection, means to maintain permanent relations with one who is thoroughly agreeable to you begins to sound to my ears like orthodoxy, as does also the companion principle, that to maintain permanent relations with one who is thoroughly disagreeable to you is vice. And though I am not ready to subscribe to all the possible corollaries of these two positions, I seem to see, gradually emerging from them, a new and better idea of chastity, — which will make "nice" people not less but more fastidious in their intimacies, not less but more austere in yielding the citadel of body and spirit.'

'Nothing will emerge from these principles,' said Cornelia decisively, 'without a rule — without a rule which Church and State can enforce upon people who are not nice. You have admitted that the Wells-Galsworthy test of successful marriage tends to be "unworkable." You admit that the word "permanent" tends to drop out of the principle, and that then you have, instead of a substitute for law, a permission for anarchy. You even admit that the novelists already reflect a condition approaching anarchy. Don't you think, after all, that it is about time to call a halt?'

'No,' I insisted stubbornly; 'the movement of indefinite anarchical expansion halts itself. And I stand by the novelists, even by the emetic school, as showing where the movement halts: in blind alleys, against iron necessities, in miasmatic swamps, in ennui, in despair, in disgust unfathomable. You cannot guess, Cornelia; without years of such reading as I am happily certain you will never undertake, you cannot understand what comfort and reassurance I find in the fathomless disgust exhibited in our most advanced novelists — disgust for the life that is dedicated to sex. The

disgust of the novelists upholds the splendor of the Church and the majesty of the Law. Upborne by the disgust of the novelists, like a ship by the briny behemoth-haunted deep, marriage may yet spread again her proud full sail for fresh voyages. These novelists reveal obscene things in their deep-sea caves, but they administer whatever antidote is required to the obscenity of their speech. They drive home their moral with an appalling effectiveness beyond the rivalry of critical comment. They deliver the shattering challenge to unchastity. They have shown the emancipated moderns capable of dodging all but one of the consequences which their elders appointed for unchastity; but they have not shown the moderns capable of dodging the stench of a disintegrated personality, which fumes in their books like a last irreducible hell. To safeguard the innocence of your son and daughter, I incline to believe that one whiff from these caverns might be as potent as Heine's prayer. Consciously or not, these novelists are preparing a counter-revolution.'

'What direction, pray, will that take?' inquired Cornelia, to whom God has beautifully denied ability to follow such an argument.

'I shall not prophesy in detail,' I said, looking toward the tennis court. 'Is your contribution to the Younger Generation in that match?'

'Yes,' she replied, 'and is n't it delightful to see how keen they are?'

'It is. It indicates to me one of the directions of the counter-revolution. Historians in the future, surveying the monuments of our children's time, are going to refer to this as the beginning of the great age of stadium-building in America. They will see in this movement a religious significance, not yet visible to us; and they will expatiate in glowing terms on the period when,

with extravagant and sacrificial adoration of an ideal, our youth exalted the cleanness and hardness of athletic games, and religiously subjected themselves to the rules and rigor of the game — to that arbitrary, elaborate, inflexible, yet self-imposed system of "ethics" which alone makes any good game possible. I am hoping that our children's generation will contain more real sportsmen than ours did — fewer quitters, fewer squealers, fewer players crying out to have the rules changed after the game is on; and no one so silly as to suppose there can be a game without rules.'

'Is n't that hope rather remote?'

'Rather. I have another, more immediate. I hope that in the early stages of the counter-revolution our sophisticated sons and daughters will scrutinize "the idea of sex"; coolly extract from it the part that belongs to physiology and pathology; and then disuse the word as synonym for every other element in the complex human relationship which sometimes makes human beings paradisiacally happy in their blossoming season and content enough with each other even into wintry old age. I have some hope that the emetic school may help our children to understand that sex and sexual self-realization are not, in the long view, the main substance of what youth hungers for.'

'Go on!' Cornelia encouraged.

'I hope that they will make real progress in psychoanalysis. I hope that, when they feel the ache of the soul's ultimate solitude and are restless and full of vague desires, they may be capable of lucid introspection; that they may be frank and plain with themselves, and call things by their right names, and say to themselves something like this: "I am filled with tedium and passionate craving. I shall be hard to satisfy, for I am thirsty for

a deep draught of human felicity. What I crave is not described or named in the physiologies. I crave beauty, sympathy, sweetness, incentive, perfume, difference, vivacity, wit, cleanness, grace, devotion, caprice, pride, kindness, blitheness, fortitude. I will not look for these things where I know they cannot be found, nor under conditions in which I know they cannot be maintained. But if I find them, and where they thrive, I shall wish to express my joy by some great act of faith and the hazard of all I hope to be. And I shall not like the town clerk to be the sole recorder of my discovery and my faith. I shall wish witnesses, high witnesses, whatever is august and splendid in the order of the world, to enwheel me round and bid me welcome to that order." — That is the sort of self-realization to which

I hope our sons and daughters are coming.'

Cornelia smiled with a kind of malicious sweetness that she has. She was satisfied. She rather yearned, I perceived well enough, to remark that now at last I was taking the 'stand' that she had taken from the first. But Cornelia is one of the few women now living who do not say everything that they yearn to say. She merely released one arrowy smile. Then she rose, as I had done already (standing, she reminds one of Artemis), and, extending her hand, detained mine with another deep question. She asked me whether I knew any 'living reason' to believe that my emancipated young people would return to that ideal.

The opportunity was irresistible.

'Yes,' I said, 'I have known you, Cornelia.'

EARTHQUAKE DAYS

BY HENRY W. KINNEY

I

As if it had slid suddenly into a sea of tossing, choppy waves, the coach pitched up and down, lurched drunkenly from side to side. The passengers clung to the seats.

'Why the devil does n't the fool stop the train?' growled the Englishman opposite me.

But we were already slowing down.

'Jishin!' (earthquake) yelled a Japanese, pointing out of the window.

I glanced out just as the stone face of an embankment shot down over the tracks. It did not slide or tumble

down: it literally shot down, as if compelled by a sudden, gigantic pressure from the top, the stones spreading in a twinkling over the wide right-of-way. A four-story concrete building vanished, disintegrated in the flash of an eye. Tiles cascaded with precipitate speed from the roofs. The one predominating idea that struck the mind was the almost incredible rapidity of the destruction.

The conductor came to the front of the car, doffed his cap, scorning to let even an earthquake interfere with

courtesy. 'I'm sorry. This train will not proceed further toward Yokohama.'

We got out on the tracks. The inhabitants of Omori, a suburb of Tokyo, were flocking out on the right-of-way, seeking the safety it afforded from falling débris. 'No wonder we can't go on.' The Englishman pointed to the track in front of us, the rails shimmering with snake-like undulations in the sunlight. We compared notes and found that we were both going to Kamakura, the seaside resort thirty-six miles from Tokyo. Twelve miles farther on lay Yokohama, where we expected to pick up a motor-car; but we hoped to find one in one of the numerous villages which form a chain between that city and Tokyo.

Another tremor shook the earth, more tiles flopped down and cracks appeared with instantaneous suddenness in the houses. Still, most of them showed little damage. Omori was one of the few favored spots where the shock was comparatively merciful—still, at the time, we thought we must be at the centre of the disturbance.

That was one of the outstanding impressions on the minds of all men in the vast area affected by the quake; each thought at the moment that the damage must be confined to that particular region in which he found himself. Tokyo was certain that Yokohama was safe. The people of Yokohama thought to find Tokyo a haven of safety. All were sure that the country districts beyond the cities must be all right.

We walked along the tracks, stopping, tense, nervous, whenever a fresh vibration shook the earth, ready for flight somewhere, and yet desperate in the sickening realization that there could be safety nowhere when the very earth refused the refuge which one had a right to demand from it.

'We had better hurry. There's a

typhoon coming.' The Englishman pointed ahead. 'Look at that.'

A huge cloud had appeared, rolling up swiftly into the clear blue—an uncanny thing, dense to the point where it seemed ponderous, dull brown and black, shot with sulphur, sinister, menacing.

The Tamagawa River, which divides the two prefectures of which Tokyo and Yokohama are the principal cities, formed also the dividing line between the two distinct phases of the disaster. Behind us, Tokyo suffered shocks of far less severity than those which devastated Yokohama, the principal damage being wrought by the fires which, immediately following it, swept devouringly through the capital. Yokohama, on the other hand, was smashed, utterly ruined by the shock. The flames merely reduced ruins to ashes, brought death to those who had been wounded or lay pinned under débris. Throughout the entire stricken area strange pranks of the quake left some localities relatively unpunished, while others, scattered among the former, were flattened and shattered. It seemed as if the movement must be wave-like, smiting with greatest force the points touched by the crests of its billows.

The massive buttresses supporting the railroad bridge across the Tamagawa had been twisted, rocked out of place, and the tracks hung fantastically suspended between them. Oddly, a slight foot-bridge formed by two widths of boards, was almost intact. We hurried across, the one thought in control being: what if another shock should catch us while on this bridge?

We had to jump from the bridge to the embankment. It had sunk, split, and shattered, one set of twisted tracks being more than six feet above the other. On the right was a mound of bricks, a huge, confused pile, with great beams and splintered wood protruding

haphazardly — the remains of the greater part of the Meiji sugar factory. Beyond it, the remainder of the building was wrapped in flames, seething up toward the top story, where, exposed, it seemed almost indecently, and stripped of the walls which had hidden them, stood three vacuum pans, great boiler-like affairs, as if disdainfully unconcerned with the destruction creeping up toward them. Farther on was the large square ferro-concrete building of an electric-light plant, one side smashed in, but still holding together, resembling a battered pasteboard box.

But no one was to be seen about the buildings. It struck the mind, uneasily, that surely human beings, scores of the hundreds of workmen crowding these factories when the shock struck them, must be lying, imprisoned, somewhere under these piles of *débris*. But the streams of people on the tracks flowed on, both ways, stopping for a moment to view the destruction and offer brief comment, but continuing on, each one governed entirely by the thoughts uppermost in his mind — escape from the holocaust, anxiety to learn the fate of dear ones.

It seemed impossible that any inanimate manifestation of nature could be so insanely malicious as was the shock which smote Kawasaki, a large village just on the Yokohama side of the river. The houses, most of them two-storied, frail wooden structures with paper windows, crowned with roofs of heavy tiles, had not only been smashed, but had been torn apart, rended into splintered beams and raveled and torn fragments of boards, jumbled together, as if they had been battered by a gigantic flail. They had been thrown in every direction, backwards, against each other, into the street. The most diabolical intent could have produced no more stupendous result.

The part of the village nearest Yoko-

hama had suffered far less. Many houses were only partly damaged. The stock of an earthenware dealer was almost intact, tier upon tier of gayly decorated dishes, rice-bowls, saki-cups, standing immaculately precise and orderly on their shelves under a roof which had been knocked drunkenly askew. A little farther on, a woman was busy in a half-ruined cake-shop, making ready for business while the earth was still trembling.

The heat became unbearably oppressive, stinging the throat with a dryness unfamiliar in Japan, where the curse of the heat is ordinarily its excessive moisture. We stopped at a small shop. The rear was down, but in the front sat the woman in charge, discussing the earthquake, it seemed almost languidly, with no more concern than if it had been an unusually heavy rainstorm.

Yes, she had beer, Kirin beer; was that all right? It was not very cold. She was very sorry. Now, where was the opener? She hunted about in the confusion, showing more annoyance at the disappearance of the trivial instrument than at the other consequences of the disaster. Finally she found it, brought glasses, served us, with the usual courteous phrases. And the price was as usual, forty-five sen. In the course of my long wanderings throughout the devastated area, on that day and on those following, I saw or heard of no instance of profiteering among the common people. Even the last bottle, the last candle, the last bit of fruit, were sold at ordinary prices, even before martial law made profiteering an offense. It was not thought of.

A couple of Japanese, clerks evidently, entered. 'You had better not go to Yokohama,' they advised. 'Yokohama is gone, and now she is burning. That' — they pointed to the huge cloud which was now rolling up, ever closer, so that it now hung low over us —

'that's the smoke from the oil-tanks. The whole city is burning.'

Of course, this must be an exaggeration. That the Japanese section should be wiped out was natural; they burn so easily, these frail collections of wood and paper; but that the foreign settlement, the streets upon streets of solid buildings of brick and concrete, should be destroyed was unthinkable.

Still, as we pressed on, scattered fires became more numerous; presently, at Higashikanagawa, entire blocks were burning. It became necessary to make detours to avoid them. Finally we were forced back to the refuge of the railway tracks. There they sat, the inhabitants, in groups, each family guarding the household goods which it had snatched up in flight. *Futon*, padded quilts, predominated, but all manner of other goods might be seen, even *shoji*, the latticed paper-covered doors and windows, and chests of drawers. The quietness was striking. There was no wailing; they conversed in low tones; but generally they sat silent, staring at the destruction. One admired their stoicism, the spirit which has made the *shikataganai*, 'it can't be helped,' phrase, almost the Japanese national motto. There was no confusion, no crying out; even the children were hushed.

But the attitude had its tremendous disadvantage. It was also apathy. Men sat stolidly and watched fires creep onward, which they might in many cases have stopped with little effort. They might have saved entire blocks had they tried, had they had a little leadership. There was another conspicuous feature, the utter lack of leadership. The Japanese official, in ordinary life ubiquitous and often obnoxious with his fussy exactions, seemed to have vanished from the earth — even the police. It is the fault of Japanese officialdom that it can act

only according to prescribed routine, hide-bound regulations. There were no rules regarding handling of such earthquakes, no precedents. So the people, accustomed to act only under leadership, remained inactive, and the officials, who should have taken charge, were out of sight — and the fires spread on, unchecked.

The station-master had received authentic news. Yes, Yokohama was entirely destroyed, and Tokyo was in flames. Look!

We looked back. From the direction of Tokyo vast clouds were curling and spiraling into the sky, miles high. This point, beyond which a wall of fire blocked ingress into Yokohama, became a clearing-house for reports from the two cities, and from the countryside beyond. Yes, Yokosoka, the great naval station, was a total wreck, and Kamakura. What! Kamakura, eighteen miles beyond Yokohama? I thought of my son, twelve years old, commonly known as 'The Shrimp.' Until this moment I had regarded him as safe, as a matter of course, in the big foreign villa on the Kamakura beach, where we lived with the rest of a bachelors' mess. It becomes habit with the foreigner in Japan to regard the great mass misfortunes — fires, floods, typhoons — as something affecting almost entirely the Japanese only. They are always the ones to suffer, with their flimsy houses. We regarded these things with the intense sympathy accorded less fortunate fellow beings, but impersonally.

II

'I've got to push on. We've got to get through.' The Englishman had caught me by the shoulder, pale, eyes glaring. 'Are you game?'

We found a road leading steeply up along the side of the hill range that

forms the land-side boundary of Yokohama. A narrow line of houses separated us from the side of the bluff, which fell off abruptly down toward the main city. These were houses of the well-to-do, and the inhabitants were busy saving their belongings, family treasures, valuable furnishings, handsome carved screens, rich silken garments, brocades, lacquered tables, *objets d'art*. From below came the roar of the flames, advancing upward like waves against a cliff. One felt certain that all these things must eventually be consumed, anyway. It seemed a pity; still, these vast piles of valuable furnishings seemed less pathetic than had the pitifully scant belongings of the poor, below. But they were all the same in the face of misfortune, rich and poor. There was no confusion, no wild lamentation, no tears.

Presently we came to a point where a main road, running obliquely down into the city, gave a view of the entire scene. The lurid panorama lay outfolded before us—but it was meaningless. There were no landmarks, no familiar building from which one might determine locality. Yokohama, the city of almost half a million souls, had become a vast plain of fire, of red, devouring sheets of flame which played and flickered. Here and there a remnant of a building, a few shattered walls, stood up like rocks above the expanse of flame, unrecognizable. There seemed to be nothing left to burn. It was as if the very earth were now burning. It presented exactly the aspect of a gigantic Christmas pudding over which the spirits were blazing, devouring nothing. For the city was gone.

'How are you, Mr. Kinney?' A Japanese had come up to me, his head bound up turban-like in a towel. 'Mr. Tait is dead. We were in the Chartered Bank. The whole thing came down at the first shock. I got this.' He pointed

to a wound in his head. 'There are some foreigners here.'

He led us to a group of blackamoors sitting in a beer-shop. The flames were climbing up the hillside steadily. Plainly it could be only a matter of minutes before they would reach here. Still, 'business as usual.' The owner was selling beer calmly, while his family was carrying away the furniture.

'You from Tokyo?' A stout man spoke up. Like the rest, he was black, but he had been wiping perspiration from his bald head, so it now presented a singularly ludicrous appearance, like a bald-headed zebra. 'I hear that you people in Tokyo were lucky, not much of a quake, only fire.' The mere wiping out by flames of more than half of the sixth largest city of the world seemed to him negligible. 'You should have been here. We got it.'

'I was in my office. You know my building, on Main Street, shaped like an L. The shock was like a bucking horse, three great shakes. It shot me out of my chair. I just missed being crushed by the safe. The go-down in the backyard, solid stone, mind you, was down in a second. It went so suddenly that the eye could not follow the details of the movement. We got to the stairway, I and my Japanese staff, and just then the far side of the L went down, just vanished, and as we gazed at it, presto! the whole part of the building, right up to the stairs, shot out of sight. We were clinging to the rail, watching the house vanishing piecemeal, expecting that next would be our turn. Then we rushed down the stairs.'

The whole street, Main Street, was a jumble of bricks, houses sprawling over it everywhere, roofs lying in the middle of it. One could not walk over it. There was no street. One must make one's way over ruins where, only two minutes before, had been our city,

the town that I have seen grow into a modern city since I was a boy.

'And all over were people, people one knew, whom one had danced with, dined with, played bridge with, reduced, in a moment, to the uttermost depth of despair, standing, crying wildly, by the ruins, clawing at them, desperately, to reach others caught under the bricks; and already, here and there, the flames were leaping forth, coming closer and closer, while the poor wretches in the débris were yelling for help. A man called to me, "Here, help me get my wife out." She was caught by the waist. Her entire upper body was free, and she was staring at us and straining, slim, jeweled hands pressing frantically at the great beam that held her, unhurt, but tightly pinned. Half of the beam was covered by bricks. We might as well have tried to lift a house. We tugged away, helplessly. We caught at men who rushed by, called to them to assist. One or two stopped, but most of them shook themselves free. I wanted to hit them. It seemed so damnably callous. And still, they also had wives, children, somewhere, in their homes on the Bluff, and were obsessed by the anxiety to find them, to know. And I wanted to get home, too, but I could n't leave that woman. And then the flames came and drove us back. I had to half strangle that poor devil to pull him away. The roar of the flames drowned her cries. So I rushed along.

'I got home soon enough. The family was safe. The house was gone, of course. It had slid bodily down the Bluff, right into Motomachi below, and was just one part of the great bonfire. But the family was safe. I was lucky,' he lowered his voice, glancing at a tall Scotchman sitting aside, chin cupped in his hand, staring dully at the conflagration. 'That chap, McWhirter, you know, his whole family was caught

under the house. If they were not killed, then they were burned, his wife and three children.'

'I wonder how many were killed in the Grand and the Oriental Hotel?' A young chap spoke up. 'I was right in the entrance of our office when the shake shot me out on hands and knees, and when I tried to scramble up, it threw me down again. And in just that time that it took me to get to my knees and look back, these three shocks, coming rat-tat-tat, in the space of time that it would take you to clap your hands three times, the whole city had gone. I had faced a city of square mile on square mile of houses, great office-buildings, banks, hotels, stores, homes; and when I turned back again, it had vanished as if by some gigantic sweep of malevolent magic. As far as one could see was but a flat, irregular expanse of brick and wood. I could n't see half a dozen houses standing. And then it was all blotted out by the dust, thicker than the thickest fog. You could not see a foot before you. And then that was suddenly cleared, as if a curtain had been snatched away, by the typhoon that sprang up just then, the gale that Fate seemed to need to help the flames finish the destruction. I am a newspaperman, and I've been thinking how I'm going to write this. Phrases and images, monstrous incidents that have flickered before me all this afternoon, are running in my mind haphazard; but I can't do it. It can't be done. It's too viciously, demoniacally monstrous.'

The others nodded, silently, approvingly, finding relief in hearing, in words which they themselves could not find, some expression of the feelings which swirled through their confused minds.

'Some people rushed into the water at the Bund and sat there, just heads out, ducking them when the heat became too intense. I heard later that,

when the flames became worse, some were dropped by the heat as they rushed across the Bund, and lay there to be roasted. I got to the park. It was filled with people and the flames on all sides made everything, even humans, so dry that we became inflammable, like tinder. Sparks, chunks of flaming débris, came flying among us. Clothing, even hair, caught fire in a moment. Luckily the mains had burst, and we sat in about a foot of water. One would see someone catching fire, literally having his clothes or hair spring into blaze, and then someone would slap a chunk of wet mud on him.

'I was fool enough to get away from there. I wanted to see it all, but it's a wonder I got through, just luck in dodging flames on all sides. There were dead everywhere. The canals were full of them. I heard that hundreds flocked into the Yokohama Specie Bank, which was still standing; but the flames came there, too. They could n't get out. There were flames all about them. So they were all roasted alive.'

Another took up the tale, and another — harrowing incidents of families wiped out, husbands watching wives burn, and mothers clawing with slender fingers at piles of masonry under which they could hear their children crying, while the flames were coming on, mercilessly. The United Club had come down in a heap; everyone of the usual noon-day tiffin crowd there had been killed. So-and-so had been crushed, So-and-so burned — familiar names, one's intimates of yesterday. Already the disaster seemed strangely old, as if one had lived in this atmosphere of misery for years; as if normal times, orderly routine of business and three meals a day were a thing remote, a long past period of peace. The mind lost all sense of ordinary proportion. Men who had lost every possession congratulated themselves on their good luck. By

common thought it became regarded as almost indecent to deplore loss of mere property.

So Farley was dead. He had promised to get me some statistics. Miss Newman had been burned, caught like an animal in a trap. She was to have had tiffin with me the next day. Robinson must have been in the Club by that time — so he must be dead. But the disaster was still too fresh. There was too little information. One thought over the list of one's friends, remembering constantly new names. How had they fared? Were they alive? Then, as during the weeks that followed, with the survivors scattered wide, the constant topic was inquiry, gradual adjustment to familiarity with the thought of this new, reduced company of friends and acquaintances.

III

'Come on; have you rested long enough?' The Englishman had stood up. We started on. Down below the streets were filled with dead, but here, on the higher levels, there were none to be seen, and only very few wounded. In fact, the number of wounded throughout the area was astonishingly small. The injured ones had scant chance to escape from the flames.

The villages on the west side of Yokohama had been mainly rustic in character — mud walls with heavy thatch, several foot thick, as roofs. The buildings had collapsed exactly as if some huge pressure had suddenly been applied on the rooftrees, squelching them down flat, walls bulging out from under the eaves, or throwing them to one side. Frequently the streets were blocked where roofs from both sides had encountered each other in the middle of the thoroughfare. Progress became laborious. One climbed over the roofs. In the first village, Hodogaya,

nearly all the houses were down; but here also the inhabitants were calm, stoically poking about in the ruins for pots needed for water, material for construction of temporary shelters. Many such were already up. One saw in them families. They had almost an air of repose, contentment, as they sat there, conversing, eating, children playing with toys contrived out of the flotsam of destruction.

It was evident that in this section, Yokohama and the country west thereof, must have been the centre of the shock. East of the city we had seen crevices in the earth, collapse of embankments, road-fills, made ground, but here the ground yawned in vast fissures several feet wide, jumbling it so that it presented exactly the aspect of broken ice-floes in a river, the confused surface of a lava flow. As darkness fell and we came away from the light of the vast bonfire made by Yokohama, — there were but few fires in these villages, — progress became difficult. One was uneasy from a sense of impending, hovering danger, close at hand; for even though the mind had quickly adjusted itself to familiarity with the abnormal, so that one regarded wrecked buildings, ruin, with the casual interest of almost indifference, quietness was ever disturbed by recurrent tremors, uneasy rumbling vibrations of the earth.

We stopped at a partly ruined shop for a drink. There was no more beer, but would we have tea? A *hibachi* (firepot) had been saved, on which a kettle was gurgling peacefully. The woman prepared the tea in tiny handle-less bowls. Her husband produced *zabuton* (small cushions). Would we deign to be seated? The same pleasant courtesy as ever. No, of course, they would take no money for tea, just tea. And we must take along some cakes for the journey. They forced them upon us.

Of course, they would take no pay. Good-bye, good luck.

Behind us loomed the great expanse of the nimbus from the Yokohama fires, and farther away, the reflection of the Tokyo conflagration; but ahead all was blackness, punctuated only by the twinkling light of a paper lantern, dancing in front of us like a firefly. We caught up to it. The bearer was a burly Japanese, competent, one of the few Japanese who seemed to have a sense of leadership and organization. He headed a small caravan of about a dozen, — men, a few women and a couple of children, — plodding along behind the faint glimmer. Might we join and benefit from the light? Of course. At once they made a place for us, insisting that we take the best one, immediately following the lantern-bearer.

So we crept on, slowly. Where the road had been demolished by cracks, the leader stopped, holding his light high. '*Abunai*' (look out). Precariously we would advance, often creeping on hands and knees from floe to floe — it seems the only word — of earth. We gained the railroad track, but it was little better. Embankments had slid into the rice-patches, leaving tracks and ties suspended in mid-air, swaying as we crawled over them in the darkness. The women and kiddies came along bravely, needing little help. There was no word of complaint.

Beyond the Totsuka station we passed a train which had been overturned, lying on its side, the locomotive, some twenty feet ahead, having been thrown in the opposite direction; but all was silent; there was no one about. It was a strange part of the disaster that there was hardly any evidence of human wreckage outside of Yokohama proper, where corpses littered the streets and canals, where humans had been caught by the instantaneous violence of the shock or

cut off by fire, and in Tokyo, where most of the dead, hundreds and thousands in a heap, lay in places where they had been burned or roasted when the flames hemmed in the open spaces which they had sought for safety. In most other places the ruins covered the dead, hid them from sight.

The Ofuna junction station was in ruins, but on the tracks between the wrecked buildings the train officials had formed a sort of relief station. They brought water and insisted that we lie down on blankets which they had spread over the ties between the rails. But there was no rest. The Ofuna people had news of Kamakura, only two miles away. The shock had been bad there, *hidoix* (terrible). The whole town had been smashed flat and had then burned. There was nothing left. We hurried on. As we came out of the long tunnel through which one enters hill-guarded Kamakura, we saw a few detached houses — flat; beyond them a wide area of flame, licking the ground far and wide. Most of the town had been consumed and the fire was now only playing over the embers.

The way of the lantern-bearer and the Englishman led to the left. They departed. 'Good luck. Hope you'll find everything all right.'

IV

Beyond the light of the flames, I stumbled into the blackness of the cryptomeria avenue leading to the beach. The great straight trees had been flung about like straws. Some of them blocked the road, and I must climb over them, feeling my way through tangled limbs. At the river the bridge had collapsed entirely. I made my way to the mouth, to ford it, but there was almost no water. The entire beach and the sea-floor had been raised about six feet by the quake, and

where there had been only a narrow beach strip lay now a wide, wet expanse of sand.

A fragment of moon had risen. I could see, dimly, the tower of our house looming up erect. Thank God! But as I went forward, I saw that the ten-foot-high sea wall had disappeared, the stones lying scattered wide over the sand. Half of the front garden had slid with it. Part of the two-story section of the house stood, leaning, the collapse of one wall leaving the rooms exposed, but the long one-story section was down, a chaos of tiles and splinters, prone, so that one might without effort have walked completely over it.

I ran to the back where my boy had occupied a room in a wing, half-Japanese construction. It stood, but had been wrenched over. I climbed in through the window. The bed was covered with plaster, but there was no one there.

From the servants' compound I heard the clap of sticks and the drone of monotonous voices. The servants' quarters were intact, and the cook was conducting a Buddhist service before a tiny household shrine, the rest of the servants squatting about him.

'Thank God! It's good to see *danna-san*. Young *danna-san* is all right.'

Yes, he had had a narrow escape, but he was safe, and the neighbors, wealthy Japanese, had taken him to a villa they owned on the hill. The *danna-san* from Shanghai was dead, but the rest were safe. They were sleeping there. He waved his hand toward the dark shrubbery of the garden. Like almost all others in the quake zone, they preferred safety in the open to the precarious shelter of such rooms as remained. 'You should have seen Conroy-san' — a grin spread over the cook's face. He found much amusement in describing the escape of Conroy, one of the mess, his precipitate

flight — he had been taking a bath; how he had dived, mother-naked, into the shrubbery, without even touching the window-frame.

I went back to my boy's room, shook the ceiling off the bed and tried to sleep, but the constantly recurring tremors made me jump to the window every half-hour or so. In the morning the Shrimp appeared and told me of the death of the 'Shanghai *danna-san*.' He was a Dane, Juel Madsen, formerly a war correspondent and later drawing for the *Graphic* and making a collection of water-color sketches through the Far East. He had already published one book of sketches, and two weeks before he had told me how his first attempt at literature, travel-sketches in words, had been accepted by Gyldendalske, the great Copenhagen publishing firm.

He and the Shrimp had been reading on the verandah, facing the sea, when the shock came and brought the house down over them. A great beam struck them both down, and above them fell a thick layer of tiles and splintered wood. Madsen had evidently been struck on the spine. 'Can you get out, Shrimp?' he inquired. A moment later he groaned: 'Why could I not have been killed outright?' A few minutes after that, he died.

The Shrimp was struggling to extricate himself when the tidal wave, which swept the coast from Kamakura to Atami, rushed up, flooded the garden, tore down the sea wall, advancing to within a few feet of the ruins. 'I thought sure I was a goner,' related the Shrimp, 'when I saw the water come on, and I could n't move.' He got out about fifteen minutes later.

This tidal wave swept out a great section of the village near the beach. I saw a thirty-foot sampan that had been lifted neatly on top of the roof of a prostrated house. Vast portions of the hills

facing the ocean on both sides of the bay had slid into the sea.

During the next few days we were busy salvaging food and clothing, and with some of our neighbors we organized a camp. The Japanese were kind, the servants invaluable. It was another pleasant feature of the disaster — the self-sacrificing faithfulness of the servants. Many who had families elsewhere stayed with their masters in spite of their personal anxieties. In many instances *amahs* brought to safety children whose parents had been killed. Others guarded property where the owners were absent. The villagers were helpful. A group of young men came and offered to help salvaging. Four days after the quake, an official came to inquire if we needed food.

The day after the disaster the servants insisted on tying red bands about our arms. Everyone wore them, Japanese and foreigners. It was a badge of rectitude, to protect one against the vengeance which was being visited on the Koreans. That was one of the most cruel phases of the days which followed — the blind, unreasoning hatred of the Koreans, of whom thousands had been employed as laborers. The report went about that they were committing incendiaryism, arson, and rape, that they were poisoning wells, that they were in league with Japanese anarchists to make use of the situation to overthrow the existing order of things. No doubt, some of them became looters. A friend saw some engaged in looting in Yokohama — but Japanese were guilty, also.

Even official Japan was anxious, though more so for fear of the element harboring 'dangerous thoughts,' as the official phrase has it. Much of the activity of the military and navy authorities was concentrated on preparation to quell the revolt which they thought was impending. In the meantime Koreans were slaughtered right

and left. Crowds killed on sight, frantically, any Korean whom they might find. Marines scoured the area, assisted by self-constituted guards of young men. Matheson, of the *Chicago Tribune*, saw three men killed in cold blood at Yokohama. Another friend of mine saw marines turn a looter over to the mob, which literally rent him in pieces. The minds of the people became inflamed, filled with bitter hatred, but the underlying reason was blind fear racking minds unbalanced by the horror of the disaster.

We were practically isolated. Rumors came to us. Our landlord's two small children were visiting us at our camp, when the news came that both their parents had been killed instantly at Yokohama. A handsome young Portuguese woman who had come to us sat for several days brooding in uncertainty over the fate of her family. One day she sneaked away, walked to Yokohama, a slim, delicate woman, essaying the long, precarious journey in high-heeled slippers. The day after she left, her husband arrived. Both her children had been crushed in the wreck of their home. It continued to come — dribble by dribble of news of death. We came to hate talk about it, and yet we could not get away from it; it remained the only topic.

The principal shock had occurred at noon of Saturday, September first. On Tuesday we were relieved by the arrival of a Japanese destroyer — assistance, finally. A landing-party came ashore, but it merely took away the remains of a Japanese princess who had been killed in Kamakura. The rest of us, the living, Japanese and foreign, watched the vessel turn and steam out of the bay.

On Thursday relief came — American destroyers, a flock of them, which systematically scoured the entire coast section, taking off refugees, foreigners

and Japanese alike. It was a point of pride with the Americans that their first relief ship arrived three hours ahead of the British; but both nations alike, British and American, steaming at full speed from China, brought relief before the Japanese fleet, lying in home waters, had contrived to do so. The prompt action and practical work of the foreign nations stood in sharp contrast to the general inefficiency of the Japanese Government. Where the Japanese people generally rose inestimably in the respect of the foreign residents, the hopeless incompetence of officialdom was almost criminal, and September first, 1923, will remain forever a day of utter disgrace in the annals of the Japanese navy.

While the Americans, the British, the French were holding liners in Yokohama to act as relief ships, were transporting refugees back and forth from Tokyo to other cities, the Japanese did almost nothing, and in some cases they hindered. The first American destroyer bringing relief to Tokyo, was ordered out forthwith. The rule has it that no foreign war vessels may enter Tokyo. The commander refused to budge, and finally the American Embassy had the order rescinded. This incident I have had confirmed by the Embassy. While American and British vessels stood by in Yokohama, taking on board, freely, refugees of all nations, many Japanese ships would take only those who could pay for tickets, or tried to leave the port. On board the American destroyer on which I went to Yokohama, they told, gleefully, of the action of the commander of a British warship in Yokohama who warned all Japanese vessels that he would sink the first one that tried to depart without his leave; how one had tried to sneak out in the dead of night, and how he had turned his searchlight, also his guns, on it and signaled that he was about

to fire — and all this, defiantly, under the eyes of a powerful squadron of Japanese vessels lying, virtually inactive, in Yokohama Bay.

The following day I went to Tokyo on a Japanese destroyer. A pitifully inadequate service of two destroyers a day was maintained between Tokyo and Yokohama by the Japanese. When I wished to return from Tokyo, a queue of several thousand refugees was waiting at the Shibaura landing, and to transport them there was only one destroyer, capable of carrying a few hundred.

'Why don't you employ some of these ships?' I asked a Japanese officer, pointing at the dozen of war vessels, some of them large cruisers, lying right at hand.

He looked at them wistfully. 'I wish we might.' He shrugged his shoulders. 'But we can't do it without orders from the Admiralty.'

And while they were awaiting orders from the Admiralty, the British and the Americans had come from China and had transported the refugees, and were now threading their way between the motionless Japanese warships, bringing ton upon ton of supplies to the stricken city.

V

Among other reasons for going to Tokyo I had one special one. A novel of mine, *Broken Butterflies*, is due to be published early next year, and much of its action is laid in the great buildings of Tokyo — the Foreign Office, Russian Embassy, Navy and War Department buildings, the Imperial Hotel. I was anxious to see how much of these scenes remained, and by some almost ridiculous freak of fortune they were all almost intact. Coming from Yokohama, where destruction had been absolutely complete, so that only half a dozen buildings remained, the impu-

nity of large sections of Tokyo from the quake seemed a striking contrast. 'Why, you can have had almost no shock at all,' one exclaimed involuntarily to the Tokyo people — and the Tokyo-ites sniffed.

But while Tokyo seemed to have escaped fairly easily from the shock, this was only in comparison to Yokohama; and, in fact, the extent of damage, almost entirely through fire, and the toll of lives taken was even greater, for the areas destroyed and the number of lives lost, though they occurred only in sections of the capital, were actually far greater than the entire loss of the smaller city.

I walked about and saw most of the official building section remaining. The great modern business quarter at Marunouchi had suffered but little, though crushed and, occasionally, fire-gutted interiors were hidden by walls which had been damaged only a little, and the impression of relative lack of loss was in part false. The extensive residence sections of the well-to-do and middle classes were largely intact. Stores were doing business, cars were running in places, and electric lights had begun to function. But vast areas near the principal centre of the city had been laid waste for many blocks. The great retail-business street, the famous Ginza, had been completely wrecked by fire; and, as one went on to the poorer sections, the tremendous congested quarters of the laboring classes, of the poor, Honjo and Fukagawa, even the miseries of Yokohama were outdone. Fire had destroyed the buildings completely, and here one found the masses of the dead. These people had fled for escape to the open spaces, and the flames had hemmed them in; and even where fire had not reached them, they had been roasted in heaps of many thousands. In one place a mob of thirty-two thousand had been

thus tortured. The bodies lay, twisted and contorted, naked or with only rags clinging to them, covering acre upon acre. At places the jam had been so congested that they had not been able even to fall to the ground. So they stood there, packed, the dead rubbing elbows with the dead.

I sought out my familiars among the foreign press correspondents in Tokyo, but they were an unhappy lot. They had covered the news, had made heroic efforts to get it out. Each one had in some way endeavored to rush out his stuff, had made his way through the flames and tremors, to telegraph and cable office, and, later, had tried to give the best possible picture through the maximum of fifty words allowed by the authorities. But they did not know what was going through. They found out later. Even where they had had the ready assistance of the high officials in Tokyo, all the messages had been held up by some petty official at Nagasaki. There were no R. T. P. cards on file in Nagasaki, so he held the entire batch, a week's desperate and painstaking effort of a dozen correspondents, and the first reports of the appalling event came to the rest of the world, mishandled and inaccurate, from Japanese sources in Osaka.

Tokyo was a relief. Not only was foreign relief well organized, — it was that almost everywhere within a few days after the shock, — but the Japanese worked well among their own people. The military had taken efficient control. There was no looting, though one sinister incident marred the record, when a captain of gendarmerie ran his sword through three defenseless prisoners, Socialists, one of them Japan's foremost and most intellectual radical. The authorities deplored the event. The general in charge of the martial-law régime was discharged — a significant concession to

the power of public opinion, indicating that the officials had finally decided that the power of the sword may not be used indiscriminately as before. They also deplored the Korean incident, warning the people against overt acts. It is possible that the reactionary hardheadedness of Japanese officialdom has been softened — even if it took an earthquake to do it.

But when I returned to Yokohama, I found a contrast to the efficiency of Tokyo. Looting was prevalent. Food and water supplies were inadequate. For some time no apparent move was made toward removing the dead. Characteristically, official effort was concentrated on the capital — the rest of the country must wait.

I went from Yokohama in the *Empress of Australia*, which had been turned over for relief work, with many hundreds of refugees. Almost all the remaining foreigners of Yokohama and many of those of Tokyo went to Kobe. All wanted to escape from the maddening atmosphere of tragedy hovering over those cities. The more resolute were already planning to resume business. Some even spoke of the tremendous opportunities offered by reconstruction.

In the Oriental Hotel in Kobe foreign relief committees of various nationalities were working strenuously, efficiently, to feed, house, and clothe the refugees. One saw heads of great business houses standing in line for shirts and trousers. Financiers appeared, dressed fantastically in blue-jacket uniforms borrowed on board destroyers. A clean collar seemed almost indecently conspicuous. But while some were scouring Kobe and Osaka for offices, or were cabling to the four corners of the earth for business, the miserable, deadening aura of tragedy hovered over the hotel, the lobby, and the halls, where they sat, men and

women, going over and over again the flood of incidents — death, destruction, the innumerable hairbreadth escapes, each one seeming a private miracle.

Every newcomer was greeted, questioned. One saw them rush up, shake hands. 'So glad you are all right.' Then the inevitable question: 'And how are the rest?' Even when one could not hear it, one might know the answer. The questioner would smile, wring hands again — or he would fall away, shaking his head, or place a sympathetic hand on the other's shoulder. There was no getting away from it, this pall of mass tragedy, even though the mind strove desperately to regain the ordinary, rational balance of normality.

In the lobby I met Mr. B. W. Fleisher, owner of the *Japan Advertiser* and the *Trans-Pacific* magazine, of which I am, or was, the editor. His entire plant was totally destroyed. He took me by the arm.

'Come on, let us get out of here. This is what we must get away from, this continuous raking over the dead ashes. We must get busy, — I have ordered a new plant already, — all of us, especially us Americans. We owe it to Japan. The new Government has courage. It's going to reconstruct on a vast, progressive scale — so we must forget our losses and lend a hand. America has a mission here.'

And that is the spirit of the Americans in Japan.

OUR UNSUITABLE MARRIAGE¹

BY A MOONSHINER'S WIFE

I

THERE is no primrose path to success. The triteness of this remark does not invalidate its truth, and it holds even truer of marriage than of other undertakings. If you are going to succeed in your married life, you must quite literally put your heart and soul into it; you must give it study and attention; you must make the same sacrifices for it that you make as a matter of course for any important work upon which you are engaged. If you undertake marriage at all, you should undertake it seriously — not sadly, but soberly and in good earnest.

¹ The following story is true in every particular. — THE EDITOR.

That both S. and I share and even put into practice the above-described sentiment accounts for the fact that an apparently foolhardy marriage has so far proved a success. It may be that disaster will eventually overtake our matrimonial venture; but inasmuch as we have weathered three difficult years, we consider our chances of lasting happiness to be good.

There was only one reason why S. and I should have married each other, and every reason why we should have fled fast and far in opposite directions to avoid such a contingency. By inheritance and upbringing, in temperament, religion, and experience, we differ

from each other as completely as a bird does from a fish. We do not even belong to the same period in history, for S. is late sixteenth century, and I am early twentieth. My family is of the kind that is generally described as being 'good.' My mother was born and bred near the classic shades of an Eastern university. My father is a fine old conservative, with a long legal ancestry behind him. We never had much money, but we always had books — and the decencies of life if not all the comforts. I grew up in a highly intellectual atmosphere, went to college, read constantly, kept up with the topics of the day, voted in a Presidential election the year I was twenty-one — in short I typified the latest human product of civilization, a modern woman. In all my multifarious activities I did not forget that the proper study of even the new woman is man. Eventually I was engaged to a young author admirably suited to me — or so everyone said. He was complex, highly developed, supercivilized, doing adequate justice to all the shibboleths of that not very remote period — the pre-war days. His one primitive emotion, jealousy, suddenly came to the surface, displayed in such fashion that our engagement ended, leaving me with a hearty distaste for 'suitable' men.

Post-war restlessness rendered me out of harmony with the pleasant but somewhat monotonous life of the suburb where we lived. After six months of swimming, tennis, motoring, bridge-playing, and so forth, I developed an overwhelming dislike for the inanity and conventionality of my life. It and I were both useless and hedged in by 'they say' and 'one does.' The 'Pentecost of Calamity' had passed, leaving the world distinctly untransfigured. Disillusionment was complete.

In this frame of mind I procured a difficult piece of social-service work —

a post-war activity among a group of Service men, chiefly West Virginia and Kentucky mountaineers who had been transplanted from their native hills. It was my lot to have charge of a small community-house for these men. Somewhat inadequately assisted by books and magazines (useless for the most part), a wheezy and antique Victrola, and games, in my single person I was supposed to furnish attractions enough to wean these boys away from the various sinks of iniquity which seemed to abound in the village. This was the first time I had ever come in contact with the Southern mountaineer, and I found him intensely interesting. Illiterate, crude, and reckless though he might be, he was undoubtedly genuine.

While I was new and the men were shy, everything went very smoothly; but before long a change crept into the atmosphere. I had allowed cards in the clubhouse, but of course gambling was forbidden. I suspected that money was illegitimately changing owners, but several evenings passed before I was able to catch the boys red-handed. When the gambling was quelled, a fad for wearing more or less concealed revolvers to the clubhouse took its place. Realizing that some influence less orderly than mine was dominating the boys, I began looking about to see who my rival was, and discovered S., who had hitherto remained modestly in the background. Vivid memories of our first encounter crowd upon me. The edict against carrying revolvers had gone forth, but I personally had said nothing to any of the boys. I was waiting for their leader. Leaving word that I wanted to see S. as soon as he came in, I retired to my office. Presently came a tap at the door.

'The boys told me ye sent fer me.'

I looked up and for the first time really saw S. Somewhat above medium height, slender, lithe, with a plume of

fair hair tossed back from a broad forehead, a head noticeably well-shaped, with ears small and close, a quick-tempered nose, a boyish mouth set in most unboyishly bitter lines—all these sufficiently individual characteristics faded into insignificance compared to his eyes: brown, I thought at first, but a closer look showed me that they were dark blue, very big, far apart, and direct, with amazingly large pupils. At least, that is how they looked that night. Never in the course of a wide experience have I seen eyes like S.'s. Sometimes they are the color of a sunny sea, sometimes the hard, shiny gray of a granite tombstone, sometimes the slit green of a hunting cat's, sometimes hazel, and sometimes even black, for his pupils expand and contract according to the light much more than do the average. But the first time I saw his eyes they were as I have described them, and in them was a look of quiet amusement which was the last thing I expected to see. It came to me with a little shock that of all the men by whom I was surrounded, S. was the only one who encountered me on equal terms. The others accepted me, without question or understanding, as one in an official position, but S. looked beyond the official position and saw only the person. Instinctively I stood up and faced him, and as I did so I noticed the outline of a revolver under his blouse.

'S,' I asked quietly, 'why do you carry a gun when it's against orders?'

'Why do ye think I do?' he countered.

I pointed to the gun-butt.

'Do you suppose I can't tell a revolver when I see one sticking out?'

He looked a very little disconcerted and I followed up my advantage by asking him if I was going to have to call in a military policeman to help me keep order. The upshot of the con-

versation was that S. persuaded me to keep his 45-automatic for him, alleging that it was sure to be stolen if he left it in his quarters.

Theoretically the victory was on my side, but the fact that S.'s concession to my wiles was somewhat ironical made it impossible for me lightly to dismiss him from my attention. There was some quality that set him apart from his fellows. After some study I made out this difference to be twofold. First was a deep-rooted unhappiness, more vital by far than my petty discontent. This unhappiness resulted in a recklessness which I had never seen equaled, or even faintly imagined.

Before I knew S. I had not realized how even twentieth-century deeds are generally restricted by ideas and opinions, rules and regulations, which are not the doer's own but which come to him from various outside sources. No outside pronouncement hampered S.'s freedom of action. Law was literally nothing to him. Conventions were not even a name. No penalty of man could increase his suffering. Consequently he lived entirely by his own code—a code which, though it might lack some articles that we consider important, was nevertheless worthy of respect because it was entirely his own, wrought out of his own inner consciousness and tested by his own experience. This quality of recklessness made him leader among the men and it soon became evident that I must have him on my side if my work was to succeed. To win him over was not difficult: an appeal to fair play, the first article in his code, was sufficient, and from then on clubhouse manners and morals were unexceptionable.

II

S. never relapsed into the background. Subsequently he was my chief

mainstay in my somewhat anomalous position. We became friends and at last he took me into his full confidence. In picturesque dialect he told me of his mother's early death, of his stormy upbringing, and of the feud that was his father's sole legacy to his four sons. Finally he even confided to me that before he entered the army he had been the leader of a somewhat notorious gang of moonshiners.

'I reckon moonshinin' was in my blood,' he told me. 'Grandpappy and pappy had allus done it, so it just come natural to me. After pappy died I got a bunch of boys tergither, an' we went to making whisky with pap's and Uncle Steven Smith's still. I never seed a better place for a still than the one we picked, fer there was two ways of gittin' out and only one of gittin' in, 'less you packed a rope ladder with hooks. Hit was a cave in under a cliff and had a spring right handy to the still. By usin' a rope ladder, — an' we allus had two-three in the cave, — we could go down over the cliff inter a big tree and then climb down the tree. But we used the 'trail up the holler except when the officers was after us. Day an' night we guarded this trail. We used a red bandanna fer a danger signal daytimes. Nights the signal was two shots fired close tergither. We had passwords, too, which we changed each month. When we was in a crowd like at a fair er an apple-peelin', we'd use these words to warn each other of danger. Most gen'ally the words was some little silly old saying that everybody but us tuck fer nonsense. The last one we had was, "Oh, no, you never!"

'I was in a church-house oncet when, just as they started to take the collection, my first cousin stuck his head in the door and shouted, "Oh, no, you never!" I did n't wait to explain nor fer no hat to be passed, but I clumb

through the nearest window jest as a deputy sheriff come in the door with a warrant fer me in one hand and a gun in the other. The meetin' was considerable upshot, but nobody was hurt except the winder, fer the deputy put a bullet-hole through hit firin' at me. He never was no great of a shot and he come nigher hittin' Aunt Mary Nichols than he did me.'

Excitement was the air they breathed. 'I was gettin' from eight to twelve dollars a quart when I jined up, fer I made good stuff, but 't were n't the money we keered about — it was the excitement. Lord, how I did *love* layin' along a branch watchin' the revenoo men tryin' to trail me! Why I've been so clost to them when they was argyin' about which way I'd gone that I could a dropped a bullet plumb on Joker Dingus's old, high-crowned hat; but the leaves was so thick that, even if they had looked up, they was n't likely to have seed me.'

Thus S. in his happier moments — eyes blue and alive with laughter — gleefully recalled various escapades. But there was another side to the shield. There were occasional days when S. barely spoke at all, when his boyish mouth was set in bitter lines, and his eyes were hard and cold and dangerous. When he was in these moods, the boys dared not speak to him, and I have seen a sudden hush fall over a cheerful 'kidding' group if S. happened to turn those cold, hard eyes that way.

Believing that his bitterness was a shield for heartfelt misery I determined to try to break through his reserve, and accordingly the next time S. came in gloomy and morose, I sought him out — on these occasions he invariably shunned me — and asked him to come with me to the office. For a moment I thought he was going to refuse, but presently he followed me listlessly.

'S.,' I said as he stood before me with his head bent and one hand restlessly tapping my desk, 'Can't you tell a friend what makes you so unhappy?'

There was an instant's pause and then he raised his eyes to mine. I could hardly repress an audible gasp. For a moment the inscrutable curtain which hides the spirit was withdrawn, and I saw a soul in pain so indescribable that my conventional consolation was struck to silence.

'Unhappy?' he said bitterly. 'What have I got to make me happy? All my life since I was two year old I've had ter fight fer everythin' I got. Fer three years I've been hunted like a dog. I've never knowed what it was to lay down in peace. I've allus slept in my clothes with my gun in my hand. My life has depended on my bein' quicker than Government's hired gunmen or the coal companies' deputies. My *life!* What good is life ter me? I've prayed it might be ended. I've stood up when bullets was a-flyin' and a-rattlin' and begged them ter hit me. I've worked in the mines pullin' pillars when all the other miners was out and the roof was crackin' and bucklin' till the foremen sont in ter have me fotched out, and nothin' never happened. What does life hold fer me? I cain't even read them magazines ye've got there. I'm ashamed to talk to ye, fer ever' time I speak I show my ignorance. I've never had a home, ner never will — ner life like other people. God! — only there ain't none! When I think of what I've gone through and what I am, I wonder that I keep on living.'

With that he was gone — out of the office, and out of the house, leaving me overwhelmed by a vicarious sorrow deeper than any I had ever before experienced.

Eventually I realized that this terrible unhappiness, almost despair, was

merely the longing of a powerful personality for a more extended and loftier sphere of activity. His extraordinarily keen mind had absolutely nothing on which to feed. As he had said, he could neither read nor write, and his ignorance of the most common facts of history, science, and politics was amazing. Except for his lack of education and the possession of a sense of humor, S. at this period uncommonly resembled the Byronic hero of a bygone generation. Byronic heroes have always more or less fascinated women, and the twentieth century could not save me from the fatal spell. His recklessness fascinated me, entirely weary of convention. His haunting unhappiness won my pity; the crude, untamed force of his personality compelled my admiration.

The next few months were indescribably strange ones. S. and I were both hundreds of miles away from our settings. That nobody noticed any unusual increase of interest in each other shows that we must have gone through the motions of our daily routine adequately; but for all the part other people played in our real lives, we might have been on a desert island, or even dead. We did not exactly meet in the immemorial clash of the sexes, but more as two disembodied personalities. Opposed as our temperaments are, we are both blessed or cursed with strong wills, and life at that time was a series of semiconscious contests, not so much to dominate the other as to resist the other's domination over ourselves.

III

Though our subconscious antagonism was mutual and similar, the emotions behind it were different. Before I had even seen S., my dissimilarity to the other women of his experience

had caused him to fall passionately in love with me. But love, the last emotion he wished to undergo, did not cause him to lose his head. For some weeks he struggled against his feelings, and then, finding that he could not overcome them, he decided to win my affections. Before I was at all aware of his existence, he had made a careful study both of me and of the possibilities afforded by the situation, and laid his plans accordingly. The change of atmosphere in the clubhouse was part of a carefully arranged scheme to attract my attention. Everything worked out exactly as he intended, except that my influence over him grew stronger as my interest in him increased. He had expected, in waking my interest, to establish his domination, but he had underrated the power of my personality even as I underrated his. For when I first became aware of his feeling for me, I determined to make it the lever to lift him from his unhappy circumstances. Not once did it occur to me that this inexperienced mountain boy could threaten my hard-won peace of mind. Had S. been other than he was, or had exterior events taken ever so slightly different a course, I might have escaped unscathed. As it was, I did what I still think any woman would have done who 'had a heart and in that heart courage to make love known.'

Even the mutual acknowledgment of our feelings did not at first lessen the antagonism. Our temperaments were so utterly different that we strove almost passionately to keep our own identities from losing their individuality. But as our knowledge of each other grew, we learned that our fundamental principles were the same, and from that time on the tension grew less. In spite of the easing-up of the psychological strain, however, the situation was serious. Here we were,

products of two utterly contrasted environments, total strangers in each other's worlds, yet loving each other with a deep and genuine emotion. Feeling unable to live apart, we yet were unable to live together and stay in our respective orbits. S., realizing fully that I could never be happy in his sphere, agreed to enter mine.

Now this business of changing one's world is no trivial affair. It involves considerably more than mere book-learning, important though that is. Not only ways of speech, but ways of thought, had to be changed; for his manner of thought as well as of speech belonged to the spacious times of great Elizabeth.

There was a brief probation during which we tested S.'s ability to re-date himself. When we were both convinced that he could, we were married — very quietly, because the translation was not complete, and S., realizing the situation as keenly as I, declined to put me in a position in which I might be forced to feel apologetic on his behalf. So it happens that very few know of our marriage, and we have been able to work out our destiny.

IV

For four years we have dwelt in a new world — neither S.'s nor mine, but sufficiently foreign to us both: a world peopled only by ourselves and by vague shadows that affect our lives without impinging on our consciousness. So much of our time and strength has gone into earning our living and making our marriage a success, that we have had nothing left for outsiders. Fortunately, most of our conflicts ended when our engagement graduated into marriage. I imagine that most engaged couples quarrel occasionally, but I think few encounter so wholeheartedly as did we. The result of our

well-foughten fields was that we entered on our married life with a clear comprehension of each other's limits in temper and temperament. An additional factor for peace was a sort of 'contract' that we framed before we were married. This contract detailed what each expected of the other, and though it has been often invoked, it has never yet been violated.

The first year of marriage, which many people find so trying, was to us sufficiently difficult but even more interesting. Our antagonism was ended, our interests, aims, and hopes were identical. There was to be a year or two of work for both of us and study for S., and then, hand-in-hand, we would return to my world and live happily ever afterwards. There was nothing impossible about this programme, but Something certainly does dispose of what man proposes. The transition from the silence and freedom of S.'s hills to the roar and confinement of New York would have been quite trying enough without the translation from a spacious, simpler, and more leisurely age to the crowded, complex, jazzing present. S.'s spirit was willing, his mind was adequate, but his flesh was weak. Shortly after our marriage a heavy cold settled on his lungs and grew worse instead of better. As I still held a position, his illness was not the complete *bouleversement* it would otherwise have been, but it contracted our scale of living painfully. That was my first experience of what it meant to be really poor.

By day I held down my job as best I could, considering that my mind was chiefly on the little hall bedroom where my invalid lay. There was nobody to look after him, for we could not afford a nurse, and S.'s painful dread of the hospital and strangers caused the doctor to believe that the ward would harm more than it helped. All day

long I was never free from the fear of what I might find when I reached home.

When half-past five released me from my desk, I would hold my breath until I reached the narrow, semirespectable house where our tiny living-quarters were. With my heart in my mouth I would run up the three flights of stairs and down the dark hallway that led to our room. Often with my hand on the door-knob I have paused listening, until a rustle or a cough showed me that life was still in the room. For S. was as sick as that. Once sure that he was still alive, I would open the door to find him eagerly watching for me.

I never failed to feel a fresh pang at seeing him so changed. His eyes, always large, were enormous in his thin face. His lithe strength was changed to pathetic weakness. His hasty temper was transformed into surprising patience. Only in spirit did the S. of New York resemble the S. of Kentucky. His courage was undaunted, his smile as gay as ever, and his eyes were always blue. All day long, as he lay in his narrow, none-too-soft bed, surrounded by the most dreary liver-colored walls I ever saw, in imagination he had been roaming in a new and wonderful world; and as soon as each of us had learned how the day had gone with the other, his speech was all of other days, and of men to whom he was infinitely more akin, albeit they had long been dead, than to the men who thronged the pavements or hurled themselves into the crowded subways of New York. During my absence he had wandered with the Disinherited Knight or battled in the lists with the unknown hero whose mere presence struck terror to the unknighly heart of Prince John.

When supper, which was ready for me except when S. was at his worst, had been eaten, the real day for both of us began. For a few hours we could forget my desk and S.'s temperature,

the smell of onions from the room down the hall, and the clang of the elevated two or three houses away. Together we wandered through a land and time into which S. fitted perfectly, the England of Cœur-de-Lion. Till he knew me, his sole acquaintance with literature had been *Jesse James's Blackest Crime*, read to him by his sister-in-law. *Ivanhoe* was his first introduction to the books of my world. His vivid imagination rendered the story and the characters in the novel infinitely more real to him than the scenes and people of New York. Night after night, propped up in bed, gazing at me with eyes feverishly bright, he hung breathlessly on my lips as the tale unfolded. How deeply he sympathized with *Ivanhoe* when he lay stricken during the siege of Torquilstone! Later, when he began to gain strength and the doctor permitted him to read to himself, I selected *St. Ives* for his first attempt. I have never seen anyone so oblivious to what was going on around him as was S. when reading. Part of my world S. dislikes or considers futile, but its books he wholeheartedly assimilates.

This illness kept us from making the most of New York's opportunities. In the eighteen months we were there, we were never able to go to the theatres. As S. has never seen a play, I was particularly anxious to see how he reacted to some of the great dramas; but that experience is still in store for us. Motion-pictures as a whole do not appeal to him.

I must admit that I entered upon his education with fear and trembling. I preferred, on the whole, to have him remain an untutored savage rather than to have him develop a liking for all the wrong things. I need not have been afraid, however. His instincts are correct if not catholic, and second-rate things do not attract him. This ensures

a permanent and increasing congeniality of intellectual interest which is an important factor in a happy marriage.

To my surprise, as soon as S. assumed the responsibilities of a member of society, he developed a decided tendency toward conventionality. So strongly did he revert to the ideas and traditions of his people, that a conflict threatened to ensue. S. desired to confine my activities to my home, but the 'contract' and his illness overbore him, and by degrees he has abandoned the prejudices of the mountains and adopted — I fancy with some mental reservations — the ways of more up-to-date communities. He has almost completely left his old world behind, but he has not yet altogether found his bearings in this new one.

Whether our marriage will withstand all the tests of time we, of course, cannot yet tell. It has come off triumphant from one great test — poverty. Babies, strikes, and S.'s ill-health have made our very existence a struggle, especially during the last year. The coal strike caught us before the first baby was paid for. Somehow we survived the strike; but only a few weeks after S. went back in the mines, he was ordered out forever. His lungs are solid with coal-dust — a fate which late or soon overtakes every miner of coal. Since that time his health has steadily declined and our fortunes with it. But no one could wish for a better companion in poverty than S. Except when too keen a realization of how completely I am at present barred from my own world sweeps over him, he is unfailingly light-hearted, making a game out of our wolf-dodging; and indeed I do not know of any game so keenly exciting as this same sport of baffling the wolf. Everyone would do well to try the game, for what it teaches can be learned in no other way. If it had not been for the discipline of this

last most difficult year, trivial misunderstandings might have come between us. Poverty drives selfish love out of the window, and doubtless neither of us would ever have realized the depth and unselfishness of the other's feeling if poverty had not revealed them to us.

I have marveled how a man with S.'s wild background could in so short a time develop such a keen comprehension of what the minor discomforts of our circumstances mean to me. Most men with his upbringing would accept these unpleasantnesses as a matter of course. Perhaps a concrete instance will make clearer what I mean. Chief among the household duties that I loathe is the washing, which, however, I am willing to perform as part of my share of the burden. Sick or well, S. has always insisted on doing it for me and making a good job of it. No matter whether he was getting up at four in the morning to work in the mines, or whether his head was racked with pain (the aftermath of a sun-stroke early this summer), washing clothes for the babies has been as regular a duty as brushing his teeth. When one considers that often the water has had to be carried up one or two flights of stairs, or painfully hauled up hand over hand from a deep well, one realizes that keeping two babies clean is no light matter. Cooking, scrubbing, even mending — chores that most mountain men and perchance some city men would consider either too menial or too unimportant — he has performed voluntarily and capably. He is as skillful with the babies as a trained nurse could be — feeds them, bathes them, puts them to sleep. When I reflect that I might never otherwise have known his infinite possibilities for tenderness and self-forgetfulness, I am not sorry for the bitter struggle through which we are passing.

Poverty our marriage can endure triumphantly, but another test even

greater may be in store for it. If some modern miracle should enable us to go home, — back to my world, — what then? S. is of opinion that this return will prove the real test. Civilization with him will never be of the soul. Underneath a sufficiently modern surface burn all his old passions, 'nowise cool for being curbed.' First of these is a jealousy that once or twice nearly ended our engagement. It is not so vulgar as jealousy of men, but it is more dangerous. It is a jealousy of anything and everything that attracts my interest. Dwelling for three years in a world strange to us both, we have literally been all in all to each other. What will happen when we enter a world foreign to S. but familiar and dear to me, we can only surmise. There is a mountain song beloved of S. that he quotes whenever this subject is under discussion.

I wish I had me a golden box
To put my true love in.
I'd take her out and kiss her twice
And put her back again.

Inasmuch as S. realizes his weakness and faces it fairly, and inasmuch as he has overcome disabilities which seemed infinitely greater, I believe that we shall come off triumphantly from this test, too. Study and natural adaptability have equipped S. to encounter my world on equal terms; and surely the past three years of toil, privation, and sacrifice, cheerfully and ungrudgingly borne, have forged a link between us which cannot be broken by the less soul-searching routine of comfortable life.

There is not one of my friends, married or unmarried, who is not comfortably ensconced in that pleasant world I once knew; there is not one of my married friends who has not made a more 'suitable' match than I have. There is not one whom I envy.

THE FORD MYTH

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

IN a newspaper morgue the envelope filed under 'Ford, Henry' bulks larger than that devoted to any other private citizen. That measures his importance, for news is the breath of our communicating civilization. In that mass of clippings, the most significant is this:—

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA., Sept. 27. — In addressing the National Tax Association here to-day, Representative William R. Green, Republican, Iowa, declared that the present system of corporate taxation presents an easy way of avoiding taxation, adding that he did not believe the American people would permit this state of affairs to continue indefinitely. Mr. Green said Henry Ford was popularly supposed to have the largest income of any citizen in the country, and that while no one knows what income tax Ford pays, it is certain that it cannot be at all in proportion to his income.

Here begins an irrepressible conflict that will be news for many years to come. A member of Congress, ranking Republican on the revenue-hunting Ways and Means Committee and slated for the Chairmanship since Fordney's retirement, has talked to a serious audience of practical men about the Ford fortune. Let Mr. Ford laugh that off if he can; let him enlarge as he pleases upon wealth as a means to service, jobs, and enterprise. Nevertheless the talk will go on. Presently it will be heard in Congress, where the debate will centre, not upon whether the Ford fortune should be scotched,

but whether it should be scotched as corporate profits, as income, or as inheritance. Years hence treasury experts will still have the Ford fortune in mind while adjusting their tax brackets. This prospect should be enough to disqualify Henry Ford as a presidential possibility. He and the Government mean enough to each other already.

The Iowa Representative's speech reflects the beginning of a change, slight but meaningful, in the public attitude toward Mr. Ford and his possessions. Representatives seldom come by such trenchant ideas through sheer ratiocination. Instead, they pluck them out of street-corner conversations and general-store debates. Iowans must have been discussing the Ford fortune before Mr. Green mentioned it at White Sulphur Springs.

The latest estimate of the Ford wealth is \$750,000,000. The assets of the Ford Motor Company, owned entirely by Mr. Ford and his son Edsel, were more than \$536,000,000 last February. Since May the company has done the best business in its history, the cash item rising from \$159,000,000 to more than \$200,000,000 between February and May. Its domestic production of cars and trucks reached one new 'high' in the week ending August 7, and another in the week ending September 25, when production amounted to 41,769 cars and trucks and 1857 tractors. From January 1 to October 18, it produced

1,500,696 cars and trucks — almost as many as all other American manufacturers combined.

But domestic production of cars, trucks, and tractors is not the only source of the Ford wealth. There are Ford companies producing under other flags. Also, Mr. Ford owns all, or substantial parts, of companies that sell coal and transportation. The bulk of his property is in the Ford Motor Company. In the twelve months ending February 28, 1923, the company earned more than \$119,000,000, after deducting \$34,000,000 for taxes. This is 22 per cent on the \$536,000,000 investment covered by the statement. In the current year the Fords are accumulating wealth at a rate close to \$400,000 a day, or \$150,000,000 a year. As corporate net income, moreover, this profit pays only 12½ per cent Federal tax. By leaving this profit in the corporation, instead of taking it out in dividends, the two Fords save at least 50 per cent additional tax that they would have to pay if the same sum were distributed as individual income to stockholders.

If Henry and Edsel Ford are not the richest father and son in America today, they soon will be. The enormous profits which Henry Ford ploughs back into the business, the pace at which he is extending his control of raw materials and his domination of supplies, his growing interest in water-powers and transportation, his exuberant health and zest for expansion, the morale of his labor forces and the competence of his technical staff, these predicate Ford production and profits beyond anything on record in American industry.

Great fortunes are usually accompanied by great expenditures, either for display or philanthropy. The Ford fortune is neither threatened by the one nor curtailed by the other. Mr. Ford

has too much sense to play the rôle of a Cræsus. Perhaps because he is too interested in life and work to know what ennui is, he has acquired none of the expensive habits of the rich. His favorite recreation is motor-camping with a few cronies. He spends less than many a wealthy unfortunate who keeps up appearances with a racing stable, an ocean-going yacht, and sundry houses strategically located with regard to the seasons and the social whirl. Just as Mr. Ford has no ambition to shine as a pillar of the turf, so likewise Mrs. Ford reveals no ambition to rank as a pillar of society.

Philanthropy does not retard materially the bulbous growth of the Ford fortune. The Fords may indulge in many quiet benefactions; and no doubt they meet the levies laid upon them in various drives, like other well-to-do citizens whose names and ratings are down in the books of their local charity organizations. But the public gifts of Henry Ford are small and few in proportion to his huge earnings. He built a hospital in Detroit — to date that is his chief contribution to the public-service plant of the city where he made his money. Derided as a 'pay-as-you-enter' hospital because it is self-sustaining, it nevertheless provides excellent hospital service at rates the average man can afford to pay. His purchases for public use of two literary shrines — John Burroughs's birthplace and Longfellow's 'Wayside Inn' — are graceful and pleasant acts; but not expensive when measured by the Ford ability to pay. He helps to support the Wild-Life-Protection Fund of the New York Zoölogical Society. Multiply the cost of these benefactions by ten and you would still be short of the Rockefeller or Carnegie gifts to public causes.

Unless Mr. Ford changes a deep-seated conviction, this situation is not likely to change. In *My Life and Work*

he goes on record against charity and philanthropy. Also, he doubts the value of professional social service. Come what may, Henry Ford is unlikely to deluge the land with libraries, save heathen from hookworm, or provide palatial quarters for college undergraduates. Prominent solicitors often return from Dearborn with this message: 'We must wait till Edsel gets it.' There is no hint as yet that the Ford wealth is troubling the Ford conscience or burdening the Ford spirit.

II

Thus far Mr. Ford's rise to riches distresses few of us. No one abuses Henry Ford simply because he is rich; 'soap-boxers' do not rail against him and the radical press does not gird at him, as they rail and gird at many men of lesser wealth. His critics are mostly of two sorts: financiers and Jews — to Ford they seem to be one and the same. Neither group objects to his wealth and power, but merely to his talk. The common people extend a blanket blessing on all his works, in marked contrast to the hostility with which they have viewed other of the unco rich since the muckraking days of twenty years ago.

There are solid grounds for this approval, as well as mythical ones. Ford rose from commonplaceness 'on his own.' He 'stuck by the shop' when lesser industrialists fled from close touch with production and its human problems. He has raised wages, avoided strikes, and earned a reputation as a good boss — and good bosses are pearls of great price in industrial society. His company led in changing the 'automobile game' into the automotive industry — a dignified and solid business with substantial sales-depots, dependable service, and responsible managers.

But above all else Ford provided

'folks' with cheap motor-cars. When the automobile attacked America, the small producer needed the new means of transportation in order to hold his own in the world; otherwise he must inevitably have fallen back in competition with better-equipped forces. If there were no cheap cars to-day, American farmers would be well on their way to peasant consciousness.

These achievements, and the apparent ease of their execution sans special privilege, monopoly, or control of natural resources, have created a mass opinion that Henry Ford is a miracle man, a wonder-worker. To a complicated industry he brought a pioneer spirit which the sons and grandsons of pioneers were bound to respect. Fearless as any master scientist, this mechanic of genius, who seems to know tools and men equally well, carried mechanical production to its modern uttermost in devices that save time and drudgery. These aids to automatic production have their drawbacks, social and physical, but they obviously produce cheap goods, and by degrees they increase leisure for the masses.

Finally 'this man Ford,' as the first families of Detroit used to speak of him when he was on his way up, is scornful of many things, worthy and unworthy, that the common man scorns and to which the well-to-do defer at least in attitude. He scoffs at learning that has no earning power, at influence that is based only on affluence, at history, art, and many of those finer graces of life which, even in a democracy, as yet mean little to the masses. This plutocrat, sprung from the people, remains a rebel, conscious that much is wrong with the times, the world, and the country. In his own town he played a lone hand, refusing to sit in with the business oligarchy which, there as elsewhere in industrial communities, is the real seat of power. Bankers con-

tinued to be his pet aversion long after he became a banker himself. The American people could keep hold of such a man in spirit; could even, brooding upon him mystically, make him the central figure of a myth. In a world that daily became more of a puzzle for simple minds, here was a man of the people who could 'beat the big game.' Better than any man of his generation Henry Ford came to personify the dynamic democracy of naïve America.

Countless farmers think that, with Muscle Shoals in Ford's possession on easy terms, they would get cheap fertilizer on easy terms. Hard-pressed folk fancy that he could give them the benefits of cheap money without any of its disadvantages. Oil operators shiver at the thought of Ford going into oil in the present debilitated condition of that industry. Millions of wage-earners think that they are being abused because their employers do not meet the Ford scale of pay. There are shippers all over the country who imagine that Ford could give them cheaper railroad rates by reorganizing the country's railroad system, as easily as he reorganized the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton. To all these, Henry Ford is the good fairy to whom nothing is impossible.

Recently an Albany newspaper carried a story that illustrates neatly the power of the Ford myth. Its readers were assured that city and State officials were lying in wait for a certain exalted person, to impress upon him the necessity of having the Hudson River deepened at government expense. Once the sympathies of this worthy were enlisted, the United States simply could not refuse millions for improvements which would make their cities ocean ports. The citizens had visions of shiploads of Troy collars and Albany aspirin being loaded at their wharves for cities on the seven seas. And who was the personage to be waited upon

thus humbly? You expect the answer, 'Henry Ford.' Not so; no such luck. Mr. Leibold, if you please, the secretary to the great man. Thus does the hero's reflected glory elevate the underling. Convert Mr. Leibold, and Mr. Leibold can convert Mr. Ford, and Mr. Ford can convert the Board of Army Engineers and the Committee on Appropriations and whoever else needs to be converted. Presumably the meeting came off properly, because Mr. Ford, who incidentally owns a factory and water-power at Green Island, recently advised the Government to proceed with the improvement. If it does, Green Island will be conveniently near the head of navigation.

It is easy enough to pick holes in the Ford myth. Instead of rising single-handed to success, Mr. Ford had the devoted aid of a group of notable men in the Ford Motor Company's early years. One of them, a master advertiser, made Ford 'first-page news' by exploiting his 'five-dollar-a-day profit-sharing plan' in 1914. Another laid the foundation of a system of office administration that remains a marvel of business efficiency long after his departure. There are dozens of 'Ford alumni,' as Dean Marquis calls them, filling high positions in the business world, whose contributions to the Ford Motor Company's success must have been large. Of course, these men grew under Ford; yet no doubt Ford grew also because of those associations. Nevertheless the semi-autobiographical story of Ford's business rise contains no mention of them. Mr. Ford does not share authority; neither does he share the limelight.

A good deal of Mr. Ford's popularity on Main Street and Mill Street are due to his open dislike for Wall Street. Clashes between industrialists and financiers are common enough in industrial society to suggest incompatibility

between those who deal in goods and those who deal in credits. In the new industry of automobile-making, this temperamental conflict between innovating and conservative forces was bound to crop out, and did so, not only in Mr. Ford's case but in the cases of other manufacturers whose vision ran ahead of their resources. But with Ford the prejudice has hardened into an obsession, persisting unabated after he has become a money power in his own right, loaning millions to the city of Detroit with a nonchalance that contrasts oddly with the ceremony that attends Wall Street operations.

The attack goes on even after Wall Street has surrendered, hailing Ford 'comrade' with as much brotherly feeling as the spokesmen of that somewhat inhibited section can muster. The *Wall Street Journal* recently called him, in admiration that is almost affection, 'Wall Street's Shock-Absorber.' There is reality in the phrase. Ford advocates openly ideas that Wall Street loves but, out of deference to public opinion, is constrained to keep in the background. When Ford says that labor unions are excellent devices for killing time, Wall Street chuckles. When Ford says that the Interstate Commerce Commission should be discarded, Wall Street beams. When Ford put forth his Muscle Shoals offer, Wall Street gasped at its sheer audacity. It reminded the old-timers of Jay Gould at his best. When Mr. Ford gets to hammering Wall Street, and then goes on to hammering international bankers and Jews indiscriminately, he reminds one of Æ's Irish orator who was forever trying to bring up a large family of words on a small income of ideas.

III

Neither Mr. Ford nor his most enthusiastic admirers mention the most

important factor in the extraordinary Ford success — the market. America at the opening of the twentieth century was the net result of political and economic influences ancient in origin and mixed in effect. Centuries of enterprise, thrift, labor, invention, political struggle, and legal interpretation — to say nothing of several wars — had to be lived through before this continent was ripe for the automobile. Before Ford cars could become as common as autumn leaves there had to be pipelines and railroads; and before these could come to pass there had to be Scotch inventors, Dutch bankers, Indian fighters, Pilgrims, conquistadors, feudal barons, Crusaders, martyrs, and all manner of other energetic, Westernizing persons, century without end. No Rockefeller; no Ford. No Stephenson; no Ford. No Cæsar; no Ford!

One result of the travail of all these centuries was a rich country of distributed wealth and eager-minded inhabitants, politically well-organized, called the United States of America. A land of magnificent distances and rich natural resources, populated by persons hungry for new means of transportation and prepared to pay spot cash. Europe had steel and laboratories and capital and able mechanics; yet Europe could not develop cheap automobiles, for lack of enough buyers to support quantity production. The past prepared the stage for Henry Ford; and if he had not undertaken to satisfy the American appetite for cheap cars when he did, someone else would have done so in short order. When our most notable beneficiary of history scoffs at history, practitioners of that noble art can afford to smile sagely, as Tacitus might have smiled at the struttings of a barbarian king.

True believers in the Ford myth overlook, also, the luck of the Ford success. The man has been lucky as

well as shrewd. He was lucky when his 'six' failed to attract the public, and he was driven back to the small car. He was lucky when W. C. Durant could not quite raise in cash the relatively few millions for which Mr. Ford stood ready to sell him the Ford Company in the early days of the industry, when Mr. Durant was amalgamating the General Motors Company. Ford was lucky again when the upward swing of the business cycle enabled his dealers to dispose of the goods he dumped upon them when, as he says in *My Life and Work*, he dug assets out of his factory rather than borrow money. This shifting of part of his debt burden to his dealers might have seriously embarrassed the wide-flung Ford sales-organization; actually it did its members good rather than harm. Yet no mind, however shrewd, could have foretold that the upward swing of the business cycle was so near at hand. Luck again.

Ford was even lucky in his one defeat, when he ran for the Senate in 1918, and was beaten by a few thousand votes in a campaign where his opponents used too much money. The motor king scored a moral victory, and was spared the tedium — for him torture — of sitting in the Senate. Ford is lucky in anything that lets him concentrate on the job which he so completely masters, and unlucky when he wanders into other mazy passages of this intricate experience we call life. Edison knows his Ford, Couzens knows his Ford.

The public may never outgrow the Ford myth entirely, but Mr. Ford himself outgrows it little by little, a piece here and a piece there. He seems to have outlived the Messianic mood, in which he felt 'called' to evangelize a sinful world even though at great expense.

This phase ended with the Peace-

Ship fiasco. He admits now that the Peace Ship taught him a good deal about war. Except for tilting against international bankers (always unidentified), Mr. Ford no longer concerns himself greatly over international affairs.

Lately he has been growing in humor and also in insight into his own character. The Wood interview in *Collier's Weekly* is one of the most revealing of all Ford's many utterances. That and the Crowther book¹ give Ford's view of Ford better than all secondhand expositions. In the former our richest man says he is unfit for the presidency 'because he lacks a political mind.'

There are other equally good reasons why Henry Ford should never be President, but that is enough. Intelligent dictators do excellently well in business everywhere, and in European politics they seem to be quite the fashion just now; but hereabouts we still believe in checks and balances, constitutional rights and democratic processes, and other like intangibles which Mr. Ford, in order to secure efficiency in government, would have to shear away along with the red tape he so cordially detests. Therefore he says the country could not stomach him except in an emergency.

The moral is obvious. There is no present crisis equal to the penalty. Even the sale of that steam plant down in Alabama can hardly be magnified into a convincing emergency. Our politicians, if they value their places, will take care to avoid, for a few years to come, anything that savors of an emergency. Upon them the Ford boom serves notice: —

'N' Henry Ford 'll get you if you don't watch out.

¹ *My Life and Work*, by Henry Ford in collaboration with Samuel Crowther. New York: Doubleday Page & Company. 1923.

IV

Economically, Ford is building something new in America, a self-contained business for practical purposes, personally owned, that has the strength and solidity of a vertical trust without its legal complications. It controls raw materials, manufacturing processes, and marketing in ever growing degree. Merely for self-protection it must continue to unify control until it approximates complete production from ores to automobiles. Whereas vertical trusts are usually consolidations of corporations drawn together for mutual support and protection, the Ford Motor Company is reaching the same end by purchase and development. When the process is completed, the company will stand, from the standpoint of industrial security and efficiency, in a class by itself in America, and rivaled in Europe only by Krupps.

It will not do to dismiss this achievement as transitory. It constitutes a notable contribution to the industrial strength of the country. Moreover, it is likely to last as long as any business unit of our time. I cannot imagine any sort of civilized America, under any kind of political and economic régime whatsoever, that could or would dispense with the flexible transportation that the motor-car provides. The industry will always be noticeably sensitive to the ups and downs of general trade, but its quick recovery from the post-war depression showed strong recuperative power. And the low-priced market, of course, is the most dependable. There may be revolutionary changes in design and means of propulsion. It is not to be expected that the Ford Company will ever break new ground in those directions; but presumably it will take up proved betterments in time to save its position, as it did in the case of the self-starter.

Finally, even if chronic pessimists on the automotive industry should be proved right by events, it does not follow that the Ford Motor Company would be ruined. The Ford Company is to-day a complex of industries, a vast machine-shop and assembly plant, with pendent chemical, metallurgical, mining, hydro-electric, forest, and textile activities. There will always be demand for coal, pig iron, wire, machined parts, wood, glass, acids, cloth, and electrical energy. The Fords produce all those things now, and can go on producing them, whether they are sold as automobiles and tractors or in some other form. The change would be costly, but not necessarily fatal. There is a tremendous vitality in broadly based industrial enterprises. Krupps grew great making munitions of war; but it did not perish when that market was cut off by fiat. Instead of quitting, it began beating its cannon metal into locomotives and other peace goods. Industry is the indispensable, 'key' activity of modern life.

Henry Ford, busy in his huge new plant at River Rouge, provides the unique spectacle of a man occupying his own monument. It is one likely to outwear many a graven pillar and may even outlast some political principles held sacrosanct at the moment.

This is not saying that the Ford Motor Company will continue indefinitely its present terrific pace of expansion. Every business is the measure of the man at the top, and every business tends to become stiff with age. Still, Henry Ford presumably has at least ten active years ahead of him, and he has given his company a momentum that will not be lost until long after he departs, even though it may not be fortunate enough to find his like as a leader. And ten years of wealth-accumulation, at the present rate of growth, would make Ford thrice a billionaire,

with an income of more than a million dollars a day.

Therefore the Ford fortune and the Ford policies have important social bearings. Are the Fords to become merely another rich American family, following the usual course of our plutocracy from shirtsleeves to polo, and from cookstoves to coronets, in three generations? Is the Ford business destined to be merely another big business which, founded by an original individual with spirited if somewhat narrow ideas of public service, is destined to degenerate into an impersonal, profit-taking machine, amid the growing indifference of its employees and the waning regard of a disillusioned public?

These are questions that time alone can answer. But inasmuch as Mr. Ford has expressed himself emphatically upon some of the determining principles of his life, we may deduce, perhaps, whither he is driving by setting down the directions in which he appears determined not to be driven. The conclusions, of course, are purely speculative; there is always the chance that Henry Ford will do the unexpected. Still, sixty years and ten times as many millions are not conducive to vagaries.

V

The professed aims of Henry Ford's existence are to pay high wages and sell goods cheap. You might think an employer could easily avoid profits by so doing; but Mr. Ford does not agree. Every time he has lowered prices, he has tapped another layer of buyers and increased his sales. Whenever he has raised wages, he has increased efficiency of production. His volume is now so enormous that he could sell cars at close to cost and still reap large profits from the sale of parts only. So the manufacturing and merchandising poli-

cies which Henry Ford approves are no more likely to keep his fortune from growing than is philanthropy, which he disapproves.

Mr. Ford's explanation of his so-called 'profit-sharing' plan leaves me unconvinced. His men get high wages, part of which is listed as profits; but that there is any general disbursement of company profits on a grand scale to rank-and-file workers is not apparent. At least, the sums divided so far have not kept the Ford fortune from 'snow-balling.'

At the time this profit-sharing plan was put through, great expectations were raised that the Ford Motor Company was destined to break new ground in the troubled sphere of industrial relations — great expectations never yet realized! They who believe that industrial difficulties cannot be solved altogether through authority; they who think that the wage system should be amended to allow the routine worker more voice in his destiny; they who give to the word 'coöperation' a humanitarian and spiritual emphasis — all these altruists are sadly disappointed in Henry Ford. Undeniably fair in his dealings with Labor, undeniably sage in discussing the practical psychology of toil, undeniably wise in his later policy of decentralizing production, still he does not grasp that in these latter years Labor has come by something it values above houses and gear and raiment — to wit: a vision of self-sufficiency, the promise of a new day when the Fords of this earth shall do Labor's bidding, not Labor theirs. Mr. Ford is deaf, dumb, and blind to the labor movement and all its implications. He is a benevolent despot, standing firm against collective bargaining in all forms; an autocrat who would be as unapproachable to a shop committee as he is, notoriously, to process-servers.

Yet Henry Ford has given the labor unions something they greatly needed — competition in well-doing. On a grand scale he has demonstrated that the way to beat unions is to do more for one's workers than the unions can win for them. The Ford organization is to-day an industrial clan. Its members are widely scattered in space and social position, and subject to all the myriad differences that make against solidarity in the human family. Nevertheless they are with the company and with its boss, in spirit. Critics, whether of high or low estate, have been sloughed off or shoved out, sometimes ruthlessly. Those who remain seem to be Ford's men in the sense that the Gregara were The MacGregor's men — come weal, come woe.

That morale is Henry Ford's best achievement. But in so far as this clan spirit is a reaction to the personality of a leader, it is likely to fade after the leader passes, unless it can be stabilized by definite concessions to coöperation in the forward-looking sense of the word. Perhaps any such contribution to the solution of industry's central problem is beyond him; perhaps he does not care to try. At any rate, he says nothing to show that this matter is on his mind, and plenty to indicate that it is not. The chances are that the thing will not be done.

When the Ford score is finally cast up, the prospect is, therefore, that this

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extraordinary man, for all his originality and excellent intentions, will be found to have added to our social scheme merely another swollen fortune and another big business unit. In that event, the fortune inevitably will come to be appraised, rightly or wrongly, as evidence of gluttonous appetite, a tainted hoard to be raided, upon need or envy, by an embarrassed or jealous State.

The business, by reason of its size and social importance, will become in time one more battle-ground for unionism, one more target for state control, one more argument for Socialism. Henry Ford is a superman who has ploughed a straight, deep furrow through the crust of custom; but another generation may reap stranger crops there than Ford ever dreamed he was planting.

Mr. Green of Iowa, for the moment personifying the sovereign State in its unending struggle with too masterful individuals, pointed an accusing finger at Mr. Ford one mild September day. The incident passed without much comment. Few noted the challenging gesture, as few mark the turn o' the tide. Yet the turn is as inevitable as the tide itself. This challenge, too, was inevitable, and registers, unless all signs fail, the high-water mark of popular favor for Ford. Now, unless the man be great beyond his words and works, the ebb is on.

POEMS

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

I. WELL-BRED PIGLETS

DAINTY princelings, proud and wise,

Turn not your suspicious eyes

On a peeping stranger.

Cock no bristly, rose-leaf ear;

Huddle not; there's none to fear;

Sweetings, there's no danger.

Lift of neck and heave of thigh, —

Olympian bulls in majesty, —

Ye'll daze me into fable.

Are ye true things in nature's line,

Or some Greek jeweler's design

For Venus' dressing-table?

Now like knights at bay they stand,

Paladins on either hand,

To guard the lady's bower;

Seeming to say with moveless eyes:

'The snake is entering paradise;

We feel his evil power.'

Galahad begins to tremble,

Roland can no more dissemble;

Turning half about,

He whispers: 'Percy, mark his eye!'

They break, they scamper, plunge, and fly —
O Cupid, what a rout!

II. TOIL AWAY

Toil away and set the stone
That shall stand when you are gone.
Ask not that another see
The meaning of your masonry.
Grind the gem and dig the well,
For what? for whom? — I cannot tell.
The stone may mark a boundary line,
The well may flow, the gem may shine.
Be it wage enough for you
To shape them well and set them true.
Of the future who can tell?
Work, my friend, and so farewell.

WHAT I EXPECT

In answer to the oft-asked question: 'What do you really expect the American Peace Award definitely to accomplish?'

BY EDWARD W. BOK

I

Not a day passes that I am not asked, either in a letter or by someone I meet, the question under the title of this article.

It is a curious fact that the question is invariably put in the future tense. It never seems to occur to these inquirers that a large part of the purpose of the American Peace Award is accomplished. Before the world can have peace, it must, first of all, think in terms of peace. That was one of the chief aims of the Award, and that has been accomplished, if one may judge from the widespread reaction of press and public from every part of the United States. It is quite within the bounds of conservatism to say that not for a long time has a united national mind been so concretely fixed upon the question of peace as during the past six months since the American Peace Award was first announced. Individuals, groups, clubs, organizations, faculties of colleges, entire communities, even a complete state, have been thinking, planning, talking, studying, discussing, and writing peace. Over a quarter of a million of American citizens have written and asked for the conditions under which plans might be submitted. Plans from the most prominent men and women of the United States have passed under the

scrutiny of the Jury of Award. Scarcely a newspaper or periodical published throughout the length and breadth of the United States has not printed from one to a dozen news articles and editorials touching different aspects of the Award. A group of newspapers and periodicals have opened their pages to printing plans sent by their readers which were afterward submitted to the Jury of the Award. Meetings innumerable have been held at which the Award has been the sole topic; scores of conventions have passed resolutions of endorsement, and sermons, literally by the hundred, have taken the Award as their subject.

Will anyone say that a large purpose has not thus been served; that any reasonable expectation one might have had has not been realized in great part? 'It is indeed true,' said the *New York Tribune*, 'that this Award has brought the general subject of peace directly home to the people of the United States to a degree and in a measure which no effort on the part of the United States Government has succeeded in doing.'

Someone will ask, But has not all this widespread attention been attracted by the offer of \$100,000 for a winning plan? Unquestionably. That was exactly why the monetary phase

was introduced into the Award. Its purpose was to dramatize the idea. And it has served that purpose beyond all expectations. It spoke, too, of the serious intent of the founder of the Award. About the time that this article appears, the winning plan and its author will in all probability be known to the public, and while, naturally, nothing is known of its character or authorship at this writing, I am rash enough to prophesy that the monetary phase of the Award did not actually play quite so important a part in the actual plan as some imagined it would. In fact, it did exactly what I hoped and intended it should do: it gripped the imagination of thousands who would otherwise not have been attracted, and it focused public attention upon the Award as no other single factor could have done. It stimulated idealism by the golden spur of self-interest. The same idea of individual emulation lies in the Nobel awards and in the Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Joseph Pulitzer awards. Systems of monetary rewards are methods of uplift and inspiration as old as the hills. It is human to work our best when the rewards are greatest. But it may also be true that hundreds of the plans submitted came, not because of the financial attraction, but because they were asked for and a channel was afforded for their consideration.

I was prepared for the fact that the emolument part of the Award would be stressed, and, in some quarters, criticized. But I was also aware of the fact that the men and women who were to associate themselves with its conduct would at once, from their distinction and authority of position, give to the idea its proper place of dignity and solidity. The money was not intended, as the unintelligent and carping were so quick to say, to buy world peace: its purpose was to play its part in mak-

ing the subject one of widespread thought and discussion, with the result of bringing a united national mind within definable terms.

Something more, however, will be accomplished. The method used in the Award will, once and for all, demonstrate that a point of direct personal contact can be created between the people of the United States and its legislative and executive governments. When there was made for me a research of a wide cross-section of the American people upon which the American Peace Award was based, there was found a distinct yeasty fermentation on the part of thousands of American citizens, and an expressed desire, sometimes in the most vehement terms, that they be offered some unpartisan and nonpolitical channel through which they could express themselves on this and other national and international subjects. Thousands of the American people gave vent to this idea of what they called a defect in our system of contact of citizen and government. They brushed aside the idea of the ballot. 'We want to talk, not vote,' they repeatedly said. 'We want to give expression to our views on these questions — to what we think. We want a direct hand in settling these questions.'

When the newspapers were suggested as a channel of expression, they dismissed them with the criticism of partisanship. When their Representatives or Senators were suggested, they replied, 'No: we want a channel of our own: a direct, open way to Washington, not via the newspapers or the politicians; a way in which we can feel a sense of confidence that our views will be heard and considered and that our voice will carry to Washington.'

There was always a deadly earnestness in this demand; there was a distinct note of impatience with prevailing

conditions, and there was a whip-like method of speaking and a threatening shake of the head that indicated deep-rooted dissatisfaction with things as they are.

II

It was the discovery of this widely prevalent note that led straight to the American Peace Award. If the American people were really willing to make these great problems their own, to accept their part in the responsibility of their solution, — all of which I had, with hundreds of others, up to this time doubted, — and were actually crying aloud for a channel through which they could express themselves, I decided that they should have such a medium, simple and direct.

What is the result? Surely, the hundreds of thousands of letters and the thousands of plans received by the American Peace Award constitute the best and direct answer. 'At last!' have said literally hundreds of writers, in evident relief and thankfulness.

That has been the single accomplishment of the American Peace Award thus far that has fulfilled and transcended any expectation that one may have had for it. For if this method has been accepted by the people as a desired and acceptable method of approach to their Government on this question of peace, is it too much to say, as President Coolidge has already publicly said, that the idea can be applied to other questions of national and international import?

I was very much amused by a letter from a high United States official, who asked if it had occurred to me that in the American Peace Award I might be training the American people to feel that they could initiate legislation, and awaken in them the feeling of legislative power, and whether I realized the inherent danger in such a widespread

feeling? It would surely be a red-letter day in American life if any effort could bring about such a result!

Another distinct accomplishment of the American Peace Award has been a clearer recognition by the people of the United States of the fact that they cannot sit placidly by and see Rome burn: that we are a part of the world, and, as such, must play our part in it. In other words, no single effort of late has so fixed the attention of the people of the United States upon our foreign relations, and upon the best methods under which we can live in amity and peace with the nations of the earth, and how far we can go with our contribution to such an end. Librarians from every part of the country report that never has there been such a demand for books dealing with our foreign relations or works on previous peace-efforts, and for the records of peace congresses. Booksellers are selling more books dealing with the European situation than ever before. The entire interest of the American people in foreign questions has been quickened all along the line. The editors of three of the leading American newspapers have sent letters to me from individual subscribers and from clubs and organizations, asking that more space be given to foreign news in their papers, in each case crediting their larger interest in the affairs of the world to the American Peace Award. There is the distinct beginning of an international mind.

When a single effort can actually accomplish such results, one's expectations with regard to it should, to my mind at least, not be put entirely in the future tense.

'But surely,' say many, 'you expect some definite result, too, do you not?' No, not expect. I *expect* nothing.

But I have hopes — very deep hopes.

At the same time, I am perfectly free to say that I am so well satisfied with what has been accomplished that, if it were decreed that the American Peace Award should go no further to a definite result, I should still feel more than repaid for the effort and its accomplishments.

But it does not appear as if it were so decreed.

One of the ranking officials in the United States Government recently wrote me in a letter: 'You have started something that nothing can now stop. The interest is too widespread: the idea has rested too securely and gone too deeply. The Award has planted a seed from which something must come.'

I think he is right.

The American people may not know exactly where they are going, but they are distinctly and decidedly on their way. No one who has had his finger on the public pulse, and heard its beats through the progress of the Award, can doubt this statement for a moment. The people are determined that as they have registered their views they shall now be crystallized into definable terms on this question of world peace, and that they shall be placed before the world. This note of determination is struck in almost every letter. 'This must now be carried through' is a common phrase in hundreds of letters; and it is said with a crispness that leaves no doubt of the determination behind it.

III

I hope for —

Not a miracle.

Not a solvent.

But a beginning.

Wisely has Goethe said, 'We are not born to solve the problems of the world, but to find out where a problem begins (do our part), and then keep within the limits of our grasp.'

The people of the United States stand before the world to-day without any plan of action so far as their relations with the rest of the world are concerned. There is on record no crystallized national opinion. The views of special groups have lost their force. Besides, that is not what the world asks from the American people. It asks not a foreign policy born of an administration, of a group, or of a political party. It wants an expression of the national will, of the national belief of the people of the United States. The world knows well that without such national support the most carefully worded treaty becomes a worthless scrap of paper. But, on the other hand, it is also a fact that world peace can be attained if enough people think of it, and desire it, and say they desire it. The public conscience is derived from personal conscience: the unit becomes the mass.

The underlying impulse of the American people toward some form of practical foreign coöperation is strong and irresistible. Politics have beclouded the issue; the absence of a straight and unbiased channel of expression has made it impossible for universal expression. But the moral interest and the moral force of the people are awakened; they have had time to think, and they have thought, and the national voice is now to be heard over the heads of those who have, up to this time, talked to no purpose.

This is the beginning, and it has been made and registered in the thousands of plans submitted.

The next stage is now imminent. And it will be the acid test.

That will come when the selected plan — or plans worked into one plan — shall be made public and offered to the people in the widest and most direct referendum perhaps ever taken on

a single question. A very large cross-section of the American people, reached through the eighty powerful coöperative organizations associated with the Award, and through a poll to be taken by a large group of American newspapers, will be asked to vote on the plan before it is submitted to the United States Senate.

The sole purpose of this referendum should be borne in mind. Here are a group of representative American men and women, distinguished for integrity of judgment and distinction of achievement, who have labored for months to draw out from the consciousness of the American people their ideas as to the method which, in their opinion, the United States Government can wisely pursue to bring about a state of future peace to all the peoples of the world. Out of this mass of material, a jury of seven has, after the most careful deliberation and conscientious search, selected the plan, not necessarily the best, which, in its opinion, contains the most practicable ideas capable of being carried into effect. This plan is submitted by the jury to the American people for the purpose of ascertaining whether their selection is, in substance, approved by them. 'Are you prepared to support this plan to form, in substance, the basis of your Government's attitude toward foreign nations on the question of peace?' There is no coercive purpose in the referendum. The character of the men and women on the Jury of Awards precludes such a thought. It is natural, however, that they should wish a vote of confidence on their stewardship, the voice of the national mind to say whether the general trend of thought in the selected plan reflects the thought of the people of the United States. It is only by a direct referendum that such an endorsement of the work of the jury can be obtained. Upon the expression of

opinion thus obtained directly from the people much will depend. To the many who have written and asked how they can individually help the cause for which the Award stands, the answer lies here: the individual vote for the published plan, multiplied by the millions, will be the all-important factor. It is here that the individual man or woman becomes the most important cog in the wheel. The donor of the Award, the Policy Committee, the Jury of Award — all who have labored will have finished their tireless work of months, and it will be for the people to say whether the effort and its labor shall be supported. That voice will spell the result.

Students of history confidently assert that never before in the world after a great war has humanity shown a greater desire to outgrow war. Not only, they say, are more people looking forward to the dream of universal peace, which has been in the minds of men for ages, but the human mind all over the earth to-day is busier thinking peace, talking peace, and reading peace along practicable lines. The ideal is, according to the men of keenest observation, fast becoming an idea. Travel, discovery, exploration, the wider-flung line of commerce are all bringing people together, face to face, as never before, and a greater common understanding is being born that the welfare of one is the welfare of all. This great fundamental truth is the surest road to peace, and the people of the world are beginning to realize its wisdom and necessity. What were once the heroic ideals of the past no longer hold with the peoples of to-day. The temper of the world is changing, and the American Peace Award has burned the truth into the minds of thousands who otherwise would never have concerned themselves with the idea that the individual is a potentiality and can be a peacemaker.

It is exactly this truth which the referendum, as it goes out to millions of the American people, will mean: that the individual need no longer stand helpless before the great drama of the world, but that he and she can now have a voice in that restoration of spiritual humanity without which humanity cannot abide.

The support of the American people at this point, as reflected in the referendum, will mean something more. No state of world peace can be brought about with a single step. As Elihu Root has well said, its consummation can come about only through a series of successive steps, each step a little farther toward the goal. Hence the present American Peace Award is only the first step. Other steps lie beyond, and it is for the American people to say whether those subsequent steps shall be taken.

There is no reason why I should not now publicly state that the second step I have long had in mind is planned and ready for announcement so far as my part in it is concerned. While the present first step has concerned itself with the people of the United States, the second step will have a far wider scope and intent, with an award larger and more important in every respect.

It rests with the American people to say whether that second step shall be taken. Thus far they have certainly given unqualified support to the idea. But the final answer will come in the referendum. The willingness and desire are with me to carry the idea through to a consummation, because, despite all that is said to the contrary, and in face of all the efforts made through centuries, peace throughout the world *is* attainable. This positive statement is not made because of any superior efficiency of method pursued in the American Peace Award, but solely be-

cause there has never been a time in the history of the world, as I have said before, when the people in every clime were more ready to substitute the tribunal for the battlefield. War has never seemed so repugnant as it seems at the present day to modern enlightened civilization, and never has the psychological moment so vividly presented itself for the people of the United States to assume the leadership. The world is ready to follow a practical enlightened sentiment toward permanent peace if a voice powerful enough to be heard will sound the way.

We are quick to say that war cannot be abolished. But we forget that the first tribes of cave-men thought that individual fights between members of the tribe could not be abolished. Among civilized men, fights were once the order of the day. To-day they are infrequent: we settle our differences in courts of law. Among the ancients, it was a religious rite for one family to destroy another. Revolutions are growing less in number all the time. Only nations take up arms against nations. If the seemingly impossible — to the ancients — has been accomplished in the smaller units, is it any more impossible that a way may be found to do the same for the larger units?

Whatever may be the plan submitted to the people for their vote, — whether an entirely new inspiration, away from all previously suggested plans or efforts, in which case we should be unafraid; or whether it rests on what has already been laid down at Geneva or The Hague, with such modifications as will not demand a transfer of sovereignty, in which case all partisanship should be forgotten, and only the greatest good to the greatest number should be considered, — whatever it be, the voice of the American people saying 'Yes' to the plan will mean 'Go ahead' to me, and the next move will be mine.

IV

After the voice of the American people has spoken, the way leads to the United States Senate, and here I have had predicted almost certain failure for any plan — whatever its merit and whatever the American people may say. One would really imagine, from the pictures which have been drawn for me in countless letters, that the Senate is a sort of hydra-headed monster, created chiefly to destroy and devour the hopes and aspirations of a people, no matter what form these desires may choose to take. I have had pointed out to me in the most painstaking manner the Senate's record of devastation, until I have often wondered whether my correspondents thought me incapable of personal reading or observation. The curious part of this phase of the matter is that in not a single instance was there cited to me the constructive legislation which the Senate has enacted. One would really imagine that its record was purely negative and solely destructive.

I cannot share in the misgivings which seem so prevalent with regard to the probable action of the Senate on the Award plan, provided, of course, that the plan is one which commends itself in its workable quality to intelligent judgment, and if the members of the Senate can feel that a strong national sentiment supports its provisions. What those who predict failure of senatorial action with the Award plan seem to forget is that one of the chief aims of the American Peace Award was to take the question of our foreign relations entirely out of the troubled sea of politics — where, by the way, the majority of the members of the Senate never wanted it to drift; that this plan will not be associated with any personality or group or 'bloc,' but, on the contrary, that it represents, so far as any single

measure can by any conceivable method represent, the will of the American people. It will not constitute legislation conceived in the mind of this man or that; it comes not from any partisan faction or political party; it rises directly out of the American people, expresses their desires, and, it is hoped, will come supported by the individual voices of several millions of American citizens. All this is different from previous sources or character of foreign policy legislation.

It seems not to be as clearly understood as it should be that United States Senators are men who keep themselves in close touch with their constituencies; that they are representative of the voice of those constituents, and that they act in accordance with what they believe to be the wishes of those constituents and for their best interests. It is a slander upon the highest legislative body of the most powerful nation on earth to proclaim it to be anything other than a body of intelligent, self-respecting, and conscientious men. We forget that we slander ourselves and our fundamental institutions when we slander our legislative bodies at Washington. Nor is the slander any more justifiable even at those times when the severest public judgment seems merited. It is undoubtedly true that here and there political hysteria in some state, which is not carefully thought out or through by the voters, will bring into the Senate some man who has no proper relation to it or rightful place in it. But that condition is by no means confined to the Senate. It happens in almost every organization, social or business, at times. It is hardly fair to condemn the whole because of the few.

I recall a President of the United States saying to me once: 'I should like to see a session of Congress held with absolutely no pressure from the people

as to its action, leaving its members entirely to their own deliberations, free from all pressure, and reaching their own conclusions. I would guarantee that such a session would be distinguished for the wisest and sanest legislation ever passed by a legislative body.' It is unquestionably true that the muddle in which Congress often finds itself on some important topic, until it becomes humanly impossible to untangle the mess, is due more often to public pressure and conflicting public currents than to any inability on the part of the legislators. Close observers of legislation at Washington all corroborate this statement.

The chief fear expressed with regard to the fate of the Award plan in the Senate is that politics will be interjected into its consideration of the measure. But that is really the least possibility. There lies before me now a letter from one of the most prominent United States Senators — a so-called 'bitter-ender,' by the way: —

Concern yourself not that a plan, if constitutionally sound and workable, will fail of receiving a perfectly fair hearing and [of being] accorded equitable treatment in the Senate. I have met and talked with several of the Senators, and they all agree as to this. Nor has the fear of an introduction of politics any basis. As a matter of fact, I cannot imagine a measure, presented as this will be, into which an interjection of politics would be so disastrous and fatal to the member who attempted it. I should feel sorry for the Senator who would venture upon such a foolhardy course. He certainly would play with dynamite.

There is in this letter a true reflection of the public mind. If the American Peace Award plan comes before the Senate, it is inevitable that it will arouse debate and discussion. That is natural, and should be, and no fair-minded citizen will object to such a course. But the public is in no mood to

tolerate the interjection of politics. That outstanding fact was made as clear as crystal in my research. 'We have had enough of that,' was the crisp, whip-like opinion, and it was expressed in no uncertain tone. That is one thing that the public will not stand for. Its patience with politics on this question is exhausted, and so close to the breaking point is it that the slightest attempt to make a political football of the submitted plan would bring about disastrous results to the man who should attempt it. 'It is our turn at the bat now,' writes one citizen, in baseball terms; and he expressed the thoughts of hundreds of others.

It must be borne in mind, too, that throughout the progress of the Award an outstanding feature of the interest evoked came from women. There is not a powerful women's organization that is missing from the list of coöperating agencies. These women's organizations were the first to offer their coöperation, and their interest has been active and insistent through all the successive stages of the Award. The American woman, in hundreds of letters, has repeatedly made this point: that in the American Peace Award was contained the subject which above all others stood closest to her heart and that, incidentally, it was the first time, since the suffrage was extended her, that she had been given an equal share in formulating opinion and becoming an active actor in a great public opportunity. That the women of America are determined that this opportunity shall not be lost admits of no doubt when one reads their letters or the resolutions of their organizations. Peace is primarily a woman's problem: she takes it as her own more than does a man, and the American Peace Award stands to her as spelling Opportunity in very large letters.

'There is only one political angle to

the Award plan,' writes another Senator to me, 'which I foresee, and that cannot but be in the mind of every Senator when the plan is laid before the Senate: the fact that a Presidential convention and election are distinctly in the offing, and that the people who voice support of the Award plan are the same people to whom the two parties must look within a few months for its suffrage. That, however, will be a silent thought; but, unexpressed, it cannot but be distinctly present in the mind of every Senator.' That may be.

Still unconvinced, and with deep distrust, many say 'Well, we'll see.' So be it. We *shall* see!

In fact, it is all we can do at the present time, — wait and see, — *except* to say the important, 'Yes,' when the opportunity comes to each of us. Rarely, indeed, has one of the smallest words in the English language assumed greater potentiality.

How much of the happiness of humankind may depend upon it, no one knows!

HIGHLAND ANNALS. IV¹

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

SAM

I

HE was passing my cabin late at night, and unexpectedly found me sitting on the moonlit doorstep. I was not longing for conversation, but Sam's voice, as mere sound, was no more interruptive than purling water or a cajoling minor wind. It mellowed its way over uncouth words in a manner that seemed to be its owner's gentle amends for using anything in your presence so angular and knotty as the language of man.

'I thought,' he said, 'maybe I could ketch that coon what uses over in Grape Vine Cove; but my dog Buck got onto a fox-trail, an' coon was n't nothin' to him after that. I knowed

that fox 'ud take him to Katter Knob, so I let him go on by hissef an' I shammucked along toward home.'

There was no hint in his easy air that he had broken my rule against hunting in springtime. Any Merlin would violate any rule occasionally, as a matter of self-respect; and of all the Merlins, Sam was the least capable of inferior misgiving. His whole mental interior was as bare of obeisance as an iceberg of things that grow.

'I could 'a' chivvied that fox out if I had gone after him; but if a man don't sleep he's weak at the plough-handles. Yore work first, Mis' Dolly.'

But a falling moon was marking one A.M.

'That fox-hide would 'a' brought me

¹ Other sketches in this series appeared in the *Atlantic* in May, June, and September 1919.

four dollars, an' Krettie keeps pesterin' me fer a pair o' shoes. My head might as well be under the forestick. But she'll jest have to make out.'

This was clearly an impeachment, but I made no defense, and he passed to a topic with, presumably, no implications.

'Yer company comin' to-morr', I reckon?'

'Yes, Sam.'

'So ye're enjoyin yersef to-night.'

I opposed another silence to his deduction.

'That makes me think now — 'f I have to meet the train an' haul 'em up, I kain't plough to-morr'.'

'But, Sam, you don't have to go till four o'clock.'

'Ay, but they's a little work to do on my wagon 'fore I go down. I kain't take any resk with friends o' yorn.'

I could always get interested in the way, amounting to technique, that Sam made use of *yer*, *yore*, *yorn*, *you*, and *ye*. *Yorn*, with an inflection that enlarged the *n*, was an avowal of separateness as severing as the water that washed Pilate's hands.

Having arranged for his morning sleep, he merged away, pausing on an edge of moonlight to say, 'Ain't the whipper-wills a-whirlin' to-night? Looks like they ain't goin' to sleep at all.'

'Whirling, Sam?'

'Ay, you know ever' time they say whipper-will they whirl round on the limb. Whirl thersevs right round.'

'What a foolish habit!'

'Well, the whipper-will ain't a much smart bird.'

He flowed into the shadows and left me to ponder my newly acquired bird-lore. It was the kind of information which Sam frequently distributed, and with no remonstrance from me. He was too sure and final; and without too quieting to the intellect. One

does n't demur to the south wind, or try to put it right.

'I reckon I ain't a much smart bird,' I said, thinking how many times I had stepped aside for the unstemmed passage of Sam's incredibly liquid voice.

The next day brought my friend, Lucie Harvey, and her husband, whom I knew only through her raptures. They were happy additions to my tiny camp, and at the end of their three days' visit romantically voted to make a bed in the barn and release my room, thus making an indefinite stay possible. We were verbally completing the plan when Sam appeared.

'I knocked off ploughin',' he said, 'to take yer trunks down.'

'Oh, we're not going,' said Lucie.

'When I brought ye up, ye 'lowed ye'd be ready to go back this evenin' an' I've come fer ye.'

'Why, we'll let you know when we want to go.'

'I've come out o' the plough to take ye.'

'Sorry, my man,' said the bridegroom, 'but it's your mistake. We'll let you know when we're ready for you.'

'You goin' to live in the barn?'

'There!' said Lucie, 'he knew all about it!'

They turned away for the walk which Sam had momentarily delayed. I heard Lucie say, 'How did he know?' and I might have followed to tell her that Sam always knew; but at that moment I was struck motionless by hearing Ned Harvey drop the word 'Imbecile!'

Sam, very likely, did not know its meaning, but the tone as it floated back was unmistakable.

'I'm sorry you knocked off ploughing, Sam,' I said, my eyes slinking.

'Oh, I left Jim at it. Len said he could spare him.'

'That means Len is doing double work, so Jim can help you out.'

'He'p me out? They's yore friends, not mine. I like Mis' Harvey though. She's mighty nice.'

'Mr. Harvey, too.'

He looked toward Harvey, who was wearing a hunting-jacket very handsomely.

'Well, as to that, he wears a fine huntin'-jacket, but I've seen folks wearin' good clo's that had to hunt up the nest-eggs to fry if company dropped by to dinner.'

A pensive shade came into his eyes as they continued to follow the vanishing figure of Harvey. 'I always thought I'd like a huntin'-jacket,' he said; and as he walked away, something in his bearing told me that he was imaginarily clothed as his heart desired. There had been no resentment in his voice. Perhaps he had taken no notice of that terrible word. And gradually I forgot that it had been uttered.

II

A few days later Sam passed through my yard, where Ned Harvey was warmly engaged in persuading me not to have my crimson clover turned under, but to hog it off. He had carried some of my farm books to the barn, and the phrase, 'hog it off,' had him in its power. Lucie's eyes approved shiningly.

'And you know, Dolly,' she said, 'after all, Ned is a realtor, not a farmer.'

'But, Mis' Harvey,' said Sam, 'we don't fatten hogs round here in the spring; an' clover makes soft meat, — sorter like bear's meat. An' that makes me think now — hain't ye heard about that bear runnin' on Pitcher Mountain? Hit come down from Smoky.'

'You've bears here?' asked Ned, turning a captured ear.

'Oh, ay, they's a few left. They come down from the bear-ground on Smoky oncet in a while. It's only eleven miles straight through to Pitcher. If I can git Tom Bowles to plough fer me, I'm goin' to have a look at this feller.'

He passed on, leaving Harvey intently gazing at nothing. His bride caught his arm.

'You are not going, Ned?'

'Not without your consent, Lucie. It's an opportunity, of course. I have never shot a bear.'

His thoughts wandered. We could see that he was already back at home telling the boys about it.

'If only you would be very, *very* careful, dear!'

'Oh, that's all right, thank you, darling!' And he set off after Sam. When he returned, he was enthusiastic about his guide. 'I like him! He hung back at first, and I finally found that Bowles would n't plough for him without the money; so I paid him ten dollars in advance. That's all he is charging to take me. We shall be gone only three or four days. He knows all the trails; and we can get our bacon and meal at a little store on Siler's creek, and not have to carry a heavy pack from here.'

'If only you had an intelligent companion!' said Lucie with foreboding.

'Oh, Sam's a fine fellow! And he knows a lot of old songs. You know I want to make a collection.'

'Do get "London City" for me if you can,' I said. 'He will never give me more than a snatch of it.'

"In London city where I did dwell
A merchant boy I loved so well —"

I am sure it has been sung under the very bonnet of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. "City," not "town"; "merchant," not "soldier" or "sailor."

'It's a link,' said Harvey. 'Think of it! This remote spot where nothing

ever happened, and old London! I'll get it for you.'

I was n't hopeful, knowing Sam's disposition to sing only at his own instance; but I could not discourage anyone so gallantly sure as Harvey.

The next twenty-four hours were spent by the bear-hunters in making ready. I asked Sam where he intended to get a bear-dog, and was surprised to hear that they had decided not to take one.

'One o' them big dogs 'll eat three men's rations,' said Sam. 'We'd have to carry a heap more stuff, an' pay five dollars fer the hire of him, too. Anyways, if we took a bear-dog, he'd git all the credit fer the killin', when like as not he'd be back in camp eatin' up our victuals.'

'It's settled, Sam,' said Harvey. 'A gun 's the clean thing.'

'I knowed you wanted to shoot bear, not claw 'em out like Jed Weaver does.'

As preparations went on, Lucie shrank to a wife's place in the background; but near the starting-moment, she slipped a pair of her husband's best silk socks into his kit.

'They will rest your feet, dear,' she said, suppressing a crinkly catch in her voice.

The kiss she received was absently given; but when a hundred yards on his way, Harvey turned thoughtfully and waved a marital hand broadly rearward.

The fifth morning thereafter, Lucie, who had been on watch at the curve of the road, came running in.

'Dolly,' she cried, 'I thought tramps never got up here!'

'They don't,' I said.

'But look!'

She herself turned again and looked out; then stood framed in eerie silence. I saw that it was Ned. He came up with an unrelaxing smile, but looking as if he had not slept since his depar-

ture. Certainly he had not shaved, though I had seen him carefully pack his safety razor, and remembered his remark that even in the woods a man could be a gentleman. He had on Sam's ragged coat, and under it we had glimpses of Sam's still more ragged, and once blue, cotton shirt. His head was bare.

Lucie was white-lipped and wide-eyed. 'Did the bears —' she began.

'No, Lucie, the bears did not get me,' he said; and preceded her to the barn.

Two or three hours afterward she returned to tell me that Ned was sleeping and did not wish to be awakened until next morning. He appeared at breakfast, neat and smiling, but his face was still marked by experience.

'He has suffered,' said Lucie, helping his plate with tender liberality.

'Oh, it was nothing,' said Ned. 'Sam took a bad cold, and seemed threatened with pneumonia. As my clothes were warmer than his, of course I exchanged with him.'

'Your best silk socks, too?' cried Lucie.

'Certainly. He had *none*.'

Then he told us about it. 'We climbed steadily, and the second day reached a height of four thousand feet or more. There was a fierce wind, and it was bitter cold. We had to keep a fire at night, and as Sam was not well, I attended to that, which cut out my sleep. *Don't* moan like that, please, dearest. I am glad I went. I feel better prepared for many things. I really do.'

And truly he did seem to have added to his stature. He had been very likable; but now I began to admire him.

'I did n't get a bear, but I made some notes. You know I have always been interested in forest life. I ought to have been a woodsman.'

'I hope you won't have to limp very

long,' said Lucie; and a slight silence followed.

'Did Sam sing for you?' she continued; her usual discernment failing.

'Yes — a little — one song.'

'Oh, I hope you took it down!'

'It was very cold, Lucie. I did no unnecessary writing.'

'But you remember it?'

'I shall never forget it,' he said and his voice had a slight acidity to my ears. I was glad when Lucie fell into her sweetest manner and they went off together.

As I moved about the deserted table, I noticed a notebook lying on the floor. The floor being frequently a repository for my own notebooks, I picked this one up, to see what subject had lost my devotion. On the first page I read: 'Night of the 15th: very cold; no sleep. Sixteenth: very cold; no sleep. Seventeenth: very cold; no sleep.' The rest was blank. I laid the book on the floor, a little under Harvey's chair. Then I went to find Sam.

III

'How is your cold, Sam?' I asked.

He laughed his most purling-water laugh. 'I cured that when I was crossin' Siler's creek comin' home. There's lots o' sickness 'll leave you when you cross water. Hit takes right off.'

'Sam, do you know that Tom Bowles has not been near the place? There is n't a furrow ploughed in that field.'

'Ay, I know it. I was so busy the day we went off, I forgot to tell you about that. Mr. Harvey bein' yore friend, I wanted to do ever'thing I could to he'p him; but I said to myself that what you wanted ought to come first, so I went to that field an' I looked all over it. I went cleverly all over it. An' I saw 't wa' n't no use to throw away ten dollars on Tom Bowles, fer

that ground would n't bring corn. Yer best chance is to wait until fall, an' put it in rye. It 'll shore bring rye.'

'But when I wanted you to put it in rye last fall, you said I ought to wait until spring and plant corn.'

'I ain't fergittin' that, but last fall I had n't gone well over it like I ought.'

'It's not too late for corn now, if you 'll set to ploughing at once.'

'I'd do it, Mis' Dolly; I'd be willin' to do jest as you say, even agin yer own intrust, which is what corn 'ud be in that ground; but I've got to go to Carson to-morr' an' git my front tooth put in. It's been out six months now, an' I've got the money in my pocket.'

'Could n't you wait a few days Sam?'

'Why, I put it to you now, if you had a front tooth out, would n't you git one in the first chance? I've got my clo's, an' the money, an' it's mighty hard to git ever'thing together at oncet.'

At last he had mentioned the clothes; so, without repulse, might I.

'Your jacket is a good fit, Sam.'

'How do you think it suits me, Mis' Dolly?'

'I think you wear it about as well as Mr. Harvey did.'

'It set smart round the shoulders on him.'

'Smart on you too, Sam.'

'It looks better with the cap.' He put on the cap for proof. 'I let Mr. Harvey keep his pants an' leggin's. That chap from Asheville left me his, an' I thought they's better'n Harvey's. Jest let me walk off.'

He walked off, and I duly and sincerely admired.

'You reckon,' he said, coming back, 'if you saw me as fur off as that black oak on the hill yander, an' I had my back to you, an' you did n't know I had these clo's, you reckon you'd take me fer Harvey?'

I assured him I would.

'He 's a well-set-up man, Harvey.'

It was time to hit the nail. 'Sam, I want the truth. *Was* there a bear on Pitcher Mountain?'

'Yes, there was — three year ago. I saw it myself, after it 'uz dead.'

'Go on. Make a clean breast of it.'

'There, I knowed you'd be right on me. All right, I'll tell you ever'thing. I meant to all the time. But 'fore I begin, I want you to tell me what's an impersile?'

'An impersile? Oh — ah — an imbecile is a sort of fool.'

'I reckoned it was about that,' he said; and, too late, I remembered.

'I won't keep back a dod-blessed thing, Mis' Dolly. You know how my dog Buck acts when they 's a fox usin' around. He 'll lay on the hearth-rock thinkin' how he 's goin' to git that fox. An' 'long about two o'clock I have to git up an' let him out. Then he goes to Len's an' rumbles on the door till Len gets up an' lets *his* dog out, an' Buck takes him off to hunt that fox. He 'll keep that up fer weeks if it takes weeks to git him. It was jest that a-way with me. I had to study out how I was goin' to git Harvey. He was a friend o' yorn, stayin' in yore barn, an' I could n't go over there an' lammux him. I'm a peaceable man anyhow, an' that ain't my way.'

'I know it is n't, Sam, and I am surprised that you could n't overlook one thoughtless word, where no harm was meant.'

'Yer goin' too fast now. I did overlook, come time. You know the Bible says that the birds may light on your head, but ye need n't let 'em make a nest in yer hair. That means 'at hard words may drap on you, but ye need n't harbor 'em in yer heart. When that word kep' a-stickin', I knowed I had to git it out, and I did. I feel all right now, an' I 'll do any favor fer Mr.

Harvey if he 'll come an ast me right. I 'll drive him down to the depot if he 'll ast me, though I told Krettie I 'd never do it, an' I said I 'd make him push his trunks down hissef in a wheelbarr'.'

Concern must have risen to my face, for he became regally assuring.

'Don't you worry a bit now. I thought it all out, an' I 'lowed I could git along 'thout doin' him any harm. Overlook it! Ain't I showed that plain? Did n't I knock off ploughin' in the middle o' April an' the dogwoods a-buddin' jest to take him bear-huntin'? He was bound to go. He was wuss 'n a hen that 's goin' to set, eggs er no eggs.'

'O Sam, you know you started it yourself!'

'I jest talked a little, as is common. It 's a man's nater to drap his talk aroun' without lookin' to see whose head is hot. Shorely to goodness, yer not goin' to blame that on me!'

'Well, what happened? You've got his gun, his jacket, his cap, and his shirt.'

'An' his safety razor,' added Sam, 'an' these here.' He pulled tenderly at a pocket of the jacket and gave me a shining glimpse of the silk socks. 'I put 'em on oncet. Boys! Slipper-ellum ain't nothin'!' Then he began his story.

IV

'I did n't take my gun, 'cause I was only goin' along to 'comerdate Harvey; an' the trigger o' mine was busted. I did n't take Buck nuther, fer we *might* 'a' run across a bear, an' Buck 's so swell-headed, he thinks he can wipe up anything, an' a bear would 'a' chewed him to a dish-rag. I could n't take any resk with him, fer Tim Reeves wrote me from Tennessee that he 'd give me fifty dollars fer him when he comes back, he 's so hot fer fox. That first

day me an' Harvey traveled like brothers, an' I got him a good ways along 'thout makin' him feel the road. I carried his gun fer him, so he could walk faster, an' he was likin' me first-rate. At night I made a fine fire an' he put his feet toward it an' went to sleep. Next mornin' he got up an' et nine slices o' bacon an' a meal-pone I cooked on a rock. I pushed him to eat, tellin' him we had a terrible climb afore us. He laffed at me, an' says "Bring on yer mountains, Sam." An' I brought 'em. By night we's in a mile o' the top o' Smoky.'

'But you were going to Pitcher Mountain!'

'Ay, we *started* there, but when we passed Jed Weaver's, which is the last house, I said I'd go in an' git me a little new terbacker, 'cause Jed raises it an' it 'ud be neighborly to ast fer some. When I come out, I told Harvey that Jed said the bear on Pitcher had been killed an' Mose Ashe had the hide. Which wuz ever' word so. It 'uz the biggest bear in the memory o' man, I told him; an' that 'uz the truth too, fer I seen it myself. Harvey's lip fell till I was sorry fer him, an' I said I was willin' to go on to the bear-ground on Smoky, if he thought he could hold out. I said I would n't drive him, it wuz his trip anyway; an' he said he was feelin' better ever' minute, that climbin' agreed with him, an' he looked like it did. I told him if he wanted to go on, it was lucky he took me with him, fer it was give up that I knowed the trails better 'n anybody that had ever gone inter the bear-ground. Ain't that so, Mis' Dolly?'

'That 's what I've heard, Sam.'

'I spent a year in the woods after my first wife died. I thought it was the best chance I'd ever git, an' I took it. So I said to Harvey, "Knowledge has got to be paid fer. It's the custom." An' he says, "Oh, anything, Sam!"

An' I says, "What about yer gun?" "Oh, my gun?" says he, a little set back, fer it was fire-new, as you can see.'

His glance fondled the gleaming barrel of the gun which was leaning against a tree near us.

'I told Harvey I was n't feelin' very well myself, an' it might be better fer me to go home anyhow; but if we tradéd, I would n't think o' takin' the gun till we got back home, an' he could carry it from there on, 'cause we's gittin' inter a country where we might come on something wuth a bullet any minute. An' he said, "All right, it's a bargain. Move, partner."

'So we climbed hard all day, an' by night, as I told you, we's well up Smoky, an' the coldest wind a-blowin' that ever made an i-shickle out of a man's gizzard. We drew up at a spring, an' I says, "We'll stay right here, fer there ain't no water higher up." He was puffin' some, an' he says, "How fur are we from the bear-ground?" I says, "It's all around us. We're right in it." He whitened a little an' gripped his gun, an' I explained o' course we were n't in the ackchal la'r'l thicket where the bears denned, an' where they tromp roads in the brush big enough fer a horse to walk through. I told him we had n't got to the stair-steps in the cliffs where they climbed in an' out o' their dens; but they used the neighborhood fer roamin' an' fer gittin' water. I reckoned he would n't want to go on an' knock at their doors till mornin', after he'd had a good rest, an' we'd keep a big fire all night so's they would n't bother us.

'I said I'd cook supper if he'd make the fire; an' he started to git up some wood; but it was slow work 'cause he'd keep the gun in one hand an' pull an' drag at the brush with the other. When I'd rested good I went an' he'ped, fer I was sorry fer him, an'

was pushin' hungry. When I'd cooked supper, an' he'd et enough to make him feel sort o' cocky, an' I'd got up a good lot o' logs to last all night, he said he guessed he'd turn in so's to git a good sleep an' be ready fer the battle in the mornin'. An' I said I b'lieved I would too. He got purty still at that, an' watched me fixin' my bed. It was so dod-a'mighty cold I got me a lot o' fir-boughs an' piled 'em high as my head. Then I began to crawl inter the middle of 'em.

"Looky here, Sam," says Harvey, "I never heard of a guide crawlin' off to sleep when the camp needed watchin'." — "I ain't no guide," I says; "I'm a friend what's a long way from home jest to 'comerdeate ye." An I went in.

"Then I put my head out an' says, frien'ly as could be, "You turn in too. That fire 'll burn ha'f the night, the wind 'll keep it up. An' long about one o'clock I'll crawl out an' throw on some more logs. Ef you hear a noise, jest lay still, 'cause it 'll only be me a-stirrin'. Bears," I says, "come up sly."

"I reckon he's a little stubborn by nater, 'cause he would n't turn in at all. I looked out after a bit an' saw he'd took off his cap an' tied his muffler round his head, so I ast him if he would n't let me have his cap. My hat was full o' holes an' seemed to draw the wind. I was all right, I said, 'cept the top o' my head was freezin' off. He handed me his cap then, slow-like, an' never said I was welcome, ner nothin'. But I'd made up my mind I was goin' to overlook ever'thing, jest as you say. I had some sleep after I got the cap, an' when I looked out 'round midnight, he was settin' there holdin' his gun, an' had a big fire that he'ped warm the whole place. I slept like I was in my own bed. Oncet I woke up thinkin' I heard Krettie a-snorin'; then I re-

membered where I was an' knew it was the wind thrashin' about.

"An' you ought to 'a' seen the stars a-shinin'. When they'd wink, I'd almost jump, they seemed so close an' knowin'. I'd been thinkin' about leavin' Harvey up there, an' tellin' him to foller one o' the branches down the mountain, an' I thought maybe I'd put him on one that 'ud bring him out about twenty miles from home. But lookin' at them stars, I made up my mind to stand by him an' bring him clean in to Mis' Harvey.

"Next mornin' he went to the spring, but he said it was so cold he guessed he would n't wash. Then he looked at hissef in a little glass he took out o' his kit. You know he's one o' them reddish men that have to keep the razor goin' ever' day ef they keep ahead o' ther beard, an' we'd been out two nights. After he'd looked, he said he guessed he'd heat some water in our tin cup an' shave. But the wind was blowin' so aggervatin' hard he got nettlesish, an' I said he might cut hissef even if it was a safety, an' bears had an awful scent fer blood.

"We's huntin' bears," I said, "an' don't want 'em huntin' us." He says, "You mean it well enough, Sam, but they's nothin' in it." However, it was gittin' late, an' he guessed he would n't shave till night. He put the razor back in its little box, an' drapped it inter his jacket pocket. But I'd clear forgot I'd seen him put it there when he was rakin' his kit fer it that night. I told him I 'lowed he'd drapped it up by the spring that mornin' an' I'd climb all the way back fer it if he wanted me to."

"Why did n't he look in his pockets?"

"'Cause I had the jacket then, an' I did n't think about it. I told him when he handed it to me that he'd better look in the pockets, there might be somethin' in 'em he wanted; an' he

said they was n't nothin' there, an' if they was, I might as well take it now as later; only he said it rougher, like men 'll talk in the woods. "Not a dern thing in 'em," he says, if you'll excuse me, Mis' Dolly, an' jest as good as told me to keep it if there wuz. I found the razor after I'd got home, an' by all rights it's mine. But Harvey can have it if he'll come an' ast fer it, though he's got another one mighty nigh as good.'

He interrupted his story to say that I need n't be lookin' at him like that; he never forgot Harvey was a friend of mine, and he tried to do his best by him even with 'influenzy comin' on.'

'But you did n't have influenza, Sam.'

'You don't know how near I come to it, though. That very mornin' after sleepin' in the fir-boughs, I got up sneezin' awful an' my backbone creepin'. In the night my ol' hat had blowed clear away, an' I said to Harvey I reckoned he would n't be usin' the cap an' muffler both at oncet, an' I'd wear whichever he did n't want. He says, "That's kind of you, Sam."

'He had took off the muffler when he thought he was goin' to shave, an' the next minute his ears looked so brickle I could 'a' knocked 'em off with a stick. So he had put it back on. I told him the cap did n't have any ear-pieces, an' I could stand the wind better 'n he could. I said mighty few bear-hunters ever got out o' the la'r'l and in home with anything on their heads at all; that Jed Weaver always went into the woods bareheaded, 'cause he said it cost too much to put hats an' caps on the la'r'l; an' Harvey says, "Oh, jest keep it, Sam, an' let's go." I told him we'd scrummish around the mountain toward the sun, an' maybe I could shake off my chill. But it stuck to me, an' after a while I said I'd have to stop an' build a fire.

'He got frustered then, an' said he'd come fer bear, an' he was goin' to have one if he had to go on by hissef. I told him I'd go with him, even if it meant pneumony. Then he got frien'ly an' said it was n't goin' to be that bad. We'd git our bear an' go down 'fore night. An' he was all fer goin' inter the la'r'l.

'I went a little funder with him, an' then I stopped all in a shiver an' told him he must remember I did n't have on warm clo's like he had, though I had the same sort o' skin; an' I said if I drapped an' died up there, fer him to hit Siler's creek an' foller it down to the settlement.

"How 'm I goin' ter hit Siler's creek?" says he. Not a bit o' feelin' fer me. Jest thinkin' how he was goin' to git down. I come near tellin' him right then that we's ten miles west o' the bear-ground an' I did n't aim to go there with a man 'at could n't shoot a buzzard off a washtub.'

'What do you mean, Sam?'

'Why, shorely yo don't think I'd go right where the bears wuz without a bear-dog! We's in a bear-ground all right, like I told Harvey, only it 'us the *old* one, the one they used years ago 'fore the people drove 'em funder back. I knew Harvey could n't shoot, an' I had to study out how to take him bear-huntin' without gittin' him chewed to death. 'Course the bears do stray 'round there oncet in a while, an' we might 'a' come on one any time.

'Right after Harvey showed me so plain how little feelin' he had, I thought I heard a bear growl off in the thicket, an' I told him to git ready. I said as I had no gun, I'd climb a tree an' he could shoot if we got a sight o' the feller. He ast me if a man could shoot a bear from a tree, an' I told him yes, but it was mighty hard to climb one with a gun in yer hand. He said as I was feelin' so bad maybe we'd better

start down an' he'd come back next year an' git his bear. I told him I was n't goin' to spile his trip, an' I b'lieved I could stick it out if I only had a warm shirt an' jacket.

'About that time I crossed a bear's trail, shore as you live. I'd seen the swipe a bear makes too often not to know it. Harvey he leaned over an' whispered, "Which way's he goin', Sam?" An' I showed him how it was goin' down. "It's below us, Harvey," I says, "an' the track ain't an hour old. The wind ain't blowed it dry." My heart was jumpin' like it'd break through, an' I thought to myself, ain't I the one fool fer bein' here without a bear-dog an' with a man 'at kain't shoot.

'Harvey says sudden, "How can we git down from here, Sam?" An' I told him there was another trail furdur round the mountain that 'ud take us down to Siler's creek. It would mean a sight more walkin', but I thought I could make it if it was n't fer my chill. He says, "All right! Strip!" an' took off his coat an' shirt. I give him mine, an' after that little talk about the pockets, I got inter his clo's an' we started. I knew I could find the head o' Siler's creek an' could make it down by keepin' in sound o' the water. Harvey would 'a' been a lost man if he had n't been with a feller that knowed the country like I did. But he never let on that he wuz owin' me anything. Jed Weaver had told me that old trail had got so thicketty a man would have to tie his eyeballs in if he come down it an' did n't lose 'em. An' that is what it wuz. When we come out at Harney's Bald, our fingers wuz bleedin', an' Harvey said he guessed if that thicket was 'tween us an' the bear there was n't any more danger, an' he threw down the gun. I had to carry it from there on, which was n't the bargain at all. But I shot three squirrels, an'

Harvey seemed kinder peeved 'stead o' bein' glad I had something fer my trouble.

'That night it was awful cold agin, fer we come out in a northy cove about sundown an' wuz too tired to go on. Harvey said he would n't make a fire if he froze to death; so I got wood an' cooked the squirrels, an' was jest as brotherly as I could be. After supper he fell on the ground an' went right to sleep. I covered him with balsam, 'cause I was n't goin' to bring a friend o' yorn back sick. In the mornin' he woke up groanin' an' said his bones had hurt him so he had n't shet his eyes all night. I got him out an' hurried him along all day. We had gone so fur around that bear, we had to camp out an' extry night. I found a purty good campin'-place, but my feet was rubbed sore. Harvey was a-limpin'. He said it was a long trip to make on firecoals. I told him to keep in good heart, that he'd be with Mis' Harvey next day, an' she'd pet him up nice. But I could n't cheer him up noway, an' he never said nothin' all the time I was gittin' wood an' cookin' supper.

'After we'd et, him a-sayin' nothin', I pulled off my boots, an' he says, "Lord, man, don't you wear socks?" I said not in the woods. Mutton taller is better'n socks in the woods any day. An' I took out a little piece o' taller I had in my pack an' rubbed my feet with it. Then I turned 'em to the fire an' it eased 'em up fine. I told him I was sorry I did n't have enough taller to divide, but I only had enough left to rub my feet with in the mornin' 'fore we started, an' as he had socks an' I did n't, I needed the taller wuss'n he did. He took off his boots an' wrapped his feet in his muffler. A baby ought 'a' knowed better, but I did n't say anything. I was wore out thinkin' fer him at ever' turn. He looked so beat though, layin' there in my ol'

clo's, I thinks I'll sing a little fer him. The first day we's a-climbin' he kept pesterin' me to sing, an' me ha'f out o' breath, luggin' pack an' gun. I b'lieve in suitin' a song to the time, an' settin' there, with my feet a-warmin', I got to thinkin' how fine it was out in the wild woods like that, an' only one night from home too; an' 'most fore I knowed it I was singin' "Free a Little Bird." It goes this a-way:—

'I'm as free a little bird as I can be;
I'll never build my nest on the ground;
I'll build my nest in a chinkapin tree,
Where the bad boys can never tear it down.

'Carry me home, sweet Kitty, carry me home!
The stars they are bright,
An' as soft as candlelight;
Sweet Kitty, carry me home!

'The verses are all jest alike 'cept the tree is different ever' time. That little bird builds its nest in nineteen trees 'fore the song is done; an' it's 'lowable fer you to put in more if you want to an' can think of 'em. I thought of a lot—the mulberry, the sourwood, the weepin' willer, an' so many more I was nigh an' hour gittin' through. Harvey never said a word when I stopped; he was awake though, fer I seen him move. But I did n't expect anything from him. The first day we's out it wuz "Thank 'e, Sam,"

all the time. But after we got inter the deep woods where I was his rale dependance, I never heard it oncet.

'Next mornin' his feet wuz so sore he could n't let his boots tech 'em. "Sam," he says, "what'll ye take fer that taller?" I told him I was n't tradin' it; if he needed it wuss'n I did, he was welcome. I could make out ef I had a pair o' easy socks. "Yer ain't used them silk ones yit, have ye?" I says. He took 'em out of his kit an' handed 'em to me 'thout openin' his mouth; though I told him over agin that he was welcome to the taller. But these furriners ain't got much manners anyhow, if you notice 'em close.

'He said he had n't shet his eyes, an' he'd nearly froze, like as if I ought to 'a' set up an' kept the fire goin'. I was glad enough to git him in home that mornin'; an' when he wants a friend to go bear-huntin' with him agin, he'll have to look furdern me. We ain't quarreled though. That need n't worry ye a bit. When I left him yisterday he says, "Sam, yer a 'tellerger feller," an' he stuck out his hand.'

'You took it, Sam?'

'Oh, ay, I took it. But,' he added, — for in those days in Unakasia every man was his own Shakespeare, — 'I knew he was jest a-flowerin' me.'

THE GHOST OF KING JAMES

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

I

It is certainly no secret that we live in an age of very rapid progress. The incredible of yesterday is the commonplace of to-day. Nor is this swiftness of pace uncongenial to the American mind. We cheerfully read the Tuesday morning paper Monday night, and we have hardly mastered the intricacies of the 1923 automobile, when the 1924 model, with all the very latest improvements, is thrust before us. The newest game and the latest fashion penetrate to little towns in every part of the country, with amazing celerity.

This is not a mere craze for novelty. It is based in part upon a social instinct for doing what other people are doing; in part upon a genuine faith in human progress. We believe that science is advancing, that machinery is improving, that new comforts, conveniences, attractions, and joys are being added to life. It is the grip this faith has upon us that perhaps most distinguishes us as a people.

The undeniable advances which human knowledge has made in recent years have not been confined to chemistry, biology, and physics; they have affected the fields of history and literature as well. For the first time the curtain has risen upon ancient history, and archaeology has begun to discern the far-off rise of civilization. And all along the way discoveries of tombs, ruins, tablets, inscriptions, and manuscripts have given us new light.

In no field have these discoveries

been more fruitful than in that of the Bible, and particularly the New Testament. Manuscripts of great antiquity and excellence have disclosed to us the ancient Greek text with an accuracy and a purity impossible in former times. In our age we actually know more exactly what Paul and the Evangelists wrote than has been possible in any century since the fourth.

The discoveries of Greek papyri, made in Egypt in the past twenty-five years, have put into our hands a mass of materials actually contemporary with the New Testament, and written in the common Greek of its day. These private documents — letters, wills, deeds, contracts, petitions, reports, accounts, receipts, and memoranda — throw a flood of light upon New Testament life. Their bearing upon the language of the New Testament is even more important. Under their influence, and that of the modern science of comparative philology, New Testament grammar and lexicography have been virtually rewritten. In the past fifteen years six new lexicons of New Testament Greek have been produced, in English, Latin, or German.

When in early life Bishop Lightfoot was teaching in Cambridge, he once remarked to his students that if we could recover letters and similar private documents written by Greeks in New Testament times, they would be of the greatest possible help for

understanding the New Testament; and the papyrus discoveries have proved that he was right.

All this has put the student of the New Testament in a vastly better position. And surely the most obvious thing to do with all these new aids for understanding the New Testament would seem to be to use them to re-translate it. Can anyone seriously think otherwise? Is the New Testament specialist, who has seen this long-desired material come to light, has shared in its decipherment and application, and has used it with growing satisfaction in his daily work, to keep it to himself and shirk the plain duty the possession of these materials lays upon him? One might as well expect Dr. Luckhardt to keep silent about his discovery of the new anæsthetic, ethylene.

American scholarship has made noteworthy contributions to New Testament grammar, lexicography, and interpretation, but until very lately Americans have read the New Testament in English-made versions, with many expressions unfamiliar or misleading to American ears. It has been felt that an American translation, presenting each book in English of the same kind as the Greek in which it was written and in English familiar in America, would meet a real need of American readers, and appeal to that zest for progress so natural to the American mind. And the work has in fact evoked the most generous interest. Newspapers have announced it in their picturesque way: 'Rewrites the Bible,' 'Modernizing the Bible,' 'The Bible à la Chicago,' 'The Bible in Slang,' and even 'Jazzing the Bible.'

Letters pour in from the educated and the uneducated, full of eager interest, and sometimes of very touching appreciation. Business men, engineers, ministers, doctors, and mechanics write

to welcome the new translation. It is no small satisfaction to a quiet professor to know that he has thus served the religious needs of men and women personally unknown to him, in every walk of life, in thirty different states.

'Long have I wished and needed your kind of a translation,' writes a man in New Jersey. A business man in Kansas City says: 'In comparison with the vast number of book-readers, the Bible is the least read of all books, very largely because of its burdensome, involved language, making it impossible for thousands of people to make head or tail of it.' A man in Chicago writes: 'We are in need of just such a translation as I believe yours to be.' 'We have waited a long time for such a work,' writes a St. Louis minister; 'I shall do all in my power to get it before my people.' One remarkable letter comes from a negro living in a basement in New York City: 'Your book will be refused by the rich and well-educated, but the poor and meagrely educated will receive it with thanks and praise.' One can ask no higher compliment.

Nor were the rich and well-educated slow in being heard from. In a hundred editorial sanctums, on the evening after the announcement, appeared the glowering ghost of King James, who never fails to rise and walk the earth when any new rendering of the New Testament has the temerity to show itself. He was not well pleased with the new enterprise. 'Let it be anathema maranatha,' cried King James, who was never able to understand that 'maranatha' was not a curse, but a blessing; and all the editors cried 'Amen!' and seized their fountain pens.

Never was the literature of humor more rapidly enriched than in the moments that followed; and next morning from Utah to Manhattan

there rose an editorial chorus of praise for good King James. The editors conjured up a dreadful vision of a prosy-minded professor, utterly devoid of reverence and good taste, and ignorant of the English tongue, busily engaged with scissors and devastating pen in altering the King James Version to suit himself. It would not comfort them to know to what lengths the tampering, tinkering, puttering, and chipping, which they charge against modern translations, have been tacitly carried in the current printings of the Authorized Version they so much enjoy.

Few verses indeed of that great literary landmark remain as they were first printed; and it is not so very long since about one tenth of the King James Bible — the Apocrypha — was quietly dropped from its contents. It is no real King James, therefore, but in very truth a mere blanched and pallid ghost of him that walks abroad and frights them in the dead vast and middle of the night.

Yet ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies?
 Thought would destroy their paradise!
 No more; where ignorance is bliss,
 'T is folly to be wise.

Modern discovery and the march of sound learning mean nothing to them, in the overpowering presence of the Ghost of King James. Across the path to a better understanding of the New Testament still stands that sinister figure, just as the Old Latin barred the way of Jerome's Vulgate, and Jerome's Vulgate barred the way of William Tyndale.

So the Authorized Version has barred the way of both revisions, and still says in effect to even the simplest forms of New Testament study, 'Non licet esse vos.' Against this verdict of conventionality and tradition, New Testa-

ment scholarship will confidently appeal to that deeper faith in the progress of the human mind which we have seen to be characteristic of the American genius.

II

What the modern translator really undertakes to do is something very different. He takes up the soundest obtainable text of the original Greek, saturates himself with the language of the contemporary papyrus documents, and with the aid of the ablest modern lexicons, grammars, translations, commentaries, and special treatises, seeks to understand, without bias or prejudice, just what each sentence of the Greek New Testament was intended by its writer to mean. This meaning he then, to the very utmost of his ability, strives to cast into modern English, of the same kind as the Greek he is translating; English so natural that it may even make the reader sometimes forget, in his absorption in its thought, that it is a translation he is reading, and lead him on and on, until he has read and understood a whole gospel or epistle, and realizes that the New Testament is not a collection of disjointed texts, but a library of coherent and powerful books. It is this ancient quality of continuous readability that we must recover for the New Testament in English.

The uplifting influence of the diction of King James is naturally reflected in that of his editorial champions; 'The King James Version,' says one, 'contains the rarest beauty in the English language. For centuries generations of people speaking the English language and worshipping in Protestant churches have been raised upon its texts.' Surely it is most fitting that the editors who have been raised on these texts should rally to the defense of the texts on which they have been raised.

Most of the editors readily agree that the King James Version is perfectly clear and intelligible. It possesses no difficulties for them, and they marvel that anyone should find any part of it obscure. One is reminded of a great remark of the Apostle Paul: 'If a man thinks he has acquired some knowledge, he does not yet know it as he ought to know it.' One wonders what they understand by a 'horn of salvation,' or by 'taking up one's carriages,' or by these words in the Revelation: 'A measure of wheate for a penie, and three measures of barley for a penie.'

Every novel-reader knows that the third Horseman of the Apocalypse is the Angel of Famine, but it is safe to say that King James did not reveal it to him. How large is a 'measure,' and how much is a 'penie'? Some of us are sufficiently interested in the New Testament to want to know, not simply how it sounds, but what it means, and see neither beauty nor propriety in muffling it up in words that contradict its thought.

Our editors are much disturbed that the poetic old-fashioned 'candle' of King James should be displaced by the commonplace modern 'lamp,' and indulge in much good-natured raillery on this score. 'When it comes to the substitution of such words as "lamp" for "candle,"' says one metropolitan daily, 'and "peek measure" for "bushel," and "stand" for "candlestick," one is struck by the absurdity of endeavoring to "modernize" language.' And another proceeds: 'But why did he not bring it entirely up to date and write "touch a button," so that all should know an oil lamp was not meant?'

It is to be feared that, in following our distinguished ghost too closely, these writers have been drawn to the edge of the battlements and had a dis-

astrous fall. He has made these grizzled and godly men in New York, Washington, and Indianapolis, where there are presumably libraries and encyclopædias at least — he has made them think that the apostles used candles and candlesticks, and no one has ever undeceived them.

This is just the trouble with King James; he has constantly to be followed about by a commentator and an archæologist to undo the impressions he has made: to say that when he says ghost he means spirit, and when he says candle he means lamp. Is it necessary to say that candles were unknown to the New Testament, and its characters were dependent upon oil lamps for illumination? It is, in fact, King James, and not the modern translator, who has here 'modernized' the New Testament.

And the irony of it! that his well-meant effort to bring the New Testament up to date in his day should now be mistaken by his adherents for archæological fidelity and charged off to poetry!

The editors have much to say concerning the Lord's Prayer. They declare that King James made no change in that gem of all the liturgies; indeed, says one, 'It is a petition that in its present wording has been held sacred for nearly two thousand years.' From this it must be evident that our Lord and his apostles not only used candles but spoke English — of course the English of King James. As a matter of fact, no two English translations agree in the rendering of the Lord's Prayer, and the two forms given in the Prayer Book differ from them all, King James included.

Of course, criticism, condemnation, and even curses (Revelation 22:18 seems to be the general favorite) have been showered upon every translator of the New Testament, from Jerome

down. The idea of the divine inspiration of the King James Version is still strongly held in some quarters. 'Theologians and laymen alike,' says one good brother, in a newspaper interview, of the present translator, 'will wait with awe for God to strike him dead for thus laying his calloused hands upon the sacred and inspired word of God.'

Yet in Puritan New England, a minister who could not read the Scripture lesson in a version of his own directly from the Greek, but must read it from the Authorized Version, was not thought fit to minister to a Christian congregation. Such were the earlier American ideals of New Testament interpretation, and of the relative values of the Greek original and the traditional version.

When Jerome produced that greatest of all the versions, the Latin Vulgate, he was bitterly criticized even by Augustine himself; and everyone knows the fate of William Tyndale, who first translated the New Testament from Greek into English. The same deep attachment to familiar forms of religious truth still operates and probably always will.

III

The remarkable thing about the reception of the new translation is not the opposition it has aroused, but the welcome it has received. Not all the editors have been hasty and conventional. Here and there all over the country they have ventured to look King James squarely in the eye and even to ask him,

. why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again.

Two great claims are made for the Authorized Version: that it is richly freighted with religious associations, and that it is a noteworthy monument

of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century English. Both may be at once admitted. Yet both together are not enough to justify for the Version the perpetual monopoly which is usually claimed for it.

These values do not outweigh the meaning of the New Testament, in which its chief interest and worth must always lie. The King James Version belongs of right to literature and to liturgy; it is of little use for interpretation. Its stiffness and obscurity are quite alien to the Greek original, and its 7959 arbitrary paragraphs constitute 7959 obstacles to coherent understanding, which taken together are literally insurmountable.

For the body of memories and associations, which for most of us in middle life or past it are enshrined in the Authorized Version, all thoughtful men must have profound respect. It somehow embodies and reflects, as Dr. Glover of Cambridge once remarked, the history of English-speaking Protestantism for the past three centuries.

These are great values, which none of us would wish to impair. Its literary interest too is very great. I enjoy the Authorized Version, particularly when I can escape from the doctored modern copies to the genuine quaintness of the original of 1611, so full of atmosphere and freedom — of figge trees, and bottomlesse pittes, of sunne, moone, and starres, of oyle and ayre; with its moneths, its fornaces, its souldiers, its anceres, Marie, Gethsemani, Hierusalem, and all the rest. It may be, as we are constantly told, a masterpiece of terse, rhythmical, native English, although sentences like 'Take that thine is,' and 'I am verily a man which am a Jew,' and the steady use of the Latin 'servant' where the Greek demands the Anglo-Saxon 'slave,' leave me a little dubious.

But the New Testament ought to

be more to us than a literary masterpiece or a mass of associations. It still has a message for modern life, just as it had for its own time. It is something more than a sponge that has absorbed our religious emotions, or a hypnotizing chant to which we really listen only when we miss a familiar word. It must not be reduced to the level of an incantation, the words of which remain after the meaning has been forgotten.

There are higher uses for it than these, and we must not exchange the Greek New Testament, the most valuable book of religion ever written, for a literary curiosity of the seventeenth century, which those who admire it most as literature do not read or understand.

The New Testament was not written for the admiration of dilettantes. Its writers scorned the petty refinements of literary stylists; the Apostle Paul says so in so many words. What would he have thought to see himself tricked out in the artificialities of the Elizabethan phrase-makers?

The papyri have risen from the sands of Egypt to confirm Paul's statement: the New Testament is written in the everyday language of the common people. The discoveries and studies of the past twenty years have established this

beyond peradventure. Those who deny it would do well to explore the evidence.

The greatness of the New Testament lay not in its form but in its meaning. It was its message that elevated and ennobled the humble forms of speech its writers employed. It follows that in translation it should possess ease, clearness, and vigor, rather than Elizabethan pomp and poetry of diction.

Tender associations and literary interest are very well in their way, but when in their name men would silence the discoveries of three hundred years, and stop the mouth of the Greek New Testament, they are going too far. No one wishes to take the King James Version away from those who prize it, but the right of the rest of us to profit by all the archæological and philological progress since 1611 cannot be denied.

The fate of this or that modern translation is a matter of little moment, but freedom to understand the New Testament as it was originally written is of the highest importance. That freedom will never be gained for the English reader until we transfer our allegiance from the form and letter of the New Testament to its meaning and spirit, and thus lay forever the Ghost of King James.

A CAT AND HER BOSWELL

BY HARVEY WICKHAM

FRANÇOIS TASSART, who was valet to Guy de Maupassant, left a book of *Mémoires*, which is now to be found, covered with dust and neglect, only on the back shelves of obscure French libraries, or exposed for sale as rubbish in the *boîtes* of secondhand dealers along the Seine. Yet even as a life of Maupassant it has the merit of a novel point of view; while scattered through its pages, and needing but to be assembled to be recognized, is what is unquestionably the world's best existing biography of a cat.

Maupassant was not the sort of a man one would expect to have a cat. He was excessively active. His chief pleasures were rowing and pistol-practice, and he could not even write without pacing up and down his study floor between paragraphs. On one occasion, having agreed to fight a duel, he insisted upon such deadly terms that his opponent thought better of it, and withdrew the challenge. Being attacked at night by a savage dog, he seized the animal by the throat with one hand, and with the other crammed a stone down its gullet. His idea of being pleasant to the ladies was to send them baskets of live frogs, or to have them sprinkled with water from the garden hose. No, certainly not the kind of a person over whom a furry ball demanding quiet and consideration would be expected to have much influence.

Yet it was to him that Providence vouchsafed — Piroli.

It is December, 1884. Maupassant

is living in the *rez-de-chaussée* of a house on rue Montchanin, Paris. Piroli arrives without ostentation, as the prospective mistress of the Mouse and Rat Suppression Department.

There was something almost surreptitious about the affair, and she came near being handed down to us merely as a subtle, mysterious influence, like the lady of Shakespeare's sonnets. Maupassant never mentions her once in all his works. Even when he came to write of cats, it was, as will be seen, not from Piroli that he got his material.

Was the illustrious author ashamed of the below-stairs character which the intrigue managed to assume even in a *rez-de-chaussée*? Was he piqued at being tamed by a bit of femininity having four feet — he who always was so inclined to behave cavalierly toward those having two?

François is silent on the subject, and introduces Piroli thus: —

'She came, and in a little time grew very familiar; for she loved much to be caressed and to be one of a party, playing above all with the bead curtain at the door of the conservatory. This sometimes continued for hours, my master in his easy chair taking great pleasure in admiring the little creature, so graceful and *souple* in all her movements. And she, from the moment he entered the house, was never willing to quit him.'

Flattery of flatteries! No wonder, then, that on the following New Year's day we hear Maupassant exclaim, —

'It is very cold this evening. Put Piroli in her basket, François, near one of the pipes of the *calorifère*.'

A man who took cold baths every morning, already he seems to have learned something of the more tropical taste of cats. That *calorifère*, — stoves are so rare in Paris and so fearfully and wonderfully misconstrued that it would create only a wrong impression to translate the word, — that *calorifère* must have melted whatever ice of reserve there was left in Piroli's young heart.

And, still not weary of well-doing, the master — it is now January 17, the eve of a long journey — thinks to tell his valet, —

'If you chance to be away from the house for more than a day, be sure to take Piroli to my cousin's, and to recommend her well to the maid (*et la bien recommander à la bonne*).'

François, it is perhaps here the place to say, was endlessly accomplished. He was cook, valet, nurse, friend, literary critic; and with his own hands he used to cast the bullets required by his employer in the hunting-field. The more strange that Piroli's own hunting-exploits should have escaped his attention.

Was she not a redoubtable mouser? Perhaps. But there is no mention in the record of her ever having caught a living thing save the heart of the author of *Bel Ami*.

'On March 28, at eight o'clock in the morning,' continues François, 'M. de Maupassant returned. Piroli recognized his voice even while he was in the vestibule, and ran to him, throwing herself against his legs with plaintive cries of joy (*plaintes et mialements de joie*).'

'Good morning, my little one,' cried Maupassant; 'only — let me come in.'

She would not, and he was obliged to take her into his arms, leaving others

to settle with the cabby — probably an expensive delegation of authority, if I know Parisian cochers.

'And then,' goes on the historian, 'Piroli sat herself on his desk while my master read the most pressing letters of his accumulated mail, she purring and arching her back (*faisant des ronrons et des gros dos*), trying to support herself with her forepaws upon his breast as if to embrace him. He was hardly able to attend to his correspondence.'

Her conduct, in fact, went from bad to worse. And what did the master say?

'*Oh, la petite gamine!*'

Nothing more.

Finally, the trunks being opened, Maupassant takes out a lump of native sulphur, a specimen which he has been at the pains of descending to the depths of a mine in Italy to obtain. Piroli, who has not ceased to rub against his legs, gets some of the sulphur dust into her eyes, and she '*se mit à miauler*' and to run about, so that it was almost impossible to catch her for the purpose of giving her care.

'My master was ready to throw the sulphur stone out of the window,' François declares; 'he was desolated to that extent.'

It took a cat to awaken sentiment and pity in Guy de Maupassant. But not even a cat, it appears, could make him altogether faithful. The first indication of a possible shadow on Piroli's horizon comes a year later, at Antibes. The master is discussing a half-finished piece of fiction with his mother, and is reported as saying, —

'It is going perfectly — has fallen, in fact, on all its four feet, *like the cat of the concierge*.'

Why not 'like Piroli,' pray? She had consented to move with him from Paris, and was probably looking up into his face at that very moment.

There was no need to go to that plebeian quadruped of the conciergerie for a comparison. And to add to the slight, François, who nowhere gives a word of detail relative to Piroli's personal appearance except once to mention that she had 'white velvet paws,' goes out of his way to remark that the concierge's brute had 'sweet, thick fur, part white and part *gris foncé*.' It appears, too, that the hussy 'made play-parties without end in company with the master.'

And so it was from her, not Piroli, that he finally took the idea for his *Chronique sur les chats*. Was this his way of getting even for the chains with which the putative mouse-assassin of rue Montchanin had bound him? Did he cherish the fond illusion that some day he would assert himself, and abandon her to her métier?

Anyway, nothing of the sort took place, and by the end of March Piroli returned with her ungrateful lord to Paris, without a mew. Evidently the reconciliation was complete, for we learn that 'she was happy to have again her bead curtain,' and above all a certain great bearskin, the particular odor of which had always intrigued her to such an extent that François is moved to hazard the theory that she was eaten up with curiosity regarding the unknown beast to whom it had originally belonged.

There ensues a blank interval of nearly two years, and then comes the last happy period of Piroli's existence. Maupassant is installed at Chatou — the very name is pleasantly suggestive. He has been at pains to decorate the interior of his villa in what he terms a 'gay fashion.' That is to say he has hung the walls of his writing-room with silken images of 'Chinese ladies, Japanese ladies with parasols, Hottentot ladies dancing, holding each other by the hand and making grimaces,' to

say nothing of pictures of fish and the 'heads of strange beings with silver eyes and moustaches of gold thread.'

To this paradise Piroli brings her first-born, and comes rubbing against the valet's legs to invite him to see the wonder that has been wrought. The master, hearing pitiful cries mingled with her purring, senses that there is something wrong. There is. Not only joy but sorrow has come to the mother — for one of her four kittens is already dead.

Maupassant behaves splendidly, and is lavish with condolences and caresses. Piroli, soothed, runs down to the Seine and strengthens herself with herbs and grasshoppers, '*dont elle était très friande*.'

She had need of strength, for soon there came a dinner-party, and Maupassant, with his usual taste for practical jokes, so arranged it that everybody should lose the last train for Paris. There was a tumult — or *vacarme*, as François says it — and a great making up of beds, many of the guests having even to sleep on the floor.

Piroli, much disturbed by the *vacarme* in question, came out of the '*salon japonais*' where she had left what remained of her infants, 'to see what the disturbance signified.' Maupassant, to reassure her, took her in his arms, and she became the centre of attraction. Who could remember a lost train when there was a chance to see Guy de Maupassant apologizing to a female?

'Satisfied,' continues the narrator, 'Piroli gave some little miaulements of content, because all this flattery was for her.'

But in assuming the responsibilities of maternity, she had given hostages to fate. And although Maupassant had the cat again in his arms the next morning, and was rubbing her back as he exchanged congratulations with the

incomparable valet over the success of the party, he ends by saying, —

‘Next week I am giving another party. I shall take them out rowing. Would n’t that be a good time for you to suppress two more of the kittens? See how thin Pirolì is getting. We’d better keep only the one with three colors — and call her Pussy.’

I have no doubt that he pronounced it *Poo-see*, and believed it to be a rare and distinguishing name. Also he probably considered himself very generous. But I wonder what Pirolì thought when the double murder hidden behind that word ‘suppress’ was revealed? François does not say, merely observing that his master went away whistling, and that he had never heard him whistle but twice before in his life.

The boating-party resulted ill for this whistling Herod. He overexerted himself at the oars, and for several days was morose toward all human kind, ‘passing many hours on his divan petting Pirolì and Pussy; never moving except to go to the kitchen now and then to get them some milk.’ It sounds almost like remorse.

But it must have been remorse spiced with a bit of Maupassantian perversity, since, when evening came, he would ‘turn down the lamp, and with a splendid shell comb which he had brought from Italy, begin to comb their fur the wrong way, amusing himself in making to jump their phosphorescences.’

This is a very literal translation, but I do not wish to become responsible for François’s natural science. His actual word is *phosphorescents*. As for Maupassant, one begins to fear that his understanding of cats was not sufficiently serious and too much mingled with levity.

Now the scene turns to Étretat, on the way to which Pussy had a basket all to herself so that she might not

crowd her mother. Pirolì’s good days were nearly over — but not quite. At Étretat waited several interesting things yet to be experienced, among them ‘eight beautiful turtles,’ six young ducks, any number of glow-worms, and a dog.

She seems not to have paid much attention to the turtles, which were forever escaping and being brought back by a shrewd old beggar-woman playfully known as Mary the Sixteenth — suspected of being an accessory before the fact and of not trusting to chance alone to put her in the way of earning a reward. Glowworms Pirolì was afraid of. The ducks she tried to make her playmates, but desisted when she found herself getting her feet wet. So it was the dog, Paff, ‘a superb Pont-Audemer spaniel,’ who played the most important part in this, the closing chapter of her life.

Paff, like his master, was a great hunter. But it is pleasant to be able to state that he did not hunt cats, or even order their kittens to be drowned. Of the many pictures which François draws of this charming idyl, the following is a sample.

It is the month of July, 1887, and the weather is very warm. The valet, looking out of his window, sees Paff ‘extended his full length in the alley by the kitchen, beneath the shade of the hedge and of the big wild-apple tree which gives coolness to the well.’ Between Paff and the hedge, Pirolì has found a place by squeezing, and lies half on her back, ‘pressing her four velvet white paws against her friend’s ear.’

The chronicle continues: —

‘My master, passing on the way to take his tub, called up to me: “François, do you see that? How delightful they are, those two. I’ve been trying to get them to stay in my workroom, but since it has been so warm they

won't do it, though it is very comfortable there when I have the north window open."

This quasi-desertion, this resistance to the lure of the open north window, is the only revenge which poor Piroli ever seems to have taken for that ancient wavering of her master's heart toward the cat of the concierge. August arrives. She attempts to make up to the world for the kittens so ruthlessly suppressed. The results are disastrous.

In vain was the *vétérinaire* of Crique-tot sent for. In vain did he give 'a very long prescription,' accompanied by a dissertation to the effect that cats are always difficult patients 'on account of their nervousness.'

'The little one,' writes François, 'rendered her last sigh on the fifteenth of September, while lying on my bed.'

Maupassant was away, hunting at Sainte-Hélène.

'When he returned, two days later,' continues the account, 'he came to look at the body where I had kept it, and asked if she had suffered, wanting to know all the details. I told him that the poor cat had cried, clinging to me as if to ask me to help her.'

Of Pussy, who now becomes the *souvenir vivant* of the deceased, little need be said save that she seems to

have been worthy of her mother and to have carried on the prerogatives of the dynasty, so that Maupassant was often moved to remark that she was even more sensitive — *plus chat*, as he puts it — than its founder.

We know of her that she protested against the grating sound of the great story-writer's pen by striking at the nibs with her paw, and that François was ordered to go out and buy some smoother paper so that she might not be annoyed.

Two dogs were added to the ménage — Pel, the son of Paff, and Tahya, brought over from Africa. Then Pussy became savage — not because of the dogs but because of some inner darkness — and had to be killed.

François did not dare tell his master the news, for gloom was already settling over the life of that once-so-brilliant genius, who now sat in his room, rubbing *his own* hair for the empty pleasure of seeing the sparks fly. There were no more cats. The bead curtain hung motionless, or stirred only at the touch of a hand no longer altogether responsible.

It is a deceptive proverb which says that a cat has nine lives. And as for a man — his days are even as a tale that is told.

A PROGRAMME FOR LABOR UNIONS

BY F. LAURISTON BULLARD

I

CERTAIN passages in the report of the Executive Council to the American Federation of Labor at its annual convention in Portland, Oregon, last October, were hailed by many persons as formal notice of intention to make American unionism an instrument of service for the whole community rather than an implement for the enforcement upon the community of the demands of a single class.

Henceforth the movement for the organization of the workers into trades-unions has a deeper meaning than the mere organization of groups for the advancement of group interests, however vital that function may yet remain. Henceforth the organization of the workers into trades-unions must mean the conscious organization of one of the most vital functional elements for enlightened participation in the democracy of industry, whose purpose must be the extension of freedom, the enfranchisement of the producer as such, the rescue of industry from chaos, profiteering, and purely individual whim, including individual incapacity, and the rescue of industry also from the domination of incompetent political bodies.

These statements in that 'pronouncement of the aims of Labor' are vague. They may mean much, or nothing. They are to be interpreted by the document as a whole. The Council denounces the Sherman Anti-Trust Act as 'a legislative monstrosity.' The Transportation Act, the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations, and the

Colorado Industrial Commission are 'ignorant encroachments . . . blundering gestures . . . examples of what all industry has to fear.' The 'elimination of the Railroad Labor Board should mark the end of legislative efforts toward political invasion of the field of wage-fixing.' The authority of the Supreme Court must be limited. The open shop is 'un-American.' In general: 'While Labor now participates more fully in the decisions that shape human life than ever before, and more fully in America than in any other nation on earth,' yet 'our participation must gradually be brought to completion.'

This mystifying report deserves study, not so much for its indefinite references to the organization of industry for service, as for its implications that the powerful Federation feels the force of public opinion. The Executive Council fears that popular reaction against union arrogance, extortion, and tyranny may find expression in restrictive legislation to compel the reforms which Labor of its own accord does not effect. The report reads: 'The threat of State invasion of industrial life is real.' True: the thing here called an 'invasion' is 'real.' The industrial history of the last decade justifies the 'threat.'

This Portland report does not seem to me to contain any positive pledges of reform. The more's the pity, for legislation, however desirable and effec-

tive, never accomplishes all that idealists expect, and many abuses lie beyond the reach of law. Labor, for its own sake and of its own will, ought to institute certain reforms, and the greatest of these should be a change of attitude toward the open shop.

I endorse the open shop, as opposed to 'the shop in which only members of the union claiming jurisdiction are allowed to retain employment.' The one is consistent with the traditions of Americanism, the other is not. As I conceive the open shop, it violates no man's rights, and it secures to all men equal opportunity to work. It does not deny the right to organize and to bargain collectively. The workers, through shop committees, may retain every advantage which the closed shop gives them as to the adjustment of hours and working conditions. The closed shop denies men the right to market their own labor except upon terms prescribed by private organizations, which maintain a monopoly of labor and refuse to tolerate any measure of public control.

For the enforcement of the closed shop the unions for many years have resorted to practices that outrage the common American instinct for fair play. Within a few months, in a county in New Jersey, by means of what the courts called an indirect secondary boycott, nine closed shops have tried to compel two open shops, doing the same type of mill work, to unionize. In the famous Danbury Hatters case the American Federation of Labor undertook to destroy the business of a manufacturer who conducted almost the only open shop in a city solidly unionized. More than half his men were members of the union, but he refused to make his a closed shop, affirming his intention to defend the rights of the men who for many years had worked for him. The unions

thereupon caused spies to trail his shipments all over the United States and to prevent the sale of the products of his factory.

In the recent case of the Duplex Printing Company essentially the same secondary boycott, called by the unions a sympathetic strike, was exposed in the courts. A manufacturer of printing-presses in Michigan is to be compelled to unionize his factory. Certain organizations of machinists with headquarters in New York City, and the national body with which they are affiliated, combine to interfere with his interstate trade by boycotting his presses, especially in Greater New York. Customers are warned. The trucking company usually employed must not haul these presses. The repair shops must not repair them. The employees of buyers must strike to prevent their installation. An exposition company must not display them.

Again, in New York City, a few steamfitters, having tried for sixteen months to obtain admission to the union which naturally they would join, finally sought to work without affiliation, and the building-trades unions made common cause against them and combined to call strikes on all buildings on which they were employed. In one year a boiler-makers' union disciplined seventy members by suspension for life, and many times that number for terms ranging up to ten years; which means that, under a universal closed-shop system, these men are automatically prevented from earning their living at their trade. Practices equally merciless exist in the United Mine Workers.

Mr. Samuel Gompers fulminates frequently upon the limitation of the right to strike as 'slavery.' But he refuses to pass any judgment upon the right to work — a question which he

eluded several times in his debate with Governor Allen of Kansas. The United States Supreme Court has declared that 'there is no more sacred right of citizenship than the right to pursue unmolested a lawful employment in a lawful manner. It is nothing more than the sacred right to labor.' The unionist may insist that the value of collective bargaining depends upon its universal application, and that the progressive welfare of the working classes therefore is bound up with the closed shop; but certainly it is not wise to allow private and irresponsible combinations of craftsmen and laborers to consummate the compulsory organization of all industry. The infirmities of human character apply here as elsewhere.

II

On principle the open shop is easy of defense. A militant unionism maintaining a nation-wide closed shop made up of closed unions must become an economic, and probably a political, menace. The unions are private societies. They deny admission to many qualified candidates. They object to legal supervision and refuse to acknowledge any responsibility to outsiders. Yet they claim the sovereign right to decide who shall and who shall not be employed in industry. A journeyman denied membership in a union on one coast may not ply his trade on the other, or anywhere between the two coasts, although there may be thousands of locals scattered over the country. Several unions, the Big Four, or Railway Brotherhoods, among them, adopt a different policy. But fully one hundred unions insist upon that national closed shop, supported by strikes and boycotts, which seems to me incompatible with the spirit of American democracy. If limitations are to be applied at all as to the manner in

which men may dispose of their labor, the general welfare requires that these restrictions shall be imposed by the Government, that the public shall not be exposed to the selfishness, indifference, or special needs of a class organization.

But how shall the open shop be established? There's the rub! Public opinion should demand it. The non-union men should make their influence felt in this direction, and by organization if need be. The ideal would be for the unions themselves to accept the open shop. They would gain thereby far more than they would lose. The same public opinion that obtained the elimination of the twelve-hour day in steel, and stopped at least one railway strike, can be depended upon to prevent the exploitation of Labor by any dictatorship of Capital.

Labor is not a weakling to-day. Unionized Labor without the closed shop would not need to call for help in maintaining its rights. As a practical matter, the unionists would be immensely benefited by a public demonstration of willingness to meet all their fellow laborers in free and open competition. When the union label shall stand for ability, integrity, fidelity, efficiency, skill, superior craftsmanship, the unions will have nothing to fear from competition. What they need far more than the closed shop is an enthusiasm for production that shall survive such a period of national stress and special inducement as that of the World War.

Contrary to the common impression, there is in existence to-day an abundance of law, tested and interpreted in the courts, by which labor unions, whether incorporated or not, may be held liable for damages caused by unlawful acts of their officers and members. The unions have earned much credit for securing a large body of

humane legislation, but they have exposed themselves to cross-currents of bitter criticism and outbursts of popular indignation for their determined struggle to conquer by their own militant power the privilege of doing what the State alone must retain the right to do. Persistently they have sought to evade legal responsibility, while demanding the limitation of the injunctive process, the legalization of picketing, exemption from anti-trust laws, compulsory use of the union label, and other immunities and favors designed to enable them to enforce their will upon nonunion employees and employers. An *imperium in imperio* seems to be their ideal, and that doctrine may be read into the Portland 'pronouncement.'

The courts have stood in the way. They have vindicated for individuals the right to work and for employers the liberty to select their employees, refusing to endow the unions with what well has been called 'an occupational license.' The Debs and other decisions prevent combinations of employees from dictating how and where a public utility shall render service. The Danbury Hatters and the Bucks Stove & Range cases guarantee business and the public against the boycott. Labor obtained its 'industrial Magna Charta' by the inclusion in the Clayton Act of the declaration that 'the labor of a human being is not a commodity or an article of commerce.' The decisions in the Duplex and the Coronado cases reviewed that act in detail, and left the unions only a frail reed on which to depend for attaining their objects. In picketing cases the Supreme Court has tried sincerely to define the shadowy frontier where free speech and free intercourse merge into intimidation and obstruction. And in February 1922, the Federal Government proceeded by injunction against the un-

economic practices of the Bricklayers' Union, charging limitation of output, rejection of open-shop materials, discrimination between employers, and collusion with contractors — a remarkable and significant action.

Thus, after a quarter-century, the situation is to-day. Labor has tried to find a way by law to compel unionization and to enforce the closed shop, and the courts have blocked these efforts. The long campaign has produced many protective advantages for Labor against greed; but the courts have stood faithfully by the inherent rights of the individual and for freedom of contract.

Now the argument for incorporation of the unions proceeds thus: The security of industrial rights and the safeguarding of the public welfare require that ways shall be established to assess responsibility upon any and all parties who interfere unlawfully with the common functions of industry. Power and accountability are correlative terms; collective management always should be yoked with collective responsibility. Such responsibility the unions systematically elude and disavow. No other human relationship is thus separated from the ordinary resort to civil process by which men seek to vindicate their rights and recover their losses. Commonly it is assumed that voluntary associations cannot sue or be sued, and that they therefore have only to refuse to incorporate in order to stay beyond the reach of the courts. For years the tendency has been manifest in this country to reduce the dimensions of this immunity and to hold the unions responsible in spite of their refusal to incorporate. The Hatters case held individual unionists liable in person and property. But far more significant is the unanimous decision of the United States Supreme Court in June 1922,

in the case of the Coronado Coal Company against the United Mine Workers. In that suit, growing out of the violent opposition to the open-shop operation of some coal mines in Arkansas, the chief question debated was the suability of the union. The company argued for collective responsibility, and placed stress upon the language of the Anti-Trust law, in which it was explicitly stated that the word 'person' included 'association.' The court ruled that under the law 'such organizations are suable in the Federal courts . . . and funds accumulated to be expended in conducting strikes are subject to execution.' Trades-unions were held to be legal entities, even if unincorporated. This case is again in the Federal courts, but no decision as yet contravenes the Supreme Court dictum that the actual existence of a union automatically imposes certain corporate attributes.

III

With these facts in view, the question of compulsory incorporation of labor unions may be considered. The present Supreme Court Justice Brandeis, whose liberal views are widely known, years ago was well within the facts when he said there was plenty of law in existence for holding unions accountable. Yet in his debate with Mr. Gompers he endorsed the incorporation theory, and advanced one argument hardly mentioned by other students of the problem. Labor action often is hasty, the expression of emotion rather than reason. 'I can conceive,' he said, 'of no expenditure of money by a union which could bring so large a return as the payment of compensation for some wrong committed by it. Any such payment would go far in curbing the officers and members from future transgression of the law, and it would above all establish the position of the

union as a responsible agent in the community, ready to abide by the law.'

That last suggestion makes a strong appeal. Definite placing of responsibility is needed. A Labor covenant is notoriously liable to dishonor. Labor holds the right to strike to be superior to all other rights of all other men, and denounces the injunction as 'a preposterous weapon of oppression,' whereas Labor's own inhumanity to other workers — nonunionists, technically 'scabs' — almost passes belief. Some injunctions go to 'preposterous' extremes, as that obtained by Attorney-General Daugherty against the railway shopmen. But that 'government by injunction' to which Labor so strenuously objects is due chiefly to the practical immunity which the unions have enjoyed as irresponsible bodies. While in great strikes much lawlessness often occurs of which no doubt the unions are guiltless, it would be vastly to their advantage if in open court they should establish the fact that habitual hoodlums had seized the opportunity to break the laws.

I concede that I am in doubt as to the advisability of compelling incorporation. The judgment of the highest Federal Court in the Coronado case will be likely to have much weight with the state courts. More than a dozen states now have statutes making voluntary associations liable for damages. Massachusetts missed ratifying such a law by a few hundred ballots in a referendum vote. Let it be remembered that men often accept incorporation as a privilege by which to secure limitation of liability in associations which they join but are not able closely to supervise. The state that issues the franchise exercises supervisory powers in the public interest. These two facts — the tendency to hold the unions liable and the protective value of in-

corporation — may coöperate to induce the unions voluntarily to seek incorporation.

Another device, favored by some whose opinions are entitled to respect, is illustrated in the bill proposed by Mr. Samuel Untermyer, the counsel for the Lockwood Committee, and included in its final report. The Committee recommended the creation of a State Trade Commission, and Mr. Untermyer proposed to place all trades-unions, whether incorporated or not, under its control. The plan recognizes all the fundamental rights possessed by organized Labor. It aims definitely to correct the iniquities exposed in the committee hearings. The unions were to be subject to official regulation as to their constitutions, by-laws, and rules. They must have a license from this Trade Commission, and the Commission would revoke the license whenever upon hearings it should be established that the union was practising the oppressive methods exposed in the Lockwood investigation, as restriction of membership, limitation of apprentices, assessment of prohibitory fines, obstruction of the right of free contract, and many more.

It may be that this proposal involves an excess of supervision. The ideal should be no more regulation than the public welfare requires; but the necessity of some regulation cannot be denied. The Lockwood Committee did not go along with its counsel on this proposal, but expressed the hope that the unions themselves would put through the necessary reforms. Events have not justified this hope.

Some method of supervision and fixing of responsibility needs to be devised, which shall operate generally, and almost automatically, so as not to make an employer or other citizen who stands by his legal rights a conspicuous object of public attention. In the

building trades, in which labor conditions in most of our great cities are as bad as they well can be, a contractor will submit to enormous injustice rather than have 'trouble' with the unions. He does not wish to become a marked man. Being human, he takes the easy way. He submits rather than fight, knowing that, even if he wins, the unions will find ways to hamper, boycott, and ostracize him. He might put on a braver front if he had to pay the costs entailed by submission; but of course the owner, and ultimately the owner's tenants, must foot the bills. From this point of view a good deal may be said in favor of some form of state licensing and regulation.

Granting that strikes at times have paid big dividends in social and economic welfare, and that under the present industrial system the right to strike is essential for the protection of Labor, it still will be granted that the strike should not be the first but the last means employed to obtain what Labor desires. Something should come before the strike. In my judgment that thing should be compulsory investigation, not compulsory arbitration. The latter requires both parties to submit to arbitration and compels both to accept the award. The former does not require of the employer the abandonment of the right to lockout, or of the employee of the right to strike, nor does it compel acquiescence by either in any award.

Few of us realize even now the magnitude of the strike evil. In the twenty months of America's actual participation in the war, the total number of labor strikers in this country was 2,386,285; the number of men sent to France was only 2,053,347. An incomplete computation shows for the year 1919 strike losses in wages of \$723,478,300 and additional industrial losses of \$1,266,357,450 — an average

of \$100 for each American family. From 1881 to 1905 the United States had 38,303 strikes and lockouts, an average of 1532 a year. The total for 1916 to 1918 was 11,430, or 3810 a year. There has been some reduction since, but the average is still high.

Several countries have undertaken to deal with the strike by compulsory arbitration.¹ New Zealand was prematurely hailed as 'the country without strikes.' The law, passed in 1894, requires the registration of unions and employers' associations, thus in effect making them corporate bodies and subject to the jurisdiction of the conciliation boards and the Arbitration Court. In 1905 strikes and lockouts were made statutory offenses. The plan has operated to multiply greatly the number of unions. So long as it functioned as an implement for increasing wages, Labor warmly supported it. When, however, wage-increases ceased, Labor became impatient and rebellious. The law offers the unions an easy way to avoid the consequences of regulation by cancellation of their registration.

IV

Recent changes in this much-amended Act have tended to stress its conciliatory and voluntary features. The awards usually contain a 'preference clause,' which tends practically to compel the workers to unionize. The Conciliation Councils, however, with all parties around the same table, and each party at times in private conference with the Commissioners, for informal discussion, without legal machinery of any kind, are peculiarly attractive. If a deadlock results, then the issue goes automatically to the Arbitration Tribunal; as a rule the

¹ Legislation limiting the right to strike exists in twenty-two countries.

parties prefer to settle their own differences.

Nor has Australia found a panacea in compulsory arbitration. Unionism is very strong there and acts through the official Labor Party, which has four times controlled the Commonwealth Government and often the State governments. Severe as the law is, numerous strikes occur; and the tendency to substitute special tribunals for dealing with specific disputes caused the President of the Arbitration Court to resign, in 1921, at the end of his second term of seven years, when he affirmed these tribunals to be 'a convenient method of yielding to a strike without admitting it.' Three years ago the Commissioner from Australia to the United States declared that 'Compulsory arbitration has proved futile in preventing strikes' in his country; and a few months ago an Australian authority asserted that the system had caused 'almost intolerable confusion.' The two machines overlap and duplicate. Australia has 'the most elaborate and complicated system of industrial legislation' of all countries but it has not produced industrial efficiency.

The plan is neither expedient nor desirable. Many things may readily be tried in countries with no written constitution which may be difficult, if not impossible, in the United States. One may deprecate the autocratic injustices practised by the unions, and yet object to compelling Labor to work against its will in private industry, and to making it obligatory upon an employer to retain a worker whom he does not wish to employ, only in order that agreements for stipulated periods should be enforced. When workers may not strike, they sometimes substitute sabotage for suspension. Probably it is not generally remembered, however, that the Supreme Court has once

affirmed the authority of Congress under certain conditions to compel arbitration. This case, *Wilson vs. New*, was designed to test the validity of the Adamson eight-hour law. The Court, by a five-to-four decision, declared Congress 'undoubtedly' to possess 'the power to provide by appropriate legislation for compulsory arbitration, a power which inevitably resulted from its authority to protect interstate commerce in dealing with a situation which was before it' — in reference, of course, to the imminent railway strike.

The most attractive method of dealing with strikes is now in use in Canada. The Industrial Disputes Investigation Act was passed in 1907, after a long and bitter coal-strike, as a compromise between conciliation and compulsory arbitration. Mr. Mackenzie King, at the time Deputy Minister of Labor, stated the underlying principle thus: 'In any civilized community private rights should cease when they become public wrongs.' The smallest possible amount of compulsion is brought into play in the working of this law. It forbids under penalty the declaration of a lockout or strike pending investigation; but either becomes legal once the investigators have rendered their report. The theory is that the public has a right to know the issues and the facts in an industrial dispute, and that this information should be given out before the actual clash occurs. The boards which function under this law contemplate primarily investigation with publicity as their immediate weapon, and amicable adjustment as their ultimate aim. The parties may strike if they choose after the Board has performed its duty; they may reject any award; but at any rate an opportunity will have been provided for calm reflection, intimate discussion, and the mobilization of

informed public opinion. The Act describes the affected industries thus: 'Any mining-property, agency of transportation or communication, or public-service utility, including, except as hereinbefore provided, railways, whether operated by steam, electricity, or other motive power, steamships, telegraph and telephone lines, gas, electric light, water, and power works.'

The Act does not otherwise define that difficult term 'public utility.' The machinery of the law starts moving only when one of the parties to a dispute applies for the appointment of a board; but if both parties in an industry not named in the law ask for an investigation, a board may be named in such cases as well. A separate board serves in each case. Applications go to the Minister of Labor. If he finds that the law should be applied, a board of three is constituted, one each on nomination of the employer and the employees, and the third on selection by the two, or appointment by the Minister. When constituted, the board must do its work without unnecessary delay. But the whole theory is that sufficient time will elapse to prevent precipitate action and to permit the full force of public opinion to be exercised. Heat cools. Facts unknown to one party or both are brought to light. The Act has operated best in cases involving unionized Labor. A United States Commissioner of Labor has said: 'It is difficult to see how its provisions could be carried out with any degree of satisfaction except in cases where organized employees are dealt with.' Severe penalties are imposed for suspensions during investigations, but the penal provisions have rarely been invoked, even in case of an illegal strike.

How has the method worked? Between April 1907, and April 1922, applications for a board numbered

558, and the number of strikes not averted or ended was 34. For the year ending with March, 1922, the applications were 54, boards were established in 33 instances, and only one strike was not averted. But these figures of course bear only upon cases of voluntary request for a board, and the purpose of the law is to prevent strikes. The strike statistics of the Dominion disclose that mining labor, notoriously hard to control, has not been stabilized by this law. There have been many and serious disputes in this field. Other industries show much more encouraging results, and the loss of time by strikes has been greatly reduced. The Minister of Labor said in 1920 that in fourteen years there had been but one serious dislocation of train service, almost complete absence of street-railway strikes, and no interruption of telegraph and telephone service, and that in general the Act had been of 'great public benefit.'

V

This plan, somewhat modified, may well be tried in the United States. President Wilson asked Congress for the necessary legislation in August 1916, and again in the following December he 'very earnestly renewed' the recommendation, conceding that the right to strike must be retained inviolate, but pleading the predominant right of the public to be protected 'against the challenge of any class,' and suggesting that all arbitral awards be made 'judgments of record of a court of law, in order that their interpretation and enforcement may lie, not with one of the parties to the arbitration, but with an impartial and authoritative tribunal.'

The President, no doubt, was well acquainted with the efforts Congress has made for voluntary arbitration —

the law of 1888, the Erdman Act of 1898, the Newlands Act of 1913. The first applied to interstate transportation, and contained no provision for enforcing awards; no arbitration board ever was constituted under its provisions. The second applied to train service, providing for mediation on request of one party to a dispute and for arbitration on request of both parties, and for awards that should be 'valid and binding.' The third amended the second, and contained no mandatory features. Under the Erdman Act an award was made in an important case; but neither side was satisfied, and only public opinion checked a serious strike. After a few months the Board was reconvened to interpret its decision. The Newlands Act did not prevent the crisis which Congress eluded by enacting the Adamson Act.

Senator Cummins had these facts in mind when he included in the Transportation Act as it passed the Senate a provision for compulsory arbitration of railway labor disputes. The House refused to concur, and the Act now provides for local adjustment boards, and a National Labor Board as an ultimate arbitrator, with only an appeal to public opinion as the enforcement power. Labor has been vehement in denunciation of this agency. The *Federationist* talked about 'a blind, tottering wreck of an idiotic experiment.' Mr. Gompers advised the unions to refuse to appoint representatives to the Board.

The State of Colorado has an Industrial Commission created by the Industrial Relations Act of 1915, and Kansas has its much-discussed Industrial Court. The Colorado law may have been inspired by the experience of Canada. Notice of changes in hours and working-conditions in industries affected by a public interest must be

made by employers and employees to the Commission thirty days in advance of their actual coming into being, and the Commission employs the interval for investigation. Suspensions are not legal until this period has expired, although individuals may quit their employment. Awards and findings, to become binding, must be accepted by both parties. It is the thirty-day hiatus that saves the state from many serious disturbances. The policy of the Commission has been to try by informal conferences to adjust difficulty.

As the direct consequence of a coal strike the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations came into being. Governor Allen objects to the idea that the court means compulsory arbitration; it 'adjudicates' difficulties in such industries as transportation, fuel, and public utilities. This well-intentioned experiment is entitled to a fair trial, and the trial should extend over a period of years. It goes to lengths hitherto unheard-of in this country; it includes as affected with a public interest such industries as food and clothing, which ought not to have been included. An experiment in a state predominantly agricultural may not furnish a criterion of value for an industrial state. Labor emphatically rejects the experiment. 'The state of the parading and ram-paging farmer proposes to put chains on the workmen of factories and mines.'²

VI

Against this background, consider the idea of a modified compulsory-

investigation plan for the United States. The temporary boards of the Canadian system should be replaced by a board or boards of a more permanent character, qualified by experience and exact information to deal with such highly technical questions as must emerge in altercations pertaining to wages. Mr. Samuel O. Dunn once offered this definite illustration of the way such a board might be constituted for adjusting railway disputes: a permanent chairman, preferably an army officer, who would become expert by long tenure; and, to be designated for the occasion, a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, a member of the Federal Trade Commission, a representative of the employers, and a representative of the employees, presumably equipped respectively with a 'broad knowledge' of the railway situation, business conditions, the point of view of both Labor and the railroad.

The success of any such enterprise would seem to depend upon the ability and fairness of the inquiry board, the tact with which it performed its duties, and its skill in obtaining the confidence and influencing the attitude of the parties to the dispute. Thus the law might be ideal; its success would depend upon such human elements as these. No strike should be called and no strike vote taken until after the board should have reported; and any strike vote then taken should be by ballot, when each voter should be furnished, with the ballot, with a short statement of the findings of the board, prepared by the board itself.

But what of industries not 'affected with a public interest,' the great building industry, for example? The Government has widened its field of supervision enormously in the last fifty years, but Government supervision ought not to swallow up and destroy private enterprise and personal initia-

² The author of the law, a former justice in this tribunal, says that the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the Wolff Packing Company does not 'declare the Act, or any vital section of it, unconstitutional.' The decision in effect means that legislation cannot interfere with the right to strike except where public emergency exists or when an industry affected with a public interest is involved. — THE AUTHOR.

tive. When an industry disturbs the public peace or hinders public welfare, does the public interest acquire a claim which the State must recognize? When a business invokes the protection of the State, does the community at large obtain a right to regulate in any degree the manner in which the business shall be conducted? No student of the Lockwood investigation can doubt that conditions in New York City justify fairly the contention that building does at times become affected with a public interest within the meaning of the phrase as commonly used. Arbitrary interference with construction to an extent detrimental to the health and morals of the people was shown. The State passed rent laws which restrained the right of contract as between landlord and tenant. The housing shortage produced the conditions that the State sought to relieve, as well as the opportunity for scandalous profiteering.

Something surely can be said for the view that an industry designed to alleviate such a situation has a public interest. But is it sufficiently thus affected to come within the purview of compulsory investigation? A nice point. If not, what can be done to reform this industry? Two resources suggest themselves — the open shop and legislation against the sympathetic strike. Why, on account of some difficulty affecting a single union, all the men of a score of other unions should be 'pulled off' a building passes comprehension. And what justification can there be for calling out all the unions on a job in order to enforce the closed shop in a single union?

A chief cause of the evils in the building trades is the arbitrary and exaggerated allocation of work among scores of affiliated unions and the enforcement of these allotments by jurisdictional strikes. The industry above all things

needs all-round craftsmen who shall be available in large operations for many phases of work. Why should not any member of any recognized union do any sort of work on any building, provided he is paid the rate prescribed in the scale for that operation?

In conclusion, let me make these observations. A long chapter might be written upon the participation of employees, through their representatives, in management problems which affect the toiler, under such plans as those now working satisfactorily in the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and the Dennison Manufacturing Company. And — the rank and file of Labor have been shamefully exploited by many of their leaders; men who make 'trouble' to justify their own existence; who look upon industrial clashes as a means of personal exploitation; and who object, for selfish reasons, to regulatory measures. The unionists tolerate an autocracy of officials who know that industrial peace is a menace to their own tenure of power, and many of them take graft from 'Big Business,' 'splitting the loot.' May the day not be far distant when reformers shall appear inside the unions!

Much water has passed under the bridge since Horace Mann, Wendell Phillips, and Robert Rantoul took the side of the journeymen when the merchants of Boston tried to check an 'unlawful combination of workmen' to obtain better wages and a ten-hour day. To-day Labor does not need, and would resent the intrusion of, such men in aid of its cause. The time has come for Labor to talk less about its rights and more about its duties. Significantly, the one hundred unions which drew up a bill of rights in 1921 elaborated a long list of specifications as to what the community owes to Labor, and said nothing whatsoever as to what Labor owes the community.

Lastly: the great solvent, the effective force, is public opinion. Upon occasion the public can and does vindicate its mastery. The railway men stayed at their posts in November 1921, not from any spirit of unselfish consideration of the general welfare, but simply because their leaders saw that to allow the strike to go forward

would outrage the moral sense of the nation. The necessary machinery will arrive when the public really decides that it must arrive. And so we get back to the basic difficulty of all public reforms — the difficulty of rousing a great multitude to anger, and keeping it angry, until something really worth while has been accomplished.

THE VANITY OF EXPECTATION

BY AGNES L. TAYLOR

THEY were the best of things — and the worst; they were the height of wisdom — they were the depth of folly; they were the invention of genius — they were the invention of the Evil One himself. And all this teapot-tempest was stirred up about a trifle of no more weight than — a woman's pocket.

Archdeacon Davis and his wife sat at breakfast in the sunny Deanery dining-room, discussing their doings for the day, among which Mrs. Davis mentioned an appointment at the dressmaker's.

'If you are having a new dress made,' said the Archdeacon, 'I hope you will not allow that woman to put in another of those pockets which I so strongly disapprove of; no doubt you have told her of my objection to them.'

This talk took place at that era in the world's history when Dame Fashion had plucked up women's pockets from the side seam of the skirt and planted them in the rear placket, and before she later decreed that women could have no pockets at all. Mrs. Davis had not meant to start the subject of pockets, for from painful experience she knew

to what discussion it would lead. So she tried to turn it off by saying, —

'I will ask Miss Foley what she can do about it.'

'Do not ask her anything. Tell her that I consider a rear pocket positively immoral; it is an open invitation to pickpockets, and hence an encouragement of vice.'

'Nobody could slip his hand into my pocket without my knowing it,' maintained Mrs. Davis. 'I have told you it would be impossible. And it is n't an "open invitation," for it is under the pleat and does n't show. You have coat-tail pockets; don't they encourage vice, too?'

'Not at all; quite a different matter. I never carry anything in that pocket but a handkerchief, and there are no Fagins nowadays who would trouble to steal a handkerchief. But a woman carries her pocketbook in her back pocket, endangering its safety and tempting the dishonest.'

'Well, dear,' answered his wife with a sigh, 'I'll speak to Miss Foley; but I can't see any harm in putting pockets where they are most convenient.'

No one could say that Mrs. Davis was not as dutiful as a Very Reverend wife should be; never, even in strictest privacy, did she utter the wish that the Archdeacon, who had undeniable executive ability, would limit that gift to church activities and not carry it into the domestic field. Yet the most complaisant wife cannot help having her thoughts. As they rose from the table, she said, —

‘I hope you will have an interesting morning at the ministers’ meeting.’

This was a tactful way of turning the Archdeacon’s displeasure into another channel; for the previous week he had come home from the meeting disgusted because ‘some old fogey’ had talked three quarters of an hour without saying anything. Her effort was largely successful, though the Archdeacon as he left the room fired a parting shot at ‘women’s senseless fashions.’

A brisk walk in the fresh spring air tended to allay his irritation with the tiresome ways of humanity. That morning the speaker was good, and in the discussion which followed the talk, the Archdeacon scored two or three points. How much more rational men were than women! Men could see the force of an argument, but women — ! If once women got an idea in their heads, no reasoning could pry it loose.

After the meeting he went to the Penn Trust Company to cash a check. There were only a few people in the bank, so his business was quickly done. Just as he was turning to go out, his eye fell on a familiar figure at the receiving teller’s window. His wife had said nothing at breakfast about going to the bank; it must have been some later plan. He would wait for her and they could walk home together.

Her back was toward him, and she was in such earnest conversation with the teller that she evidently had not seen him; yet, as if intentionally to

annoy him, what did that provoking woman do but slip her hand into her placket pocket. This sight brought back all the poignancy of the morning’s discussion. If one could only get a woman to be sensible!

Then the imp of mischief who loves to stir up trouble shot an impulse through the clerical coat of the Archdeacon as easily as if piercing the jacket of a youngster in knickerbockers. Here was his chance to prove himself right about pockets. With a step aimed to combine stealthiness with an appearance of casual loitering, in case she should suddenly turn, he passed close behind her, and with a quick motion slipped his hand under the placket and drew out her pocketbook.

He took a few quick steps, then paused, gazing far away into space with a look of innocence which he wanted his wife to see on his face when she should lay her indignant grasp upon his arm. But no hand seized him. He looked over his shoulder; she was still talking intently to the teller. In spite of his own arguments, he did not think the trick could be done so easily. She had noticed nothing; well, so much the better. He would go home without telling her. He left the bank with such ill-concealed chuckling that the doorman wished he knew the joke.

At lunch-time he went to the table with scarcely suppressed smiles. His first glance at his wife showed him, however, that she was not going to confess her loss; in fact, she showed such self-control that no one would have guessed there was anything on her mind. The meal moved along with the commonplaces of talk. The Archdeacon did not want to open the subject while the maid was coming in and out; he would spare his wife’s feelings to that extent, though it was hard to keep from laughing when he thought how amazed she would be if she could

see into his breast pocket. At last, dessert was on the table and they were alone. With studied casualness he began,—

‘Have you had a pleasant morning?’

‘Very much as usual, looking after household matters. Mrs. Shaw called me up and kept me an interminable time at the ‘phone, talking about the Girls’ Friendly entertainment; I thought she would never get done.’

No weakening in her defensive front; of course, she would hate to confess. He must take more direct aim.

‘Was there not something unusual, some unpleasant experience?’

‘Nothing I can think of, except Mrs. Shaw; you know how she always insists on having her own way about everything. What makes you think there was anything?’

Her surprise was too genuine for doubt; evidently she had not needed her pocketbook after he saw her and so had not missed it. That was unfortunate; it took the edge off his triumph. Still, she would be chagrined when she knew.

‘I think you lost something downtown. Did you not miss anything after you left the bank?’

She opened her eyes still wider.

‘I have n’t been down-town. I have n’t been out of the house. It is not till this afternoon that I go to Miss Foley’s.’

With a queer sinking feeling somewhere inside of him the Archdeacon pulled out the pocketbook and held it out to her. She looked at it coldly.

‘Where did you get that? I never saw it before.’

His inward sinking became a landslide, carrying him down some dark descent. From its lowest depths he saw in a flash his mistake, and realized the appallingness of his deed. Suppose someone had seen him, a dignitary of the Church, slip his hand into a strange

woman’s pocket and take her pocketbook. He never could explain it. A practical joke is a feeble and foolish defense to offer a judge and jury. He could see the crowded courtroom, and people whispering behind their hands, ‘He’s just like everybody else: needed money,—a sudden temptation,—and down he goes.’ Even if he should be acquitted—

At this moment the doorbell rang. Yes, it was true; he had been seen. His mind came back with a bound from the courtroom to his own doorstep. He pictured the blue coat and gray helmet entering the hall, the arm of the law holding out a warrant for his arrest. He broke into a cold perspiration, and could not lift his eyes when the maid came in. After an unendurable delay she said,—

‘Mrs. Millar’s boy with the bundle of sewing for the Auxiliary meeting.’

He breathed once more. When he and his wife were again alone, he told her the miserable joke he had tried to play on her.

‘And look what has come of it. You cannot expect that woman to keep quiet, and when the story becomes known, what will people think of me? Those who believe I am not a knave will set me down for a fool, and in my position one is almost as bad as the other. When I stand in the pulpit I shall always feel this ridiculous episode standing between me and my congregation.’

His wife, whatever her inmost feelings may have been, did her best to lighten his self-reproach.

‘When you return it you can just say there was a mistake, and not tell her how you came to have it. You can get around it somehow. But open it and find out whose it is.’

He unfastened the clasp, and looking inside, found two notes,—two new one-hundred-dollar notes,—nothing

else. No card, no scrap of writing. There was nothing in the pocketbook to help him out, and the large sum made his situation worse. He must wait — and think. He retired to his study, but the room was misnamed so far as that afternoon went. Although a book lay open before him, his attention was fixed on the doorbell whose faint ring he could just hear. He had never heard it sound so often in an afternoon, and at every ring his heart pounded as he waited to hear an approaching step. But none came. As dusk fell and his apprehensions quieted a little, he found himself staring at the page where he had opened the book in the early afternoon: he had not read a word.

There was little sleep for him that night. The next morning he was at the bank as soon as the doors were open. The cashier was one of his flock, and he went straight to his office. He did not mean to tell the whole truth if he could help it; no mortal man could be trusted to keep such a good story secret, and it would be too humiliating to have it broadcast through the church. So he weighed his words with care.

'Good-morning, Mr. Haines; I have come to you for help in a difficulty in which I find myself. Under peculiar circumstances, I came into possession of a pocketbook yesterday which I have reason to think belongs to one of your depositors. Has there been any inquiry made for it?'

'Not that I have heard of. Did you find it in the bank?'

'Well, not exactly that; but I carried it home with me because I thought I knew whose it was, and expected to return it to her. However, I found that I was mistaken, and the purse itself contains no clue to the owner. As it has two hundred dollars in it I fear its loss will be a serious matter.'

'If people are so careless as to drop

their pocketbooks about, they deserve to do some worrying about them. While I have heard of no such inquiry, I'll ask about it, to make sure.'

He soon returned, shaking his head.

'No such loss reported yet; I'll let you know at once if we hear anything. It is very kind of you to take so much trouble. I hope the owner will appreciate the inconvenience she has put you to — I think you said it is a lady's pocketbook?'

The Archdeacon, feeling most uncomfortable from these remarks, left the bank, and went to the *Evening News* office, where he left a cautiously worded advertisement for the Lost and Found column. Having taken all the steps he could think of to repair the mischief, he felt more at ease, though that word gives no true description of his state of mind. Ease deserted his days and rest his nights as the week wore on to its close without a sign from the Unknown. Each succeeding day deepened the mystery of the silence.

'Can you imagine,' he said to his wife, 'anyone losing two hundred dollars and making no inquiry for it? Would not a much smaller loss send you back to every place you had been that day, to hunt for it?'

'Perhaps she was only passing through the city, and did n't miss it for so long that she did n't know where to look for it.'

The Archdeacon shook his head.

'I have thought of many different conditions that might fit that mysterious woman, but not one of them will account for her not finding me, either through the bank or the advertisement.'

The next Sunday morning the Archdeacon omitted the Commandments from the service; with thoughts of that two hundred dollars, he felt so shy toward the Eighth that he could not trust himself to read it. A second week

passed without any light on the pocket-book, then a third, and a fourth. Finally, he said to his wife, —

‘I do not want to keep that money any longer about the house; something must be done about it.’

‘You might give it anonymously to missions,’ suggested Mrs. Davis, ‘or to the Cathedral Fund.’

‘My dear,’ said the Archdeacon sternly, ‘you have hinted at something of the same sort before. Understand once for all that I cannot give it to any cause, for it is not mine to give. I am the unwilling custodian of that money and I shall continue its custodian until it is claimed, if it be to my dying day. I shall deposit it in the bank as a special fund, on no account to be touched except to restore it to its rightful owner.’

The archdeaconal garment of urbanity had worn a little thin in these last weeks; Mrs. Davis tried to mend it by replying soothingly, —

‘Certainly, dear; you would, of course, know what is best to do with it.’

As a matter of fact, the Archdeacon had not made up his mind what to do with the money till opposition to his wife’s suggestion crystallized his decision. Now, having stated so positively what should be done, he lost no time in doing it. With the firm conscience of one who knows he treads the strait path, he took the money to the bank, to the very window where, a month before, it had come into his

hand. He passed the notes through the wicket with a sigh of relief; he would feel easier with the money out of his possession, though the incident would leave an everlasting scar on his self-esteem.

The teller was about to enter the amount in the pass book when he suddenly laid down his pen and scanned the notes closely. The Archdeacon’s heart, which had grown more reasonable of late, began to hammer as it had done so often in the first days of this unhappy experience. With a hasty ‘One moment, please,’ the teller darted out of his cage and disappeared into a rear office.

The Archdeacon gripped the ledge of the window hard till his knuckles showed white. He knew that his knees would not give way entirely if he had something to cling to. Were the notes marked? Had they been listed as stolen?

It was hard that the story must come out after all this time; it had been only a joke, after all, and he had tried his best to right the matter.

The teller was coming back; his face gave no encouragement, for it was much disturbed. Leaning forward until he almost touched the bars of the wicket, he announced in a strained whisper, —

‘I am very sorry to have to tell you Dr. Davis, but these notes are counterfeits.’

NIGHTFALLEN SNOW

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

THESE nights of snow are loving to the air
As the still mother of a grieving boy;
For so they fill the air with soft concern,
Imponderable, irresistible,
And draw the numbing hardness slowly out,
And slowly weave a gradual sweetness in;
So freely on its harsh and hungry gloom
They spend the last calm silver penny of love.

O perfect strength of soft unstrenuous snow!
O mouth of beauty whispering in the night!
Æolian snow, that thrills against the wind,
That drifts on hidden grace, and lights it up
With shreds of many rainbows blended white!
O wild and revolutionary snow
That tosses utter newness round the world,
And lays it on the nations in their sleep!

A SCAMBLING AND UNQUIET TIME

ARMISTICE DAY 1922 TO ARMISTICE DAY 1923

BY HENRY W. BUNN

I

NEITHER in the special session (November 20 to December 4, 1922) called by the President to consider the Ship Subsidy bill, nor in its second regular session (December 4, 1922, to March 4, 1923), did the 67th Congress of the United States accomplish much. The Ship Subsidy bill, considerably amended, passed the House, but it was done to death in the Senate by the elegant method of the filibuster. The Art of the Filibuster achieved its most brilliant triumph against the Anti-Lynching bill; reached its apogee there. It is a beautiful art, in which our pre-eminence is as manifest as that of the Greeks in sculpture or that of the Chinese in ceramics; but, if we are to arrive anywhere, we must relegate it to that political limbo where the shade of the Librum Veto holds preposterous sway.

The Administration's legislative programme was extensive but, aside from the routine appropriation bills, only two measures of considerable importance were enacted—namely, the Agricultural Credits bill and the bill amending the Debt Funding Act so as to validate the Debt Funding Commission's arrangements for the British debt. Chiefly by adaptation and increase of the powers of existing Federal agencies, the Agricultural Credits Act provides sufficient credit facilities for the farmer and the

raiser of live stock. But more important than credit facilities is the manner of using them. The ample credit proffered is applied most effectively through the medium of coöperative marketing associations. The success of coöperative marketing, on a national scale, of the cotton and tobacco crops argues decisively for this view. The farmer has been at a disadvantage in the past because of lack of coöperation and lack of knowledge; these lacks are supplied by the coöperatives. By concentrating on the needs of the farmer, the 67th Congress removed the most legitimate target for the stock of levin-bolts Jupiter La Follette had laid in.

The which remark starts a train of hypochondriacal speculation. Will the Progressive bloc in the 68th Congress show restraint in wielding that balance of power bestowed by the electorate, or will they postpone all else to their anti-privilege programme? As this writer sees it, the most important matters requiring legislation are: immigration, reclamation, forestal protection, taxation, and transportation—with immigration easily ranking first. The proposal of yet straiter immigration restrictions has the support of the American Federation of Labor, whose members wear their altruism with a difference, but has to face the opposition of certain altruistic capitalists.

Apparently the people were content that the Ship Subsidy bill should die. The issue—a very great one—appears to be defunct or destined to lie perdu indefinitely. The Shipping Board fleet now consists of 356 vessels, with a total tonnage of 2,286,000. Whether Congress will continue for long to appropriate for its Government operation at a loss, and—far more important—whether it will provide for new tonnage for replacement and expansion, is highly dubitative. One wonders how far its name prejudiced the fate of the bill. To the olfactories of the general, 'subsidy' smacks vaguely of turpitude, of foreign commitments.

The only striking episode of the twelvemonth in the war between Capital and Labor, namely, the anthracite controversy, ended nominally in a compromise; actually, it ended in a substantial victory for the miners. The agreement marks no advance towards a fundamental solution of the coal problem. The report of the Coal Commission is a valuable exposé of the elements of that problem, but its recommendations reflect the distrust of men of the admirable type of the commissioners, of legislation as a cure-all for industrial ills.

The recent activities of the Ku Klux Klan have made a great deal of clutter; but their importance is much overestimated. Some are apt to speak of the Klan as of a sort of Fascismo Americano; but such speakers are not 100 per cent Americans. 'T' is an indigenous product, and smacks of our soil. Its high fantasticality casts into the shade whatever Europe or China can show in that kind, not omitting the feats of such darlings of Momus as d'Annunzio and Mussolini. But its lease of life is short. It is too obnoxious to laughter. It is great pity it should not be at once 'sped' and immortalized by some satiric genius.

The conference of many weeks in Mexico City, between commissioners representing the United States and Mexico resulted in a satisfactory understanding as to the rights of American investors in Mexico and as to a machinery for adjustment of claims; and resumption of normal diplomatic relations followed at once.

On August 6 a new treaty of amity and commerce with Turkey was signed, to replace a treaty rendered obsolete by recent developments. The foreign policy of Secretary Hughes, thitherto so uniformly successful, struck its first snag in the Turk. Prior to the Lausanne Conference Mr. Hughes announced that our 'observers' at that conference would be empowered to 'indicate' our Government's position respecting seven 'subjects of particular American concern.' Our observers 'indicated' with considerable energy, but in vain. Ismet Pasha fought for recognition of complete Turkish independence and sovereignty and won it from the Allies and the United States in separate treaties. The capitulations were abolished, the minor remnants of the minorities were left to the tender mercies of the Turks, and the economic was assimilated to the new political status. American educational, religious, and charitable institutions may remain in Turkey, but shorn of many privileges and immunities. To prove that we were not completely discomfited, it may be pointed out that Mr. Grew secured the validation of the so-called Chester Concessions to the prejudice of rival British and French claims, but that partial victory was not over the Turks; and, indeed, in view of the general nature of things in the Near East, and more particularly in view of the strong probability of renewal of the ancient relations between Great Britain and Turkey, it remains to see whether the

Chester concessionaires have landed a bonanza or a white elephant. The subject, however, leaves this writer cold.

A resolution embodying President Harding's proposal of adherence of our Government to the protocol establishing the Court of International Justice at The Hague, with reservations ingeniously contrived by Mr. Hughes to keep us clear of League taint, was rejected by the Senate toward the end of the last session; but the adverse vote may have indicated nothing more than an unwillingness to decide upon so grand a matter without full discussion. Perhaps the late President's most cherished hope was to win approval of that proposal at the next session.

An adequate review of the American year should take account of marked increases in the murder (including murder by automobiles) rate, the suicide rate, and the divorce rate, and a marked decrease in the marriage rate. On the other hand, the Great Commoner has pursued with undiminished vigor his crusade against Darwinism and all its works; censorship, official and unofficial, has flourished like the green bay-tree; and a great anti-tobacco drive impends. 'T is still a naughty world; but if it is not to be made safe for intolerance, obscurantism, Mrs. Grundy, and the millennium, it will not be for lack of noble American effort.

II

The general elections in Britain on November 15, 1922, gave the Conservatives a working majority in the new Parliament. But more striking than the Conservative success was the showing of the Labor Party, which won more seats than the National (Lloyd George) and the Independent (Asquith) Liberals combined, thus becoming (O ye shades of Walpole and

Chatham!), with its capital-levy plank, His Majesty's Opposition. The Labor Party contains many men of ability and common sense, but it also includes a considerable number of those pestiferous doctrinaires who rejoice in the name of 'intellectuals,' and more than a sprinkling of downright rowdies. By their behavior the gentlemen of the last-named category have considerably prejudiced their party's hopes of an early succession to the Government.

In May, Bonar Law was constrained by ill health to resign the office of Prime Minister and was succeeded by Stanley Baldwin, a man of like kidney — well informed, honest, and cool.

The grand necessity of Britain is the revival of foreign trade. The chief problems confronting the Law and Baldwin Governments have been (all except the last three still are): in the domestic field, unemployment, housing, agriculture; in the foreign field, the German business, the Turkish settlement, the difficulty with Russia, the debt to America.

The change of the official British attitude on the German Reparations question, since the London ultimatum of May 1921, is almost antipodal, yet easily explained. It sprang from the idea that the economic recovery of Germany is to Britain the most immediately desirable thing in the world, as being essential to the economic recovery of Europe as a whole and hence to restoration of the pre-war British markets in Europe (especially the German market); a thing so desirable, indeed, as to justify immense British sacrifices and, quite of course, even greater French sacrifices, on its behalf. How great the sacrifices Britain would make and was content that France should make, appeared in Bonar Law's settlement proposal submitted at the conference of Allied premiers in January. There is no

doubt whatever that Germany, disburdened to the extent contemplated in that proposal, could easily, with a minimum of good management and without the necessity of a capital levy, restore her finances and fisc and make a rapid recovery. France, to be sure, might be ruined; but let that pass.

But a tremendous offsetting consideration could not fail to present itself. For, suppose Bonar Law's proposal to take effect. The German national debt would then be only \$12,500,000,000, as against the British debt of about \$31,000,000,000. This \$12,500,000,000 is precisely the Reparations total, for the internal debt has been wiped out by inflation — the debts of the component States of the Reich and the debts of the great industrial chiefs and landowners have been extinguished in like manner. Moreover, as an incident of the German policy of mendacity and evasion, immense extensions, repairs, and improvements have, since the Armistice, been made to the industrial plant; so that the German capacity of production is, in the opinion of competent authorities, far greater to-day than it was before the war, far greater than Britain's. What then of the prospect of British world trade in competition with a Germany whose per capita debt should be only two fifths that of Britain, with an industrial plant more extensive and far more efficient, and with no armament burden?

By what fantastic argument this offsetting consideration was quashed, will appear later. The official attitude of the British Government on German Reparations is still represented by the Bonar Law proposal. But that the offsetting consideration is dismally present to Mr. Baldwin's imagination, is sufficiently apparent. The other day, in an address to the premiers of the Empire assembled in London, fore-

casting permanent loss of a large part of the pre-war European markets for British products, owing to the extraordinary increase since the War of 'the European capacity of production' (he was thinking chiefly of Germany), he urged the premiers to concert a programme looking to the economic self-sufficiency of the Empire. Later, addressing a convention of his party, he descanted mournfully on the danger of heavy dumping on the British market, on the export advantages so iniquitously furnished by depreciated currencies, on the barriers to British trade presented by foreign tariff walls, on unemployment; and concluded that 'the only way to deal with the question of unemployment is by protecting the home market.' Were those premonitory blasts, heralding a resolved policy of high protection and imperial preference? O shade of Cobden! A terrific struggle within the realm seems surely to impend. 'T is a situation that calls for supreme economic wisdom. Stanley Baldwin has proceeded Amphiaräus. Will he proceed Hamilton?

Two nuances of the British attitude toward France require notice. It is to demand too much of British magnanimity to expect the British to regard with complete complacency the extraordinary aggrandizement of French influence on the Continent or — lend me your ears! — the prospect (almost amounting to certainty) of an ultimate alliance between Lorraine iron and Ruhr coal.

As for the Entente, it survives gaspingly, despite Curzonish infelicities.

At Lausanne, the awful mess in the Near East created by the rivalries, perfidies, rapacity, and stupidities of the French, British, and Italians, had to be 'liquidated,' and it seems to me that British interests were competently handled; at the first conference, by Lord Curzon, at the second, by Sir

Horace Rumbold. To be sure, it was found necessary to sacrifice the holders of the Ottoman debt, but most of these are Frenchmen; and the betrayal of the Anatolian minorities — one of the most unjust and dishonoring facts of history — had to be consummated. But in politics as in gallantry, it is best to leave honor out of the question. The Straits settlement — after all, the main thing — is fairly satisfactory to everybody except the Russians. The Mosul question was left to negotiation; should nothing come of that, it is to be referred to the League of Nations. It is suspected that the British, with their flair for Oriental psychology, laid a substantial foundation for renewal of the old-time cordial relations with the Turk.

On December 5, 1922, the Irish Free State acquired full legal status as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. In September it was admitted to membership in the League of Nations, the British delegates at Geneva, quite characteristically, leading the cheers. The friends of the Free State are a little apprehensive lest it come a cropper in the stony field of finance; but otherwise the outlook is bright. The Republicans gave over their guerrilla warfare in May, and that able and delightful person, Governor-General Timothy Healy, assures us that Ireland is now as tranquil as Britain. May she ever remain so!

In India the experiment of the Diarchy proceeds obscurely. The British Raj seems more secure than it did a year ago. The ill-assorted union of Hindus and Mohammedans in resistance to the British rule cannot maintain itself; it is smothered in the resurgence of the ancient religious antagonisms. In consequence of recent developments in Turkey the Mohammedan leaders of India have lost a grievance — propagandishly effective,

however factitious and false — against the British.

The Kenya (African colony) problem affords a pretty test-case for the racial policy of the British Empire, and has provoked a ferocious logomachy in the British journals.

In December 1922, the British war debt to the United States, with arrears of interest to date, was \$4,600,000,000. It is estimated that the present value of that debt under the funding arrangements is \$3,500,000,000; whence it is apparent that we did not act perfect Shylock in that affair.

To return for a moment to the British foreign trade. It is only 70 per cent of the pre-war trade. The number of registered unemployed is above 1,300,000; no great improvement since a year ago. Under present conditions Britain is overpopulated by ten million souls and the annual increase of births over deaths is 300,000. The Imperial Conference of Premiers and the associated Imperial Economic Conference, just ended, devoted much attention to the question of emigration from Britain to the daughter commonwealths. Something may be done that way, but not much, toward relieving the dreadful condition of supersaturation of population. And now comes insulin to join the war against the Malthusian dispensation. I leave the subject to Dean Inge, whose gloom I share.

III

The mass of literature on the German Reparations question equals that on the Tenth Horn of the Beast, and most of it is just about as valuable as the latter. It is a subject to addle any but the strongest wits. The best discussion thereof known to me is M. Poincaré's letter of reply to Lord Curzon's excessively Curzonish note of August 11, which letter is a lucid, candid, thorough

and accurate exposition and review — indeed, one of the greatest of state papers; the next best is the remarkable article by 'Alpha' in the September *Foreign Affairs*. To those documents the reader is referred for what is denied him here. The following observations merely touch the fringe of the subject.

In December 1922, the Germans defaulted in fuel deliveries, and the Reparations Commission announced the default. Declaring themselves helpless to pay further, the Germans demanded a four years' moratorium, an international loan, and reduction of the Reparations total.

The premiers of Great Britain, France, and Belgium, and a representative of Premier Mussolini, met in London early in January 1923, to discuss the crisis. Bonar Law made his famous proposal. In chief, it called for reduction of the German Reparations debt to 12½ billion dollars, a four years' moratorium, and a mild supervision of the German fisc. It obviously contemplated great Allied sacrifices all around, but would partly compensate those of the continental Allies by writing off their debts to Britain (about seven billion dollars). By its operation the German debt would be \$265 per capita, the French \$575, the British \$700. On a comparison of the average French and British incomes, the French debt burden under this arrangement is seen to be heavier than the British. It is, at least at first blush, perhaps the most astonishing proposal ever made.

Poincaré, the Belgian Premier, and the Italian representative, while content to accept the British offer to remit the debts of their Governments to Britain, — though recognizing that no generosity to those Governments was implied in it, — insisted that Germany pay, in addition to 12½ billions, the total in which their Governments were indebted to the United States — ap-

proximately 6½ billions. Further, placing no faith in German promises, — wherein the British professed a touching provisional faith, — Poincaré insisted on his programme of 'productive guaranties' (the Ruhr policy) and, instead of Bonar Law's almost complete moratorium for four years, he proposed a complete cash moratorium for two years only and would require considerable deliveries in kind during that period. Under Poincaré's proposal the German debt would be \$390 per capita, the French \$480, the British \$700. The figures given lie a little, like all statistics, or rather, tell only part of the truth; but after an exhaustive study of the problem, after duly noting the significance of sundry 'values' such as the bearing of the extinguished German internal debt on the taxable resources of the Reich, I am convinced that Poincaré's proposal contemplates the fairest distribution of debts yet suggested. It takes just account both of the German capacity to pay and of the capacity of the Allies to forgo payment. Bonar Law would not hear to it, and left the conference. The economic War of the Ruhr followed; but the great double issue between Britain and France — on the size of the Reparations total and on methods of collection — remains unaltered, except that Poincaré holds his 'productive guaranties.'

But why, it may be asked, why, in heaven's name, should Britain propose conditions so easy for Germany at the expense of herself and France? The answer is strange. The British attitude appears to be inspired by a bogey raised by the Manchester School and the Cambridge economic wits, — heaven save the mark! — who argue as follows. They point to the menace to British trade from the recognized considerable increase of the productive capacity of Germany since the war, and say that a Reparations burden only increases that

menace, already sufficiently hideous, by calling forth an extra productive effort to rid said burden. The greater the Reparations total, the greater the menace. 'Don't stir those fellows up,' they say, 'and perhaps they'll take things easy and give us a chance; but once get 'em into the habit of high-speed production, as would happen should we impose a big Reparations debt, and we're done for.' From this point of view, the logical course would be — following a hint of Bismarck's — not to discuss the German Reparations debt at all, but to ascertain the amount of tribute which would induce Germany to refrain from pushing her economic advantage. No doubt it was in a spirit of complaisance that the Germans made their May and June proposals contemplating a Reparations total of only \$7,500,000,000.

Well, the French and Belgians went into the Ruhr; and now, after nine months of so-called 'passive resistance,' the Germans have surrendered, at least nominally. It remains to ascertain the fruits of victory. The 'productive guaranties' have not in fact proved productive, but Poincaré has often declared that he did not expect them so to prove prior to cessation of passive resistance. His prime object, worth the nine months' effort, was to induce in the industrial magnates a will to pay, to place their expatriated wealth at the service of the Government, to put the Government on a paying basis, to co-operate to their limit in a policy of fulfillment.

Poincaré may or may not have induced that will; 't is highly dubitative. Coöperation so procured may well be thought precarious. But suppose the will, and that the industrial magnates possess expatriated resources to the extent claimed by Poincaré; alas! the way may now be found fatally obstructed. For there is confusion worse

confounded in the Reich, and no man knoweth the end thereof. The old mark is beneath the tribute of a sneer. The farmers will not accept it, and hoard their produce for fear of confiscation. There is grave doubt lest the new financial measures may be too late to prevent immediate chaos. Hunger is abroad, mother of Revolution. Not that there is insufficient food in the country, but that conditions — chiefly the dislocation of finance — prevent its proper distribution. Separatist movements are afoot in the Rhineland and in the Palatinate. The loyalty of the Reichswehr is suspect; the Bavarian contingent is in open mutiny. Bavaria preposterously obstructs and threatens; there's no telling what may develop from that quarter. In Pomerania and Mecklenburg the Monarchists are busked and ready; in Red Saxony, Red Thuringia, and elsewhere, the Communists ditto. Utter disruption of the Reich is a possibility, or a successful Monarchist putsch at last. Or this, or that. Should the worst happen, — and the very worst is possible, — it would be the logical outcome of a policy of rapacity, mendacity, and repudiation, conceived by the industrial chiefs and accepted by or imposed on successive Governments.

Disruption would mean a quite new face of the Reparations question. It might mean reduction to a negligible sum of the Reparations collectible. But, you say, it would at least provide security for France. Ah! but that would be casting out one devil only to replace him by others more diabolic. One could not face with equanimity the prospect of developments in a France crushed with a debt of 30 billion dollars and with no hope of Reparations.

Suppose the German Republic to have weathered the crisis intact, there would remain for solution the questions of the Reparations total and the

methods of its collection. Can a satisfactory compromise between the conflicting attitudes of Britain and France be achieved? It is doubtful. The extreme difficulty thereof is referable to the bizarre characteristics of the industrial age. Any probable settlement must presuppose a substantial advantage to Germany over the victors in arms. A cosmic joke!

Of all peoples the British and French are the most richly endowed with humor. It were well to invoke the comic spirit on behalf of a settlement which, though satisfactory to neither people, should leave them friends.

IV

The following brief sketch of a fascinating development presupposes in the reader familiarity with the fantastic background.

When, on the night of September 12-13, Primo de Rivera, Marquis de Estella, Captain General of Catalonia, proclaimed martial law throughout Spain, demanded the resignation of the Cabinet, and announced a military directorate, there was no opposition whatever. The King accepted the situation with aplomb and perhaps with satisfaction. A directorate, consisting of nine generals — representing the nine military 'regions' — and the Admiral of the Navy, now governs Spain by decree, as in the days following the Restoration of 1874. The provincial administrations have been abolished and in place of them a committee has been set up for each of the nine regions, consisting of a general of artillery, a general of infantry, and one of cavalry. The Cortes have been dissolved and the constitutional guarantees have been suspended. The political stables have been cleaned.

All very pretty, and most of it very desirable, if the genius of Primo de

Rivera for construction is equal to his genius for destruction. His programme includes deracination of Communism and Separatism; retrenchment, honesty and efficiency in administration; a victorious conclusion to the war in Morocco; and trial of the civilians held by the military to be largely responsible for the Moroccan disasters.

The President of the Directorate promises to restore civil administration, guaranteed pure, as soon as practicable. But the day of restoration is far ahead, if it must await complete realization of the above programme. All else apart, Abdul Krim, the Rif chieftain, a well-educated, able, and resolute man, well versed in up-to-date military science, including the use of artillery and poison gas, is likely to obstruct the plans for Moroccan victory.

But suppose Abdul Krim brought to his knees, the rebellion, in the elegant modern expression, 'liquidated' — what next? Primo de Rivera has not made clear his intentions as to Morocco. Perhaps his ideas lack clarification, and he is waiting on events and the disclosure of popular sentiment. Would he retain and consolidate the conquest or, as he proposed some two years ago, chuck the Moroccan adventure, retaining only the coast with a very limited hinterland?

The quidnuncs all advise the latter. But is it quite, quite certain the quidnuncs have the right of it? If the Marquis is a man of genius, he might well make of the Spanish Zone a real extension of Spain. The population of Spain, whose area is about that of Germany, is only about twenty millions, and this though the Spanish are exceptionally prolific. The explanation is that emigration, mostly to South America, and a high death-rate, offset the high birth-rate, so that the total of population remains stationary. With proper administration, including in

particular obvious agrarian measures, Spain could be made to support in comfort twice her present population, and for decades ahead the surplus could be established in Morocco.

It is true that there has been terrible political mismanagement in Spain for centuries past, but that does not absolutely prove Spanish political incapacity. It may merely indicate the lack, due to a variety of causes, of good political traditions. It may be that we shall see a Spanish renaissance.

No doubt the leitmotif of the revolution was a military grievance. No doubt the other alleged objects thereof were regarded as subsidiary to the satisfaction of this grievance. But it is permitted to hope — though perhaps against hope — that in due time one may be able to tell how the Marquis de Estella rose to the height of a magnificent opportunity; how he solved the Moroccan problem with the genius of a Lyautey, making wise arrangements looking to the conciliation of the Rif tribesmen, who are probably close akin to the original Spanish stock; how he gave the coup de grâce to el caciquismo; how he purified and restored the civil administration, breathing life into dead constitutional forms; how, daring greatly, he thoroughly reformed the army, with drastic purgations; how, content that Spain should remain predominantly agricultural, he set afoot a great agrarian programme; how he sent the alien agitators flying from Catalonia and conciliated the Catalans and Basques by amending the constitution in the direction of larger provincial autonomy; how he balanced the budget and corrected the incidence of taxation; and much else needed in old Spain.

Even so, old Spain, reformed conformably to her genius, would remain aloof from new Europe and the United States. But she might again become the lodestar of her daughters of New

Spain; pan-Hispanism — nonpolitical — might become a force in the world. Though Don Joaquin Costa lock the tomb of the Cid with seven keys, the spirit of the Cid will abroad.

V

On October 31, one year from the day when Mussolini took office as Premier and the Fascist revolution was consummated, there were tremendous celebrations all over Italy. In the Sacred City the Roman Triumph, new style, of the previous year was repeated, and, as the Blackshirts tramped past the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, five hundred aircraft in ordered evolutions intercepted the view from Olympus. The most interesting feature of the celebration was the committal, by ardent patriots, to a bonfire on the Capitoline Hill, of Government promises to pay. It would be interesting to know how much of that precious food the flames licked up. 'T is pity the citizens of France should not similarly sacrifice their twenty-three billion dollars of Government securities. That would be a solution of the Reparations problem for you!

Mussolini has abated no jot of the Dictator. His manner of dealing with Parliament continues Cromwellian, and Parliament submits. Apparently he has evinced something like economic genius. It seems possible that he will show a balanced budget for the year — if so, a marvel! On the data available I incline to the opinion that in its first year of Government control Fascismo has been justified of its works. Yet one cannot rid oneself of a suspicion of results attained by extra-legal methods, of a doubt that such high-tension patriotism can be sustained, and a feeling that relaxation to a mean of humor and common sense might be safer and more beneficent.

Before Mussolini assumed the power, he permitted himself a luxury of Chauvinistic utterance comparable to d'Annunzio's. 'The Mediterranean must be an Italian lake; the Italian cantons of Switzerland must be redeemed:' that sort of thing. But, installed in office, he toned down. His policy was to be one of 'dignity and expansion within the limits of our possibilities, and of equilibrium.' He was for 'the greatest possible accord with Yugoslavia.' To be sure, at his meeting with Curzon and Poincaré before the first Lausanne Conference, he began by ruffling his plumes. 'Italy shall no longer be Britain's chambermaid,' and such-like Voltairean gems, fell from his lips. But in the presence of Lord Curzon's marmoreal dignity he soon lost his conceit of himself, his wings drooped, and he instructed his delegates at the Lausanne Conference to line up with the British.

That was in November 1922, and it was not until August of this year that Mussolini gave himself a loose. I must omit the details, however edifying. In the course of his rampaging, the hero nearly involved his country in war with Yugoslavia over Fiume, which must have caused a Balkan conflagration; he nearly involved his country in war with Greece, which must have involved ditto; he insolently challenged the indubitable competency of the League Council to deal with the Greco-Italian dispute referred to it by Greece; and he gave a shrewd jolt to the Entente.

So much harm can be done by a parvenu, swollen with conceit and unversed in the courtesies essential to international relations. In the event, Mussolini climbed down on the Greek matter with a flea in his ear, and this flea suggested that he go slow in the Fiume matter. At any rate, he withdrew his ultimatum to Belgrade and consented to resumption of negotia-

tions on a fresh basis. It should, however, be remarked that Fiume is a continuing danger spot, that there may be a blow-up any moment over Fiume. Opinions are 'at diameter and sword's-point' over the question whether the League of Nations gained or lost in prestige in consequence of the Council's manner of dealing with the challenge to its competency. In my opinion, it gained, thanks chiefly to Lord Cecil, who averted war, sufficiently vindicated League authority, and, with the tact of a great gentleman (in such contrast with Mussolini's behavior), allowed Mussolini to 'save face'—a matter so important to Romantics and Celestials. Mussolini furnished out the most interesting episode of the year, but proved a very sorry Orlando Furioso.

VI

The Bulgarian coup of June 9 was a little gem of a coup. Briefly, it resulted in the overthrow of the Agrarian Government, the death—while attempting to escape after capture—of Premier Stamboulisky, the dissolution of Parliament with its overwhelming Agrarian majority, and the restoration to power of the bourgeois parties, which include the survivors of those gentlemen who, in 1915, against the will of the majority of the Bulgarian nation, caused the adhesion of Bulgaria to the Central Powers. The coup was executed by the army and the reserve officers, and the new Government definitely rests on military support. Thus ends that interesting experiment of a Farmers' Government, and thus vanishes into air, into thin air, that by no means fantastic project so dearly cherished by Stamboulisky, of a Serbo-Bulgarian Federation which should control Balkan politics.

Partial as one could not fail to be to that experiment of a Farmers' Govern-

ment in a country over 80 per cent of whose men are farmers, one has to admit that the revolution was justified by Stamboulisky's internal policy. That policy could have been forgiven for addressing itself solely to the interests or supposed interests of the farmers; but it was, in addition, oppressive, confiscatory and vindictive toward the bourgeois. Stamboulisky had many magnificent qualities, but he lacked magnanimity. He could not forgive his three years' incarceration for his bold denunciation of Bulgaria's adhesion to Germany, and, released, took it out on the bourgeois; and they in turn took it out on him.

In his foreign policy Stamboulisky showed himself great. That policy was pacific and conciliatory and one of honest effort to fulfill the Treaty of Neuilly. It had one great reward in the reduction of the Bulgarian Reparations debt from \$450,000,000 to \$110,000,000. It failed, however, to secure from the Allies fulfillment of their promise to provide Bulgaria with a satisfactory economic outlet to the *Ægean*, Allied action in this matter having been stupid, pusillanimous and faithless.

It is too soon for an appraisal of the new Government. It has had to deal with a Communist revolution—a desperate bid ordered intempestively by Moscow in the hope of exploiting to the furtherance of the gospel of Lenin the peasants' fresh resentment on account of the affair of June. A good many peasants did join the Red standards, but the movement was badly coördinated and was rather easily suppressed. Information is lacking as to whether the Government is showing toward the Agrarians that clemency which alone can assure it length of life. The peasantry have acquired political consciousness, and, though the Agrarian leaders have not yet shown themselves

qualified to wield the power, they have doubtless learned much. By no means all the farmers belong to the Agrarian Party; but a misuse of their power by the bourgeois should mean the swelling of the Agrarians' ranks to irresistible strength.

Professor Zankoff declares that his Government is free of Chauvinism, Imperialism, pro-Germanism and other obnoxious isms, and that its foreign policies differ no whit from those of Stamboulisky. That may be true as regards the Allies, but Stamboulisky's policy of rapprochement with Serbia is defunct and along with it a plan for settlement of the very important Macedonian question on the federative principle.

It is proper that we give our eyes and ears to Bulgaria; for you have there, so to speak, the very Balkanization of the Balkan question. Somewhere in the Balkan range Atys hath her cave.

VII

The chief losers by the new face of things in Turkey, next to the Greeks, are the French. The French cease to be the predominant foreign influence in Turkey. Not that the French deserve worse than the British; merely, they fare worse. The abandonment by the French of their Armenian protégés in Cilicia, and even the French separate pact with Angora, were not more flagrant instances of faithless dealing, than was the manner in which the British Government egged on the Greeks against the Turks, or at any rate allowed them to entertain false hopes of British help, and then callously left them in the lurch. It might, however, plausibly be urged that the British in a way redeemed themselves by their bold stand at the Straits after the Smyrna massacre. At any rate, one British reputation stands out refulgent

from the murk and smells sweet amid the intolerable Near East stench — that of General Sir Charles Harington.

The French bid for the primacy in the Near and Middle East failed. Yet it should be some salve to French self-love that the langue d'oil gets a new lease of life as the language of diplomacy. O Oil, Oil! destined to embroil the earth.

Turkey is now a Republic with Mustapha Kemal as the first President. The courteous Turk (a Caucasian brother, for the Mongoloid strain is bred out) would fain soothe our feelings, ruffled by our diplomatic defeat at his hands, by pointing out the many ways in which he has done us the honor of imitation: citing the National Pact, the War of Independence, the programme of Turkification, the high tariffs, the C.U.P. (as like the K.K.K. as pea to pea), the Howling Dervishes . . . No more, sweet chuck!

VIII

So Tsao Kun, Super-Tuchun of Chi-li, Ho-nan, and Shan-tung, has reached the goal of his ambition; the Chinese Parliament (bribed, says Lady Rumor — for once probably correct) has elected him President of China. In a country immemorially governed by literati, he is illiterate. He has never shown any capacity except for Celestial intrigue and 'squeeze'; not even military capacity, for the fighting required to clear his path was done by Wu Pei-fu.

We may only hope that he will falsify a very unsavory reputation. For all that he is President, he is a far less important person than Wu Pei-fu. What, then, one wonders, doth Wu Pei-fu, super-Tuchun of Hu-nan and Hu-peh, able soldier, gentleman and literatus, intend? There is something very curious about his silence and ap-

parent inactivity all these months. He was, and probably still is, the cynosure of the best elements of changing China. Peradventure he lieth low, ready to intervene at the psychological moment.

There has been some increase of piracy and banditry in China during the past year, the chef-d'œuvre of the latter being the famous Linching affair. But we, too, have our lynching affairs, and our Klan, our hold-ups, our Arkansas and other outrages, our unexampled murder rate; in a comparison of behavior, China would come off the better.

It might be remarked, too, that the attitude of the Chinese toward banditry goes to the credit of their honesty and philosophy. The profession of common or garden banditry is not discredited in China. Why should it be? say the Chinese; for most of the other professions and occupations are merely allotropic forms thereof.

It were foolish, of course, seriously to contend that the future Ssu-ma Ch'ien will dwell lovingly on Chinese performances of the past year; but the following weighty thing is to be said by way of palliation: China is in the throes of an evolution as tremendous as any in the history of mankind. Such is the stability — social, economic, political — of the ancient fabric, that the process must needs be slow. Should the process be carried to the point of thorough Westernization and industrialization, the result would be disastrous not only to China but to the whole human race; should it be limited to absorption of certain desirable elements of Western science and thought, the result might well be a renaissance of the Chinese genius to astonish, delight, and benefit the world. O ye memories of Ch'ang-an, City of the Soul, Nest of the Lyric Bird!

IX

In the above, a selection was made of what seemed to the writer most important. A larger article would discourse of many other things, some scarcely less important, as:—

Of France and her Empire: how her foreign trade prospers; how the Sahara has been crossed by automobile and a trans-Saharan railroad is planned, besides other great colonial projects not feasible unless the Germans pay.

Of Austria: how under League auspices she is making a magical recovery.

Of Greece: of the burden of the Anatolian refugees and how the League has stepped in to help; of her political blunders and perplexities, and the likelihood of a republic.

Of Russia: how at the end of July the A.R.A., a great work of humanity well done, departed; of the crops, and whether there is a surplus to justify the exportations; of the logomachy between M. Chicherin and Lord Curzon and how the Briton unpen'd his foe, a tale right Curzonish and delectable; of the persecution of the churches, and whether or no the new religion, Communism, is to be blamed for adopting the militant methods of its predecessors; and of the new Constitution of the Union of Soviet Republics, which under verbal camouflage leaves the old blood-stained gang in control.

Of Egypt and its new democratic constitution.

Of how Self-Determination, Heavenly Maid, won a famous victory in Memelland.

Of the Baltic States: how nicely they are doing, balancing their budgets and maintaining stable currencies.

Of Japan: the earthquake, Mal-

thusian Nature, and what reason the Japanese, with a debt of only two billion dollars, have to congratulate themselves on the excellent past management of their finances.

Of the Fourth Assembly of the League of Nations and how Orlando Furioso Mussolini played havoc with the agenda.

Of aviation, and that the imagination must bestir itself to keep pace with its developments; nor should one forget that the future of war is in the air.

Of archæological activities: Tutankh-Amen and whether or no Lord Carnarvon was done to death by the outraged divinities of the Nile; the tablets of Nippur; Napata and Meroë, much new light on ancient Ethiopia; the boudoir of a Carthaginian lady, and how like Gwendolyn Smith is to Dido.

Of anthropology: the old boy of St.-Ouen, and the Patagonian chap with his Tertiary patina.

Of what a dreadful toll death has taken this year: President Harding, Steinmetz; Bonar Law, Frederic Harrison, Maurice Hewlett, Lord Morley; Ribot, de Freycinet, Delcassé, Pierre Loti, Sarah Bernhardt; Admiral Baron Kato, and Marquis Matsukata, last but one of the Genro.

Of how the Age of Mammals draws to a close; for Cynthia must have her fur coat and tippet — positively must, you know.

'T is the age of coups, ultimatums, and dictators, of oil and huggermugger finance, of vers libre and syncopated music, of mendacity and her allotropes: propaganda and publicity. 'T is 'a scrambling and unquiet time.' Some do say another Ice Age is toward; 't were well.

FASCISMO: REFORM OR REACTION

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ITALIAN SYNDICALISM

BY JAMES MURPHY

I

ONE of the most striking features of public life in Italy is the prevalence of syndicalism as an adjunct to politics. We have here a condition of affairs which does not exist elsewhere; for there is no other country wherein each political party in the national representative assembly looks for its mandate, wholly or partly, to a specially organized following among the working classes. This fact is of fundamental importance in any serious study of current affairs in Italy; for it underlies the whole trend of the Fascist movement and looks to-day as if it must inevitably become the controlling factor in the future policy of the Fascist Government.

All these followings, with the exception of those under the Fascists, used to be explicitly revolutionary in character and purpose. The revolution was to be effected by means of a concerted national strike and the simultaneous expropriation of farms and factories. Pending the advent of this extra-parliamentary coup-d'état, Italian labor leaders discountenanced the policy of a progressive series of remedial measures for the social and economic betterment of the working classes. Italian labor leaders did not seriously pretend to champion the workman's cause within the established political order. They gave him a

tessera, which was in effect a promissory note entitling him to a share in the revolutionary millennium which was to be delivered at a future date.

The holder considered that the note fell due in 1920. The opportune moment for the revolution had arrived. The diplomatic defeat inflicted on the Italians at the Peace Conference had completely undermined public confidence in the traditional ruling classes. Strikes were a matter of daily occurrence, not for the purpose of securing increased wages or better working-conditions, but merely on the slightest pretext that could be found, such as the appearance of a military uniform in a railway carriage, or the forwarding of a consignment of ammunition from a factory. Bands of farm laborers seized the lands on which they worked. Tenants refused to recognize the right of a proprietor to his rent. Postal services became thoroughly disorganized. Passengers' goods were openly confiscated in transit. In some centres of northern and central Italy Socialist coöperative stores monopolized the right of distribution. A labor coupon was often indispensable for the purchase of the necessities of life.

This was revolution in a guerrilla form. Obviously it could not effect the general purpose dreamed of by the leaders. As a matter of fact, it was

largely not due to their immediate inspiration or initiative. Demobilization, the sudden unleashing of the bonds of discipline under which the masses had been held during the war, dislocation of labor as a result of the withdrawal of government orders from factories, the topsy-turvy intermingling of new classes that had not yet found their respective social *cadres*, the insolence of war wealth, the callous abandonment of ex-service men on the part of an ineffably futile Government, repudiation of pledges, the sting of the diplomatic defeat suffered at Versailles, war sorrows and deprivations on the part of those who had given the country of their best — the accumulation of all these bitter experiences raised a spirit of revolt that spread like wildfire among the masses. Everybody felt the necessity of protesting against something or somebody. Even the most patriotic of those who had fought and suffered in the war could not at times withstand the temptation of asking themselves whether it had been worth while or whether, after all, the Socialists might not have been wiser in their generation than those who had counseled intervention in 1915.

According to the Maximalist element of the Socialists, the revolutionary dawn had arrived. It needed only the word of command for a decisive attack to overthrow the whole bourgeois state. By the opening of September some factories in Piedmont had already been invaded. It was the signal for the general advance. The Maximalist element prevailed in the Socialist councils. The strike was proclaimed, and during the first weeks of September the bulk of the metallurgical factories were occupied.

The grand offensive ended in complete disaster. The experiment of factory control on the part of employees lasted scarcely a month. Technical

heads of departments and skilled foremen left the works. The machine hands and manual laborers had had no technical training or administrative experience. They knew nothing of the ways and means whereby raw materials could be provided. They had no organization for the commercial disposal of whatever goods they might manufacture. Though internal councils of control were established, in accordance with plans that had been matured on paper decades ago, this did not solve the strike trouble. In one of the principal Roman factories, for instance, the manual workers demanded an increase of wages. This being refused, they sent a two hours' ultimatum to the Factory Council and proclaimed a strike. The net result of the grandiose experiment throughout the country was that, after the experience of a month, the white flag floated above the factories and the old régime was reinstated.

The psychological effect on the masses was tremendous. It broke their faith in the Maximalist theory of class warfare and in the effectiveness of labor organizations based on that theory. Moreover, the failure of the factory invasion stultified the whole Socialist position; for it proved that, even if the revolution were to be accomplished, labor would still need expert management of capital and technical guidance, not only in the actual industry but also in commerce, before it could operate the patrimony of the capitalist. It was this general conviction that took the heart out of the Socialist domination of the working classes. The old order had broken down and the way was open for a new system of industrial organization.

II

It is important to bear this chronological order of events in mind for the

purpose of understanding the Fascist syndicalist movement which followed in the wake of the Socialist débâcle. But in order to discover its deeper sources, we must, in the first place, ask why it was that syndicalism of a revolutionary type had become so prevalent in Italy.

The answer will be found in the fact that the arrival of Italy among the modern industrial and commercial nations of Europe had been delayed for generations. Thirty years ago the Italian workman was still, morally and materially, the bound vassal of his employer. Neither on the one side nor on the other was there a consciousness of the dignity of labor as a social function, or of the more material idea of labor as free merchandise in the open market. Only with the advancement of the industrial revival, which set in thirty years ago, did Italian labor begin to be dimly conscious of its value as a national asset. It formed the overwhelming bulk of the population, with no solid middle class to stand between it and the ruling caste. On the part of the latter there was no serious attempt at democratic administration. The ruling caste, whose political organ was the Liberal Party, surrounded itself with a massed array of bureaucratic servitors; and thus in the minds of the working classes the whole paraphernalia of government became invested with the padronal idea.

If the government of the country had been in the hands of the aristocracy, so that some traditional bond would have existed between it and the laboring classes, the attitude of the latter might have been different. But only a small fraction of the old aristocracy had actively interested itself in the *risorgimento*, or in the subsequent national government. The political coterie that had championed the cause of the House

of Savoy maintained itself in power by dint of interminable bargaining for the patronage of the *grande bourgeoisie*, — a rather meagre element in Italy, — and by paying a philanderer's court to the *petite bourgeoisie*. The latter, being ex officio of a servile temperament, was content to fetch and carry for its patrons, in return for the bestowal of a cavalier's cross or the appointment of a son or relative to some minor official position.

In such circumstances it was inevitable that non-Liberal political parties should turn to the proletariat for support and that those who organized labor under pressure of the industrial revival should have placed the wholesale scrapping of the bureaucracy in the forefront of their policy. It is well to note, in addition, that the present position of the Savoy monarchy is the result of a compromise between Garibaldian revolutionaries and Piedmontese politicians. The compromise quickened rather than quelled the revolutionary spirit that had been enkindled in the heart of the proletariat by the appeal of Garibaldian and Mazzinian ideals. Therefore their revolutionary policy gave the Socialist labor organizers the political kudos of having inherited the Garibaldian tradition. This was exploited to its utmost — so much so that no other political party operating in the same sphere could have avoided being drawn into the revolutionary vortex of the Socialist organizers. This is the explanation of how it came to be that the Popular Party, though confessedly Catholic, found itself, by force of circumstances, in the Socialist train.

The pith of the Socialist labor policy was the deferment of remedial measures pending the revolution. The political question must be solved before the economic question could be taken in hand. That was the strategic key of the

whole position. If by any unforeseen combination of circumstances the economic question were solved through other means, and exploitation of the economic inferiority of their *protégés* were thus rendered impossible, the Socialists faced inevitable defeat.

The war brought the solution of the economic problem in its train. The strength of the middle classes dwindled under the economic burden; that of the proletariat increased. The result was that an upward exodus took place in the case of the latter, to meet the downward exodus of the former; and thus a new democracy was created. In Italy that democracy has a conservative trend, for the following reason.

Over two thirds of the Italian people live by agriculture. Female labor on the land is an invariable tradition of the countryside. Therefore conscription did not rob the agrarian districts of manual labor to the same serious degree as in other countries. The high cost of living, which was keenly felt by the bourgeoisie, redounded to the enrichment of the peasantry. Labor was at a high premium, owing to the increased national demand for food-supplies and the crisis precipitated by the submarine blockade. High wages and exemption from military service were the rule in the industrial centres.

Now, the Italian workman, whether in field or factory, is one of the most thrifty individuals in Europe. In the case of the industrial employee the family savings are generally deposited in the bank, sometimes invested in house property or in the purchase of small plots of cultivable land wherever workmen's dwellings are situated on the outskirts of towns and cities. This latter phenomenon is particularly prevalent, owing to the large percentage of small industrial plants established in little country towns and villages. The rural laborer invariably keeps a nest-

egg at the savings bank, with the ultimate idea of securing property in his own right. To this end he is generally assisted by the accumulated savings of his relatives; for you will generally find in the villages and hamlets throughout Italy that the bulk of the inhabitants are interrelated and will club together when economic opportunities or necessities arise.

For landed proprietors on a medium or large scale the war brought a totally different message. Labor, taxes, seeds, machinery, live stock, and so forth made staggering demands on the landlord's purse. Revenue could not keep pace with overhead expenses. Property was becoming a burden. Social unrest and the prospect of war disasters constantly disturbed the landowner's dreams. Therefore it needed no extraordinary amount of persuasion to force him to sell, or to cede the land either on a percentage basis of profits or on lease.

The Socialist revolution was obviously being forestalled by the advancement of the solution of the economic problem. The peasant generally becomes conservative when he finds himself with a vested claim in the land. His political orientation henceforth is not toward a revolution. It tends rather toward a consolidation of the status quo; and for this purpose he becomes directly interested in the political management of affairs. Considering that out of a total of 1,926,861 enrolled in the 'red' syndicates 889,000¹ represented rural labor, and taking this in conjunction with what has been just said of the 'white' syndicates, it is not difficult to see how seriously the transformation of which I have spoken must have affected the strength of the Socialist and semi-Socialist labor policy. That is the fundamental social-economic

¹See the Official Organ, *Battaglie Sindacali*, Sept. 11, 1920.

conomic explanation of the ultimate failure of the strikes of 1919-1920.

III

At this juncture it was that Fascism began to gather strength as a political movement. Hitherto it had been only a sporadic crusade against the Communist vilification of the war and those who had fought in it. The old bourgeoisie, with its stunted political consciousness and its soul knocking against its ribs under the terror of the Socialist revolutionary braggadocio, plucked up courage and ran to the walls on receiving news that the Black Shirts were marching to its aid. The new bourgeoisie, especially the rural section, which had a fairly sound sense of political values, as the result of its apprenticeship in the Socialist school, immediately recognized the possibility of finding through Fascism a political solution of its own problem in accordance with the economic solution which the war had brought about. It was on the shoulders of this combination that the Fascists were borne into power.

Once the reins of government were in its hands, Fascism forthwith turned toward the consolidation of its position by inaugurating an intensive campaign for the reorganization of labor on a national basis. This is the underlying motif of the whole Fascist policy during the past twelve months. But it is hardly noticed by the Roman newspaper correspondents who find their principal copy in the shifting scenes of the political drama.

The Fascists, however, know that their supporters are looking to their bread rather than to their Circenses. Signor Mussolini realizes that his success or failure must ultimately depend upon how far his legislative and administrative policies correspond to the demands of that realistic section of the

nation which seriously interests itself in national production. He has called Bologna 'the strategic key of every situation,' because it is the agricultural capital of the valley of the Po, which is the most productive district in Italy. He knows that the art of political showmanship will butter no parsnips in the valley of the Po; and therefore he has denied himself the facile triumph which he might have had at any time during the past twelve months had he chosen to appeal to the polls. An appeal to the polls in such circumstances would not have resulted in returning to Parliament the type of deputy which the new conditions demand; for probably not even yet has the Fascist labor movement been sufficiently expanded and systematized to warrant a selection of candidates from among its syndical élite. Fascist syndicalism is therefore the kernel of the present political situation.

The movement is of interest even outside of Italy. The working owner, whether in the manual, technical, or administrative sphere, is its central pivot. It is not a labor organization in the traditional sense of being based on class distinction, but rather in the more comprehensive sense of an organic functional collaboration between the various categories actively interested in the economic welfare of the country. By establishing a vital connection between parliament and the syndical confederation, Fascism hopes to eliminate the professional politician and thus solve the problem of industrial unrest, which is at the core of practically all the national difficulties in Europe.

The new syndical movement was formally launched at Ferrara in October, 1921. In the following January a definite corporative constitution was decided upon at a meeting held in Bologna, where the organization was officially registered as *La Confedera-*

zione Nazionale delle Corporazioni Sindacali. It is interesting to note that these two cities had formerly been the citadels of 'red' labor. The founders, and those who came in on the ground floor, as it were, of the new Confederation, represented the new middle class which the war has created. In June, 1922, the first National Congress was held in Milan, at which half a million members were represented. On June 30, 1923, the second National Congress assembled in Rome. It was officially stated by the Secretary, at the inaugural session, that the membership of the Confederation then exceeded 1,500,000. Since that time another half-million has been added; so that the present total exceeds that reached by the 'red' syndicates in September 1920, when the Socialists were at the zenith of their power. Over eighty per cent of those enrolled in the new association are secessionists from the 'red' and 'white' groups of syndicates.

The Socialist Confederation felt so seriously the loss thus incurred that it decided on radical measures for the purpose of consolidating the following which has still remained faithful in the industrial centres of Lombardy, Liguria, and Piedmont. On August 24, 1923, a special convention was called for this purpose, to meet at Milan. The result of its deliberations was that two thirds of the delegates voted in favor of a resolution which formally renounced all future connection with the Socialist political party. The other leading clauses of the resolution repudiated the principle of international affiliation and declared the Confederation ready to follow the national policy of the Fascist Government. This furnishes a striking index of the extraordinary moral influence which the new organization has had on the policy of its competitors.

The cardinal teachings of the Fascist

Confederation are expressed in the following paragraphs, selected textually from the body of the statutes:—

Under the title of Confederazione Nazionale delle Corporazioni Sindacali is hereby constituted, throughout the whole territory subject to the Italian State, an association which unites under the symbol of the Italian flag, without distinction of sex or religion, citizens of every class and category who are engaged in manual or intellectual labor.

The Confederation affirms that syndicalism is no longer a specific institutional fact confined solely to 'labor' classes and categories. The example of the latter has given a dynamic syndical impulse to other classes, as a result of which, syndical organization has definitely become an institutional fact of the whole population. As such it is incorporated and identified with the Nation, the supreme synthesis of the material and spiritual values of the race.

The Confederation affirms that the development of production presupposes and implies an increment of capital for the purpose of investment in the ever increasing bulk of new inventions and labor contrivances; but this increment must not result from a diminution of wages where these are consonant with industrial conditions and the general cost of living.

The Confederation affirms that the evolutionary increase of production and the constant addition of new labor-devices implies the multiplication of productive categories, a progressive increase in the bulk of the middle classes, and a correspondingly wider distribution of wealth and prosperity. This implies that proletariat élite are thereby placed in a position wherein it is possible for them to acquire directly the ownership or the management of the means of production, thus rendering themselves socially and technically indispensable.

The Confederation affirms that classification of society is a necessity, inasmuch as it corresponds to respective functions inherent in the graduated scale of duties which is indispensable in a rational organization of labor and production. Therefore classes grow in number according as the

functions of organized society become multiplied to meet the demands of an economic régime wherein an intensive degree of production has been evolved. Progressive economic evolution, therefore, will never be possible if graded classification be abolished; for this would mean a retrogression and arrest of social functions in the sphere of labor.

The Confederation affirms that the dynamic law of civilization does not consist in a struggle between classes, that is to say, between social functions; much less in collaboration between classes, which would mean a confusion of functions. It consists rather in the *lotta delle capacità* [struggle for the triumph of fitness], that is to say, in a struggle on the part of inferior classes toward an increase in technical ability, so that they may eventually be capable of discharging the functions of higher grades, according as the latter become worn out or fail to maintain the requisite standard of excellence demanded by their respective categories.

The final paragraph discloses one of the most interesting features of the organization. Here we have the creation of *gruppi di competenza*, bodies of experts attached to the various syndicates, and, instead of using political propaganda, the new masters say, in effect, to their pupils:—

'It is vain to hope for salvation through the thaumaturgical power of a political bouleversement. This truth was brought home to you by the experience of the invasion of the factories. We do not come to you from Lenin, or Trotsky, or Karl Marx, but from our common motherland of Italy where syndicates flourished and prospered, to the welfare of the community and the individual, centuries before the name or the language of Marx was articulate on men's lips. To go forward to-day, you must go backward. You must take up the broken tradition of Latin syndicalism where it was left in the twilight of the Renaissance. From there you will find

that it stretches back in an unbroken series to the Roman syndicates, the *Collegia Romana*, whose power and prestige are monumentalized in the mammoth skeleton of the Roman Empire that has not even yet been buried in the soil of Europe.² Syndicalism accounts for the Colosseum and St. Peter's, for the roads and harbors of the ancient Roman world, for the glory and wealth of Genoa and Venice and Florence. This is the ideal which we would revive. The syndicalism of those days was essentially a labor school wherein advancement was the guerdon awarded for work and study. There is no utopia in the ballot-box; the Kingdom of Utopia, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is within you. Each man must work out his own economic salvation. The blackboard and the lecture-screen and the model workshop must take the place of the red flag as the *vexillum* of your faith.'

So far as concerns individual members, the specific purpose of Fascist syndicalism is, therefore, instructional. Naturally, the defense of the workman's just claims is not neglected; but this is a sub-function. The dominating principle is that of technical collaboration. This is one of the reasons why a decentralized territorial system of regimentation has been adopted; for otherwise it would be impossible to ensure continuity of apprenticeship, or to organize technical training on a basis that would correspond to the opportunities and demands of particular localities. Moreover, seeing that a devolutionary scheme in favor of the workman, for the gradual acquirement of a vested interest in the enterprise wherein he is engaged, is one of the features of the organization, it is necessary to have a certain amount of local stability in each syndicate.

² See Mommsen, *De collegiis et sodaliciis Romanorum*.

The provincia, which corresponds to the county in English-speaking countries, is taken as the basis of local autonomy wherever this is practicable. In cases such as seamen's and railroad-men's unions, where the county obviously could not be taken as the territorial unit of distribution, an alternative system is adopted. For functional purposes, however, this alternative system follows the rule laid down for the counties. Each county has a syndicate for every category of employment within its boundaries. In this connection the word 'employment' is taken to include all grades actively interested in any enterprise. Therefore intellectual labor of every type, whether on the part of proprietors or their managers, comes within the ambit of the Confederation. Directors, managers, and technical heads of departments form the first syndicate. Office-staffs, salespeople, and the like, constitute the next; and so on, down to the category of purely manual labor. One county syndicate has no direct relation with other county syndicates of the same category, or with syndicates of different categories within the same county. Each county syndicate must deal independently with its own labor problems, as regards wages and so forth.

In the new régime, therefore, the principle of the national strike is banned. This is held to be in the interests of the workmen as well as of the community. The national strike is not of its nature an effective weapon against the greed or tyranny of employers; for employers can afford to wait when they find themselves automatically banded together by the sudden cessation of the national industry in question. In the case of localized strikes the effect is otherwise; for then the united capitalist front is broken and recalcitrant employers are more easily brought to book. Provision is therefore made for

local strikes, on the part of county syndicates acting autonomously. But they will have to go carefully. The Government is at present engaged on a scheme of legislation which will give juridical recognition to the new syndicates, thus raising them to the status of responsible legal bodies bound by their contracts. This is true both for employers' syndicates and for those of employees. Labor contracts, to be binding in law, must be sanctioned by the corporation to which the contracting syndicates belong; and as these contracts will not be sanctioned except on the advice of *gruppi di competenza*, acting impartially on both sides, there can be no question of injustice or duress on either side.

IV

We come now to the corporation. This is the coördinating centre of the whole system. Therefore its function is distinct from that of the syndicate. The latter is constituted on the horizontal lines that separate one category of employment from another, whereas the corporation is constructed on the vertical lines that divide the whole bulk of national production into a series of specifically distinct industrial groups. Each branch of national production has its special corporation, wherein all the county syndicates of the industry in question are represented on the basis of one delegate for every autonomous syndicate. Masters and men meet in the corporation, though not in the syndicate. The former is, therefore, the national parliament of a particular industrial branch. Its scope is concerned with discussion of general problems affecting the industry as a whole, and the enactment of measures calculated to facilitate and forward its well-being. The function of the corporation being essen-

tially technical and juridical, it does not deal with local administrative problems of labor and employment, except as the supreme court of appeal in case of disputes; but it deals with the social welfare of labor as a whole, considered as a dynamic factor in the prosperity of the specific industry which the corporation represents.

The administrative function of the corporation is entrusted to four principal departments. Each of these has a departmental county branch attached to the syndicates; so that there is a perfectly articulated organic system reciprocating between the periphery and centre of the whole organism.

We are here confronted by a highly developed organization on a comprehensive scale. The laborer is no longer left with his grievance on the doorstep of the Constitution, to howl his antipathy of threats and prayers; he is received into the national family and given his just place according to his birthright. The impact of the war has served to bring out what was already a latent force struggling for free play.

In 1913, for instance, British trade-unions had a membership of 3,965,000. In 1920 they reached the grand total of 8,024,000.³ In France the membership of the Confédération Générale du Travail reached about one million in 1913. Seven years later the number had increased to 2,700,000.⁴ Within the same period German unions increased from five to seven millions; and Italian from 900,000 to about three and a half millions. At this rate of progress it would be unreasonable to suppose that syndicalism could remain outside the State without seriously affecting the authority of State institutions.

Italy has been the first of the belligerents to attempt a comprehensive

³ See *Labour Gazette*, December, 1920.

⁴ See Gide: *Les Institutions de Progrès Social*; Paris, 1921.

solution on a national basis. It has this important recommendation in its favor, namely, that it has already been tried with signal success. In choosing the principle of technical instruction as the pivot of their scheme, the Italians have gone to the core of Latin syndicalism as practised in Roman times and in the Middle Ages. The curve of economic prosperity in the history of the Republic and the Empire, from the middle of the third century, B.C. to the time of Constantine, runs *pari passu* with the rise and fall of professional training in the Collegia Romana.

It is interesting to point to the inspirational source of the present Italian movement. The dream of the Fascist organizers is to revive the old corporations and adapt them to modern demands. They would reconstruct Italian polity on an economic basis, grouping all elements engaged in national production into syndical units and regrouping these units into representative bodies called corporations. Of these representative bodies they would make the central pivot of political power. Already the parliamentary parties are in an advanced state of liquidation. Even Fascists themselves are seriously canvassing the formal dissolution of the Fascist National Political Party; so that the syndical corporations would eventually be the sole organic link between the central government and the nation. The idea is that by a process of natural selection in the activities of the syndicates and corporations an industrial élite will rise to the surface and keep renewing its worn-out elements by a steady upward exodus from the lower strata. According as this élite has experience of governing in the syndicates and corporations, its members will be chosen for the National Parliament, and thus it is hoped that the professional politician may ultimately be eliminated.

A LEAGUE PICTURE

BY SARAH WAMBAUGH

I

WERE Aristotle to visit again this earth which he so earnestly tried to tell us how to govern, it is safe to say that he would have been at Geneva last September. For there he would have seen the ablest men, and a few of the women, of our twentieth-century world, at grips with the problem which has baffled us from Aristotle's time to now: the problem of how to enable sovereign States — some three score there are now — to live together in the world in peace. To the student of politics there can be no more fascinating occupation than to watch at Geneva the effort to banish the old diplomacy, with its basis of partisanship and emotion, and to put in its place a wholly new technique, which shall turn politics into a science.

Geneva in September means blue lake between purple hills, and Mont Blanc snowcapped and radiant through the autumn haze: a noble setting for the greatest of adventures in the political laboratory, the four weeks' session of the League Assembly. The little provincial city is transformed for the month into the world's capital. For days before the opening of the Assembly, the trains from Paris, Milan, and the East pour the delegations into the city, and with them an ever-increasing army of tourists, chiefly Americans come to act in our national rôle of observers. There are fifty-four States in the League, each entitled to send three delegates, and as many alternates, ex-

perts, attachés, and secretaries as it may choose: counting their families, some of the delegations have over fifty individuals attached to them. If anyone still seriously wonders whether the League is alive, let him ask the hotel-keepers of Geneva.

It was thus that the world was gathering together at Geneva on the first day of last September, preparing to spend the month on discussion of the reduction of armaments, the protection of minorities, mandates, an amendment to Article X of the Covenant, and the effort to put an end to the white-slave traffic and the abuse of opium, when, like a thunderbolt, came Mussolini's addition to the agenda, the bombardment of Corfu. The delegates gathering at the headquarters of the League, which are in the offices of the Permanent Secretariat, a large building, formerly the Hotel National, on the shore of the lake to the north of the city, found the Council already in session, considering what should be its action in answer to the appeal from Greece, received that morning. In the Council room and in the hall outside there was a cosmopolitan gathering of people — the German President of the Free City of Danzig, who must be quite the tallest man in Europe, the Polish Commissioner for Danzig, the League High Commissioner for Danzig, and the League Commissioner for the Saar plebiscite preliminaries, were standing about, waiting for their questions to

be taken up in turn by the Council. Mingling with these was a great crowd of spectators from many countries, among them so many Americans that one could scarcely count them. Add to these over two hundred journalists from all over the world — several score of these also from America — and one has some idea of the audience before which the Council and the Assembly meet and work.

I have seen the opening of three of the League Assemblies, but no familiarity can ever blunt the sense of wonder and exaltation with which I look down from the balcony on those men and women, ambassadors, prime ministers, secretaries for foreign affairs, members of parliaments, professors of international law, and specialists in social welfare, from the four quarters of the globe, gathered behind rows of plain wooden desks, prepared to give their attention for a month to dealing with the world's business. Persian fez and Hindu turban; tall, clean-shaven men from Britain; bearded Frenchmen; solidly built Hollanders; fair-haired Lithuanians; olive-skinned Latin Americans; swarthy Greeks; Vikings from the north — the hall is alive with the color of history and the flavor of paradox. Rumania, escaped from Turkish rule only in the eighteen-fifties, always sends a woman as member of her delegation; Poland, alive again after a century of death, is here, and hoping for a seat on the League Council; Lithuania, where pagan priests kept alive their sacred fires until the end of the fourteenth century when Christianity at last drove out the ancient gods, after centuries of servitude, is here also, alive and lusty with a new nationalism.

Nothing could be plainer than the hall itself, a modern concert hall for all it is named the *Salle de la Reformation*. Little has been done to transform

it into an assembly hall, except to remove the chairs and to put in temporary desks. The Assembly hall is long and narrow, and there is only one door; yet there is no bothering over precedence. The modern diplomat no longer cares who goes before him, a delegate of a great power or a small one, ally or former enemy, marquis, or peasant premier, or stenographer. As for seating, common sense long ago found that the alphabet provided an excellent way of solving the difficulty, and the delegations are arranged in the order of the French version of the names of their countries.

Time has brought another change, and one of even greater significance: around the hall run two balconies, from which the press and the public can watch the proceedings. Looking down from the balcony on the delegations below, one saw many who were already veterans in League work. Here again were Lord Robert Cecil, guardian spirit of the League, and Professor Gilbert Murray, and Dr. Nansen, and M. Branting, twice Prime Minister of Sweden and now her representative on the League Council; M. Motta, formerly President of Switzerland, one of the great orators of former Assemblies, and Señor Edwards of Chile, last year's president of the Assembly. Here too were Beneš, Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, and Louden, Minister of Holland at Paris, who combines an acute mind with a fine spirit and a most gracious presence. In the French seats were again Gabriel Hanotaux and Henri de Jouvenel. Of the great figures of the last Assembly one missed the courtly presence of Lord Balfour, and of Léon Bourgeois, full of years and honors, the father of the League in France.

As one looked down from the balcony on all these well-known faces, one could forecast from former Assemblies the

rôle that each would play. The conservative leaders, anxious to keep the mind of the Assembly on the world-as-it-is, would be Hanotaux and Jouvenel. The liberal leaders, pressing always for the world-as-it-ought-to-be, would be Nansen, Branting, Murray, and Motta, with Lord Robert at their head. But Lord Robert was there no longer as a free lance: he was now in Balfour's chair as head of the delegation of the British Empire, and the permanent British representative on the League Council. With this greater responsibility would he be as free as before to break a lance in the cause of publicity of debate and the competence of the League? He was to give a noble answer to this question.

II

On the first day of the Assembly come the speech of welcome by the President of the Council and the election of the President of the Assembly. It is an impressive moment, this of the first roll-call of the nations, when the interpreter thunders out, 'Afrique du Sud — Albanie — Belgique — Empire Britannique — Bulgarie — Canada — Chili — Chine' — and so through the long list of fifty-two, while the chief delegate of each country walks up the aisle, climbs the stairs to the platform, and drops his ballot into the box, which, as it happens, is presided over by an American, a member of the Secretariat. It is a dramatic moment also because the election gives some slight indication, supposedly, of the strength of certain interests in the Assembly. It may, however, be only a negative indication, as it was this year. That Motta, the second candidate, was defeated was due to the determination of the French not to have as president a man who has many times urged the admission of Germany into the League; but that Torriente was elected was due to the

strategy of the second Cuban delegate, Señor Aguero, whose skill in making slates at past Assemblies had earned for him the title of 'The Great Elector.'

The full meetings of the Assembly are the place for set speeches and formal votes. At Geneva, as in other assemblies, the real work is done in committees, and there the important discussions take place. In the League Assembly, however, each of the six regular committees, among which the agenda is divided, is a committee of the whole, for each State has a member on each committee. The choice of the chairmen of these committees is a matter of considerable excitement, especially to those delegates, chiefly from our own hemisphere, who take an absorbing interest in the prestige of office-holding. Ordinarily the rest of the world, which, after all, gets quite its share of the places, looks on with interest.

This year all such minor issues were blotted out by the intense preoccupation over the Græco-Italian affair and the Council's probable course. The elections were held and the committees constituted. Then the Assembly adjourned its plenary sessions to give the Council time to work out its problem without comment from the Assembly platform.

Yet the Assembly, though silent as a body, had quickly become the chief actor in the drama. By the presence of the delegates in Geneva, in three days public opinion had been focused and become a living thing. The world found at Geneva that it was united against both the Italian action and the Italian arguments. The latter the delegates dismissed with the explanation that Mussolini's chief legal adviser was on his vacation, — as I believe he actually was, — and that Mussolini had never read the Covenant. It was the small States which

felt most bitterly, for each saw itself in the place of Greece. Hitherto unorganized, they were learning solidarity through the common danger. They were already showing at Geneva an unexpected attachment to the Covenant and a determination to assert its power.

It was against this background that the scenes of the Corfu drama so swiftly unfolded. The story has been already told of the now famous Council meeting when Italy's challenge was met by Lord Robert with the simple reading of the Covenant, and of the later meeting when, through the Conference of Ambassadors, came the pledge of Italy to leave Corfu, and Politis uttered his words of heartfelt gratitude to the League for what it had accomplished.

Corfu had been saved and war averted; but there remained the most intense anxiety that the Council should make a formal answer to the Italian denial of the competence of the League over a great Power in a question of its national honor. We knew that in the Council the struggle was incessant to induce Italy at least to let the question of competence go to the World Court. From the Council meetings, now private, came rumors of battle, of Lord Robert and Branting indefatigable in their efforts to get an agreement that should accord with the prestige of the League, and of Salandra, turning this way and that under the argument, but always obdurate. Ten days of this suspense the Assembly had to endure, while the Council was struggling with the issue.

Meanwhile, however, the Assembly delegates were busily at work in the committees, each of which sat for a full half-day at least three times a week and sometimes oftener. To visitors and journalists it is always a puzzle to choose each day which committee to

watch, for there is always some interesting or amusing debate on in every one. This year in the Committee on Legal Questions, they were considering the Canadian proposal to amend Article X of the Covenant; in the Committee on Technical Questions, the League's High Commissioner in Vienna was reporting on the restoration of Austrian finances, which is so far the League's greatest achievement; in the Committee on Disarmament, the draft Treaty for Mutual Guaranty was being debated; in the Committee on Budget and Finances, there were most revealing differences of opinion; in the Committee on Political Questions, there were the admission of Ireland, the protection of minorities, the report of the Mandates Commission, and other matters; and in the Committee on Social and General Questions, there were the debates on the measures to check white slavery and the abuse of opium, and to promote intellectual coöperation between the universities and other learned bodies of the world. It is to this committee that the women delegates sent by Great Britain, Australia, Rumania, and the Scandinavian countries are always assigned, on the ground, no doubt, that women are supposed to be more keenly interested than men in social welfare. Gilbert Murray presided with Attic humor over the committee, which contained some most interesting personalities, among them Lord Hardinge, once Viceroy of India, and Marquis MacSwiney, formerly chamberlain to the Pope, and now, as one of the Irish delegates, doing his duty by always voting against England, and, moreover, not even voting in English, but in French. And here for three days Congressman Porter, sent to Geneva by the State Department to consult with the Assembly Committee upon the subject of opium, sat with the fifty-two mem-

bers of the League, and paid an unexpected tribute to the 'prestige of the League of Nations.'

III

By far the most important of the committees this year was the Committee on Disarmament, for here was being earnestly debated the fundamental problem before the world — how to reduce the land armaments which are rapidly driving Europe and the rest of the world to bankruptcy.

Article VIII of the Covenant calls for 'the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety, and the enforcement by common action of international obligations'; and provides that the Council, 'taking account of the geographical situation and circumstances of each State, shall formulate plans for such reduction for the consideration and action of the several governments.' For four years the Permanent Military Naval and Air Commission of the League had been at work on the question. Three years ago a temporary mixed commission, with an equal number of representatives of capital, labor, and the public, had been appointed to help it. Even with this assistance, little progress had been made until the Third Assembly. There Lord Robert Cecil, pressing hard for some definite plan for a reduction of armament, had been met by the French insistence on the need of preliminary guaranties. The phrase, 'No disarmament without guaranties, no guaranties without disarmament,' was adopted by the Third Assembly as a fundamental principle. Lord Robert was then added to the Temporary Mixed Commission, and there, in collaboration with Colonel Requin, the chief French military expert on both the commissions, worked out a treaty of Mutual Guaranty,

which, in outline at least, was satisfactory to the French as a preliminary to the reduction of armaments. It was this treaty, of which Lord Robert is the 'spiritual father,' which was up for discussion, article by article.

Of all the debates at this Assembly this was the most revealing of the national fears and policies of the different States of the world. On the first article, which declares aggressive war a crime, they were all agreed, but they differed on every other one. It was a useful lesson to anyone who thinks the problem of land-disarmament a simple one.

The general plan of the treaty was that all the countries of one continent should guarantee each other against aggression. In the debate in the Mixed Commission, however, it had become evident at once that the Powers with the greatest armies, France, Poland, and the Little Entente, would not consider any general guaranty, dependent as it would be on a vote of the Council for its application, a sufficient protection to warrant any reduction of armament. They had insisted that there should be included in the treaty a recognition of the right to enter into partial treaties of defense as well. To this, Lord Robert, realist in his idealism, and seeing it as the price of securing even the first step in disarmament, had agreed, but only on the condition that the partial treaties were not to be valid until they had been approved by the Council as in harmony with the Covenant, and had been published to the world.

But the very recognition of partial treaties had raised up other opponents. Italy, no doubt with the Little Entente in mind, was strongly opposed to any recognition whatever of partial treaties. So too was Japan, who needs no defense in the Pacific; so too were Norway and Sweden, who, safe in their northern peninsula, fear nothing except

a return to the old system of partial alliances. These latter were worried also lest, to meet their obligations under the general Treaty of Guaranty, they might have to increase their small armaments rather than diminish them; while the South American States were anxious to have it understood that their armaments were already reduced to the lowest possible amount.

Many, of course, among both delegates and audience were fearful that the partial treaties would mean a return to the old world-order. Action under them was not to be dependent on any discussion in the Council. An act of aggression was to bring them automatically into force, for the French military advisers had insisted that the delay of waiting on any discussion whatever would make action too late and the treaties of no military value. Again Lord Robert had compromised with reality. It was a bewildering situation for the liberal group who had been accustomed to look to him implicitly for guidance. Confident as ever of his integrity of purpose, could they be sure that in his desire for its accomplishment he had not surrendered too much to the philosophy of militarism?

The debates took place in the great glass room, the scene of so much of the League's history. In committee the fifty-two delegates sit always about three long tables, placed end to end in a hollow square, with the interpreters and the other members of the Secretariat at the end, behind the Chairman. The Chairman of this committee was the Polish Ambassador to London, M. Skirmunt. On his right, at one side of the hollow square sat the two sponsors of the treaty, Lord Robert Cecil and Senator Lebrun of France. Behind them were grouped their advisers, civil and military, among them Colonel Requin, who was sketching the delegates in a manner which seemed to

indicate more detachment than proved to be the case when some point affecting French policy came up. At the opposite table sat the chief of the other supporters of the treaty, Beneš, the slender, supple little man whose brilliant mind has placed him, after only four years of experience in government, at the forefront of European statesmanship. Near by were grouped the critics of the treaty—Lange of Norway and Loudon of Holland and Branting of Sweden and Tosti of Italy and Matsuda of Japan.

In the first debate on the clauses of the treaty the various national policies stood out as clear as do the characters in a well-written play. From the group of opponents Lange of Norway emerged as the chief spokesman, with the delegates of Sweden and Holland and Denmark and Lithuania always behind him. The attacks were answered by Lord Robert and Lebrun. Lange feared that the treaty emphasized guaranties far more than it did reduction of armaments. It was pointed out by Lord Robert that the treaty was based on reduction. Branting suggested that there be included a clause making arbitration compulsory. Lord Robert replied that one must be practical, not academic, and that at least some of the great Powers would refuse to enter such a treaty. The delegate of Lithuania summed up the situation by pointing out that the great Powers thought material disarmament the more important, while the small Powers believed that moral disarmament should be emphasized. Then Lebrun made an eloquent defense of the treaty plan, and Yugoslavia added her support. The Hungarian delegate asked that specific mention should be made of guaranties for States already disarmed by the Paris treaties. The South Americans made clear that what they wished was limitation rather than reduction. Then

the Polish delegates suggested, as a change in drafting, the deletion of the words solemnly declaring that 'aggressive war is an international crime,' and the substitution of a declaration that the signatory State would not indulge in it; but he withdrew at once on Lord Robert's emphatic statement that the phrase was important, 'as public opinion on the other side of the Atlantic will welcome it.'

Vital as were the issues, the tone of the debate was always one of good-will and sincerity. Humor and ingenuity both were displayed in meeting the puzzle of how to refer to an aggressor State without casting a doubt on one's neighbor. The Italian delegate had brought up a hypothetical problem in which states A, B, C, and D were allied, and D became an aggressor. After that Gilbert Murray always referred to the 'sinister state of D,' and Lange spoke of it as the 'mystical letter D.' Lord Robert preferred to use Mauretania and Aquitania.

One felt that, whether they were for or against the treaty, the greater number of the speakers, and perhaps all, were striving most eagerly for some solution of the puzzle. That they had a real desire to come to a reasonable agreement was shown by the response of Lange and some of the other opponents to the short speech of Jouhaux, head of the *Confédération Générale du Travail* of France. From the point of view of the French delegates, Jouhaux must have seemed something of an enfant terrible. He had come to Geneva fresh from the convention at Amsterdam of the International Federation of Trade-Unions, of which he is vice president, bringing with him the memorial signed there, asking the Assembly to settle the problem of Reparations. As a representative of labor on the Temporary Mixed Commission, he took part in several of the debates of the

Disarmament Committee. When the partial treaties were attacked by Lange, it was not the arguments of Lebrun or of Requin, but those of Jouhaux which silenced the opposition of Norway and Holland to the essential part of the French policy. Jouhaux's argument was a simple one. We shall, he said, have partial treaties anyway; better to have them above-board, subject to supervision by the Council and publication to the world. So Jouhaux won the case for Requin; but at a later session, when Requin made a wholly unexpected effort to have the Temporary Mixed Commission abolished, Jouhaux made the simple statement that public opinion had looked on the appointment of the Commission as the first step of the League toward the purpose for which it was founded. Thereby he killed any chance the French might have had to give over the work on the plan for disarmament into the exclusive hands of the military experts of the Permanent Military Naval and Air Commission.

One of the most valuable debates was that on the report made by the Temporary Mixed Commission as to what constitutes actual aggression.

It is not surprising and, I think, not to be regretted, that the Assembly postponed any final decision on the treaty, and contented itself with asking the Council to submit it to the Governments, members of the League, for their opinions. This means that the treaty will be discussed again by the Assembly next September. After that, if it is adopted by the Assembly, it will still have to be ratified by certain States of each continent, in order to be generally binding. Whether the treaty, now called the Treaty of Mutual Assistance, will ever get so far is very doubtful; but it has already served a most useful purpose in bringing to light fundamental problems of land disarmament.

IV

With the completion of the work of the committees, the Assembly meets in plenary session for several days to hear the reports and vote on the resolutions proposed. Already several plenary sessions had been held, among them one of intense interest to Americans; for on one and the same day the Assembly had elected a judge to the Permanent Court of International Justice, and had admitted Ireland into the League. Ten minutes it took, all told, the Assembly balloting in the Salle de la Reformation and the Council in the Secretariat across the lake. It was interesting, too, to see that the judge who was chosen—a Brazilian—had been proposed by our four United States representatives on The Hague Court list, as well as by twenty-one of the other states.

The admission of Ireland was one of the great moments of the Assembly. A storm of applause greeted the three Irish delegates, all members of their cabinet, as they were led to their seats; and another came when the President of the Assembly called on President Cosgrave to address the Assembly. Even the most eloquent of them could hardly have found finer or more moving words than that little red-haired shopkeeper turned statesman, who so often, in prison and out, had shown his courage in the fight for Irish freedom. Earnestly he leaned far forward and, raising his arm in the air, began to speak. Bewilderment spread over the faces of the vast audience. It was not English, though the Latins at first thought that it must be; it was not French. A smile of appreciation spread through the audience when it finally dawned on them that it was Gaelic. The Gaelic was only for a moment, however, and President Cosgrave con-

tinued in English of a fine simplicity. It will be a historic speech, that first one of Ireland to her sister nations.

Meanwhile the twenty-seventh was approaching, the date when the Italians had promised to evacuate Corfu. Reassured by the news that the evacuation had begun, the blow of the premature award to Italy of the fifty million lira by the Conference of Ambassadors was all the greater. It was true that the Greek Government had pledged itself to abide by the decision of the Conference of Ambassadors, on the very day that it had applied to the League for aid. But no supporter of the League could be content with this argument. Indignation in Geneva was intense. Meanwhile the Council was still in a deadlock on the question of competence. The Assembly was about to close. The Council must report some decision, if only that it could come to none. Through the morning of the 28th the Council was debating in private session, and again in the afternoon. At last, word flew through the Secretariat that some agreement had been reached, and that it would be announced at once in the Assembly. In a few minutes the half-empty Assembly hall across the lake was crowded.

The agreement was a compromise, as was inevitable. Lord Robert and Branting had got from Salandra his consent to a statement which meant the end of the most sinister of all the Italian arguments, the one, namely, that questions involving national honor were beyond the competence of the League; but the other questions raised by Italy—the right of 'peaceful' reprisal under the Covenant, and the right of the Council to take over a dispute already under the consideration of the Conference of Ambassadors—were to be reported on in December by a Committee of Jurists appointed by the Council itself. If they did not agree, then there would obvi-

ously be another struggle to bring the questions to the World Court, where of course they should have gone in the first place, had Italy not been immovable.

It was the signal for the greatest scene of the Assembly. That body could not vote on the report, but it could speak; and its spokesmen were the great Liberal leaders. When the translator had rendered Ishii's speech into English, Torriente announced 'La parole est à M. Branting, délégué de Suède.' As Branting mounted the steps, and faced the Assembly and the Italian delegates in the front row, such applause burst from the floor and the galleries as had never before been heard in the Assembly hall. In a simple statement he gave his reasons for consenting to the Council's decision as the only one possible, but stated plainly his dislike of any opinion of jurists appointed by their Governments.

Next came Lord Robert, who, by the moving manner of his speech, showed how great was his disappointment with the compromise, but how impossible had been agreement on any other.

Then Nansen came, who spoke bitterly of the killing of little children.

Then Gilbert Murray, who, in a voice trembling with indignation, said, 'As to the decision of the Conference of Ambassadors, I have only to say that I thank God that this League bears no shred of responsibility for that decision. I only wish that I could add that no shred of the responsibility lay on the shoulders of the British Empire.'

Then came the representatives of Persia, of Ireland, of Denmark, of Colombia, of Finland, of Holland, and of India. Through these eleven men four continents had spoken.

With the election of the six temporary members of the Council, the As-

sembly was over for another year. Opening as it did in the shadow of the Italian-Greek crisis, its really fine record of achievement in the other questions entrusted to it has been obscured by the greater issue. Ireland has been admitted, and Ethiopia—which removes a rich and dangerous temptation from the great Powers, her neighbors in Africa. The system for the protection of minorities has been advanced, the mandates have been examined and criticism given where it was deserved; really important progress has been made in the war on white slavery and opium, and, most important of all, the problem of reduction of land armaments has been brought down from the plane of academic idealism and exhaustively discussed as a practical problem.

The world has made a beginning of coöperative thinking. For four years men have sat side by side, discussing the world's business; they are already at work preparing for the Fifth Assembly. Gradually the feeling of solidarity, still faint, is growing. To this feeling the Corfu incident, oddly enough, has done an incalculable service, for it has shown the member States how great is their need of such a political body, and how essential is solidarity in its defense.

As the years go on, it becomes clearer that the League is neither a government nor a judge; it is a method. It is a method which, in the smaller as well as the larger issues, has shown itself wonderfully suited to its purpose. One can fancy that the thought of Aristotle, were he to visit Geneva, might run something like this: 'The mind of man has at last shown itself equal to working out the political methods by which sovereign States may live together as good citizens. But the spirit of man is weak. He has set up the machinery. Now let him use it.'

ACTUALITIES AT SMYRNA

MARK O. PRENTISS, AMERICAN EYEWITNESS, SPEAKS

RECORDED BY JOHN BAKELESS

I

AFTER a few days' tour of investigation among the battlefields of devastated Anatolia, I was back again in Smyrna on September 22. The city, wrecked by the fire, was still filled with homeless people. In the nine days since the fire some 20,000 or 30,000 had been evacuated; but 230,000 remained, and the task of getting them away was baffling.

The chief problem was how to convey the refugees from the city out to the Greek ships, which did not dare to enter what was now a Turkish port and so lay at anchor outside while the refugees were brought to them on lighters. There were plenty of ships, but not half-a-dozen lighters had been left in Smyrna, and the sea from mid-afternoon till midnight was so choppy that we could not work.

Under these conditions the United States naval authorities placed me in charge of the entire work of evacuation, and the appointment was confirmed by the local relief committee. We made a few calculations. At the rate the work was going, it would take about eighteen months to get all the refugees away, and in far less time than that, exposure, hunger, and disease would have finished every one, even if the Turkish authorities had not insisted on complete evacuation before midnight of the thirtieth.

We appealed to the Turkish captain of the port for permission to bring the ships into harbor and lay them alongside the railroad pier in the northern part of the city. They were Greek ships, mind you, and feeling against the Greeks was bitter, yet the Turkish officer gave consent at once. His only stipulation was that the ships must not fly the Greek flag in the harbor, and that no Greeks or British must come on shore. The Turks even assigned three hundred of their soldiers to help; and with these and as many sailors as the two destroyers could spare, we went to work.

I think it is the first instance on record of coöperation between American and Turkish armed forces. They were an odd contrast. The American boys had a keen, wide-awake Yankee interest in everything around them. The Turks were stolidly intent on the work in hand, nothing else. The 'kidding' of the American boys meant nothing to them, though they were never unfriendly; and the gobs' amicable efforts to learn Turkish met with no remarkable degree of success.

The naval officers at first proposed bringing a destroyer into the harbor and laying it alongside the pier, to prevent the massacre that many, at the bottom of their hearts, half expected; but I protested. The presence

of a neutral warship could have done no good and might have irritated the Turks. If everything was quiet, the destroyer was needless. If trouble started, an American naval vessel could not interfere. We took the Turks at their word, trusted them, and never had any reason to regret it.

Of course, Smyrna by that time was full of atrocity stories. Half the buildings were in ruins, in the streets were bodies of men killed while cutting hose, killed in private feuds, executed by the Turks, drowned on the waterfront. I do not pretend that the Turks never did any killing in Smyrna. I know better, for an officer and some soldiers had me up in front of a wall for several of the most uncomfortable minutes I ever lived through, and there was a second or two when I did not expect to live very *far* through them.

It happened in this way. I had come suddenly on a group of Turkish soldiery with loot in their hands. As I had been making photographs wherever I liked, ever since the Turks came in, I very foolishly photographed these men, too. It was an all-but-fatal blunder. Their officer ran at me, seized me by the shoulder, pushed me against a wall, beckoned to some of the men, and stepped back.

It was instantly apparent that an impromptu execution was about to be staged with me as the hero of the occasion. I spoke no Turkish, they no English, and my status as a neutral interested solely in relief was a little difficult to convey in sign language. How were they to know that Kemal and I had parted a few days before on the best of terms?

I did the first thing that came into my head — a foolish bit of bravado, no doubt, but one that served its purpose. Tearing open my blouse, as if to bare my breast to their bullets, I saluted with

dramatic impressiveness — and then turned swiftly to the officer and made signs that I wanted to take his picture. In my turn I thrust him up to the wall and made ready to snap him, taking as much time in posing him and getting him ready as I could.

The dazzling idiocy of it was too much for the Turks. This was n't the proper behavior for an executive at all, and they forgot all about their execution. (Heaven knows I did n't want to remind them of it.) First the officer was photographed; then he wrote his name and regiment in Turkish, so that I could send him a print. Then I spent a good many minutes posing the entire outfit. I took my time and arranged an impressive array — a month later I learned I had taken all three exposures on one film — yes, I was rattled and I admit it.

Next the officer pulled a much-crushed package of dates from his blouse and gravely offered some to me. It was the breaking of bread, which in the East constitutes an inviolable bond. I made haste to accept, privately heaving sighs of relief. The men, too, now brought me bits of food. One held out a chunk of bread. As I clumsily endeavored to break off a piece, he jerked a murderous-looking knife from his boot, and for the first time in my life I felt seasick. 'Heavens,' I thought, 'is it beginning again?' But he merely cut off a bit of the bread and gravely handed it to me.

They showed me their arms, like so many children displaying their toys, and I admired them volubly — in sign language. One man handed me a two-foot knife, and I drew an appreciative forefinger down its edge, wagging my head admiringly as I contemplated its sharpness. 'For Greek?' I enquired — 'No — for E-e-ngleesh!' grunted the proud owner, by way of declaring the feeling of the whole Army.

We spent the rest of the afternoon together, and parted the best of friends. I never saw them again, but I took care to send the officer his photograph. It seemed only good manners — and, besides, I liked him. I treasure my own copy of his portrait. It has a poignant personal interest.

I saw one Greek prisoner shot, with my own eyes. He was being led along by his guards when he suddenly broke away, fell flat in the street, clutched the wheel of a motor-truck, and lay there screaming. His guard first prodded him with the rifle-butt, then struck him, in an effort to make the man get up and go on. No use. The Greek was simply crazy with fright, and the Turkish soldier shot him where he lay screaming. Yet once I saw Kiazim Pasha shout from the window of his headquarters and have two soldiers brought before him. He had glanced over and seen them beating a prisoner.

I feel sure there were both looting and killing in the bazaars on the streets down which the occupying army marched. The pillaged shops, with bodies here and there among them, were the best evidence of what had happened. There was too much of it to hold the *chettés* and the irregular armed bands who accompanied the Turkish army alone responsible. What had happened was clear enough. Soldiers had gone into the little shops, — you could have put the contents of any one on a wagon, — where they helped themselves to anything that caught their fancy; and any specially rebellious Greek or Armenian proprietor who protested was knocked over the head, shot, or bayoneted.

Some of the looting I saw myself. One soldier passed me in full uniform, carrying a chandelier adorned with innumerable prisms. What he wanted with it or how he expected to carry it along on the next march, I don't know,

but it was unquestionably loot. I saw another man with three dozen canes and umbrellas, and I took a photograph of a line of automobiles and camels, which Turkish officers had loaded with silks and calicoes and other goods. I also saw a Greek priest carrying a sewing-machine; but as he was a refugee, it may have been his own property. Thousands of soldiers and civilians were carrying everything you can imagine — sometimes loot — sometimes salvage — sometimes 'just picked up.'

II

It is impossible to understand the psychology of atrocity stories without being through an experience like ours. The reputation that the Turks have — rightly or wrongly — acquired was known. It was also known that they had marched for three hundred miles through wantonly devastated territory — their territory. Atrocities seemed the natural thing to expect. Then there was the fire, and with Greek looting, Turkish looting, private murders, men shot while cutting hose, deaths from fire, drowning, and military executions, bodies began to be pretty thick in the streets.

It was too much for a good many men — and not weaklings by any means. They were like children, who fail to distinguish between what they imagine or expect and what they really see. It is possible for an idea to be so vividly present to the mind that it passes for fact on that ground alone. I was with a naval officer and some of his men in our consulate when a local Y.M.C.A. worker burst in the door. He was in the last stages of collapse, shaking all over and clawing convulsively at his hair — quite incoherent. We tried to quiet him.

'My God, my God, my God!' half a prayer and half an exclamation, was

all we could get out of him. We forced him into a chair. When he was calm enough, we questioned him.

'What's the matter?'

'O my God, my God!'

'Never mind that. What's the matter?'

'Oh, they're killing them — killing everybody — the Y.M.C.A. Send your men, send your sailors, quick!'

'Who's doing this?'

'The Turks, the Turks. They've stormed the "Y" and got them, and —'

'Did you see it?'

'Yes, with my own eyes. They're killing them. Hurry, hurry!'

The naval officer quietly moved three fingers on his desk, and three sailors hurried out. I went with them. I had left my kodak and binoculars there an hour before and I wanted them. We ran as fast as we could to the Y.M.C.A., but when we got there we found nothing more dreadful than a few placid Turkish soldiers standing guard over a garage next door, of which they had just taken possession. Not a soul had been hurt or even threatened. Neither was there the least sign that a struggle had taken place. The usual calm tense quiet reigned.

The same man burst in later with a story that Turkish soldiers had stripped and were violating six Armenian girls; yet when we went to the place he named we found nothing of the sort — and we went instantly. In each case the man vowed he had seen these events with his own eyes; and he was a perfectly honest, decent chap, but quite out of his head with strain and excitement.

I think I must have investigated a hundred such stories, without finding one of them true. A nurse, declaring she had seen the horrible wound, took me to help a woman whose breast was said to have been cut off. I found she had a gash in one arm — nothing more.

Such hysteria in a sound and normal American of about thirty helps to explain the frenzy of fear among the Greek and Armenian refugees. Their terror took the most grotesque and unexpected forms. The American sailors ran a positive risk from the Greeks, who would seize them like drowning men, merely because the sailors wore a uniform that might represent safety. One nearly had his back broken from being pressed down across the mud-guard of a motor beneath an avalanche of terrified Greeks and Armenians, all clamoring to be saved; and the bribes that those simple sailor lads were offered, and contemptuously turned aside, pass belief. One Greek merchant offered \$50,000 in American currency, to be paid on the spot, if he was placed on board a destroyer; and there is no doubt that he would gladly have fulfilled his share of the bargain if he had had a chance.

The Turkish authorities had given us permission to evacuate all except men of military age, and some of the latter resorted to the most naïve disguises. Big strapping fellows with several days' growth of beard relied on women's garments to save them; and I even saw one patriarch, far beyond the age-limit anyhow, who had donned feminine apparel for safety's sake, in placid indifference to a huge gray beard that flowed down nearly to his waist.

I saw one man of military age, thus disguised, detected by a Turkish officer, who sat his horse, watching the refugees streaming through the gate and on to the pier where the steamers lay to receive them. As they passed, the officer leaned forward suddenly near where I was busy getting the people in, and snatched at the head-dress of what appeared to be a Greek woman. Then he began to tear at the upper part of her clothing.

'Well,' I thought, 'now I shall see a first-class atrocity.'

But as the headdress came off, we saw what the trouble was. The man was hauled back by the Turkish soldiers and unmercifully thrashed by the officer, who wielded his riding-crop until the Greek could scarcely hold himself erect. Yet he stood there, motionless, unresisting, scarcely flinching, while the blows rained on him. He was a disguised Greek officer and took his punishment as a brave man and officer should.

All these men of military age were marched off into the interior, where, the Turkish staff officers told me, they were to be used as laborers in repairing roads and rebuilding all that had been destroyed during the campaign. Ultimately they were to be exchanged. The story went around that the Turks were marching these prisoners out to the outskirts of the city, forcing them to dig long trenches, and then mowing them down by machine-gun fire in the graves they had dug for themselves; but though I diligently explored the vicinity of Smyrna, I could never find a trace of such a thing, and there were so many of these men that such wholesale butchery could not have been concealed. I never saw them, however, after they were taken into the interior; and permission to go inland and see what was happening was refused.

While we were shepherding our terrified charges to the pier, I repeatedly saw small squads of Turkish soldiers moving about and attentively scanning each little knot of shrinking refugees. At intervals they would pause, and a wail would go up from the Greeks. A prisoner would be taken and marched away. It was heartbreaking to see a man torn from his family whose cries and pleading were in vain. There never was any undue violence in these arrests, but it all seemed very myste-

rious. Not until I was on my way back to Constantinople, did I learn from the son of a great Turkish Pasha what it all meant.

Three years before, when the Turks had been retreating while the victorious Greeks were advancing from Smyrna, each unit of the Turkish army had had a staff photographer attached to it; and as the Turks were forced back and back and back, these men one by one dropped off, donned civilian clothes, and went into business as village photographers. When the Greek troops came into the village, these apparently innocent photographers were allowed to ply their trade.

The proud Greeks, officials and civilians alike, had their pictures taken for the folks back home. But the meek photographer kept a copy, on the back of which he wrote the story of his Greek's behavior.

Gradually an enormous collection of photographs of Greeks guilty of atrocities was built up in the files of the Intelligence Department at Angora; and when, in due course of time, the Turks were victors, Greek offenders—or those whom the Turks regarded as such—could be identified and confronted with their deeds and the evidence against them.

III

The Turkish Intelligence service was, I suppose, responsible for the most appalling of all the terrible individual sights that I beheld in the Near East. One day, while we were hard at work getting a big crowd of refugees through the gate and on the pier, a Greek was taken out of the crowd and placed under arrest. He was placed close beside me, but such arrests were not unusual, and I paid no especial heed to this one until I felt a sudden warmth on my side, looked down, and found

that my clothes were damp with blood.

I started back and saw that the prisoner had deliberately drawn taut the loose flesh of his throat, and was hacking away at himself with a small knife. To get the full horror of the thing you must realize that within plain sight some thirty thousand refugees, a hundred Turkish soldiers, and their officers stood apathetically by and watched him. Even his guard just stood there and looked on. It was the incredible apathy, the utter callousness of the East. He wished to kill himself? Very well — let him.

Again we Americans were helpless. Our interference would have jeopardized every one of the helpless Greeks. We all knew that our only hope was to concentrate on getting the refugees away and not exasperating the Turks. Once more we had to think, — and think hard, — 'The greatest good of the greatest number,' and hold ourselves in check.

He cut at himself again and still no one moved. Again and again — and yet no sign of sympathy or any feeling. As the prisoner stood there, growing weaker, his eyes caught mine, and he looked across at me, smiling. It was unthinkable. Illogically my first impulse was one of anger.

'Confound you,' I thought; 'why do you make this a personal matter? What are you dragging me into it for? Why so damned friendly to me?'

But his courage was not to be resisted. I shook my hands together and smiled back at the dying man. It was all I could do.

He collapsed horribly in the dust, but only for a moment. He pulled himself into a sitting position and saluted me again, in perfect military form and with great poise though he was seated. And again that smile — a farewell that made me feel so friendly that it hurt. Then he fell back. How he did it, I do

not know. I have seen death in many forms, but this man took longer to bleed to death than I thought possible.

Even this was not the end, for a moment later he got to his hands and knees, began to crawl, and got up momentum enough to carry him to the edge of the dock and into the sea. The body floated out a little way from land; but even in death he was not to be at peace. Some officers, evidently from headquarters, drove up. There were sharp orders and inquiries. Then a soldier swam out for the body. It was stripped, examined, then clothes and all were loaded on a carriage and driven off. Perhaps I saw the end of a detected Greek spy, but I do not know — I only recognize his iron determination.

Incidents like that explain the panic terror of the people we were trying to save. When, in their eagerness to get on board, they all began to rush at once to the narrow iron gate leading down to the pier, it was dangerous for them and for us. There was no holding them. Once, with some American sailors, I was struggling vainly to check one of these stampedes, when a well-bred voice behind me murmured quietly, 'Can I be of any assistance?'

A dapper little Turkish officer stood there, armed only with a light swagger stick. He stepped in behind the row of sailors, brought his stick 'on guard' as if it had been a rapier, and began to lunge between the sailors, yelling with every lunge. Such was the fear inspired by the Turkish uniform, or by what he said, that within two minutes the people, whom all of us were powerless to handle, had fallen back twenty feet before a single Turk. When the situation was saved, he smiled, accepted my thanks, and walked quietly away.

Eventually I found a way of handling the terrorized mob who struggled toward the ships. I had been provided

with an ordinary white tropical helmet before going to Smyrna, and this happened to be the only one in the city, where by that time there were very few neutral civilians. I happened to have, too, a commonplace New York police whistle — also the only one of its kind. The two, being unique and in combination, achieved a kind of reputation; and when the rushes became unmanageable, I had but to climb upon a pile of timber, bringing the magic helmet plainly into view, blow lustily upon the equally magic whistle, and by some miracle the stampede would ease away.

I realized the value of the helmet one night soon after the Turks came in, when I went after dark to bring back some valuables from the hospital. I could not reply intelligibly to the challenges of the Turkish sentries, whose bayonets, I felt, bristled everywhere in the darkness; but by keeping the light from an electric torch turned full on the helmet, I got along perfectly, and was passed from post to post without difficulty — until the battery suddenly and permanently gave out. Then, indeed, we were in trouble, and the sheer luck that comes, sometimes, when you need it worst, was all that got us through.

Not one refugee who would come was left behind, and all were out by the time-limit the Turks had set us — midnight of September 30. In eight days we had evacuated 230,000 refugees by actual count and we estimated that some 50,000 escaped before we began counting. The most infuriating part of it all was the bill that the Aidin Railway Company — a line owned and operated by the English — sent in for the use of their pier. I still have a copy of one statement of charges, 'to pier dues for immigrants,' at 25 piastres apiece, total, 50,000 Turkish pounds; and the only excuse was that this quarter of a million of poor terrified dis-

tressed people walked across the railroad tracks to safety.

Getting 230,000 frightened Greeks aboard would have been almost impossible had it not been for the 300 Turkish soldiers assigned by Kiazim Pasha to assist, and also for my Turkish liaison officer, Captain Haaki Bey, who was constantly at my side and indispensable.

In it all the horrible, the terrible, the humorous, and the touching were strangely intermingled. One incident is typical of the brighter side.

I was busy one day getting the crowd through the gate and onto the pier, when a woman with several children became separated from one without noticing that she had lost him, the little chap of three or four years being pushed, kicked, and in danger of being crushed to death as many — yes, many of all ages — had been in that place, so dense was the terrified mass fighting their way toward safety on board the vessels. A Turkish soldier saw him, dropped his rifle, pushed his way through the crowd, protecting the child with his own body, until he had saved him and restored him to his mother.

When the soldier came back, I smiled and patted him on the back to express approval. My linguistic shortcomings made it impossible to be more explicit, but the Turk had no need of English words. He went through an extraordinary pantomime that made mere speech quite needless. He held his hand at the height of a little child's head and opened two fingers, pointing first to himself and then back toward the country lying to the east then, his hand on his heart, he shook his head. His meaning was perfectly clear: he had — or, perhaps, once had had — two children of about the age of the child he had saved.

Such is the terrible Turk — such, at least, is one side of him that I saw.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AN INSTITUTE FOR HAPPINESS

If Mr. Bok — may his tribe increase — were to establish An Institute of Happiness, I should apply for the position of president. I know the rules and the technique and the etiquette of happiness, as Mr. Work or Mr. Foster knows the rules of Auction, or as Mr. Snyder or Mr. Haar knows Ma-Jung, or Mah Jong, or Pung Chow. As the latter gentlemen will free the faithful from the odium of following the sordid pastime of the low coolie and direct him to the heights of the true ceremonial ancient Chinese rite, — rules, symbols, nomenclature, and all, — so I will guarantee no dallying in the superficial and fictitious puddles of Pollyannaism, but will lead on to the very pools of Siloam, as it were, where followers may, if they will, be cleansed from the leprosy of dejection, pessimism, and discontent.

I hold no panacea; I claim no Ponce de León heritage; I have had no spirit-transmission; no secret formula is in my possession; I have no touchstone of *bien être*; no magic whatever is mine; yet dare I undertake the teaching of happiness.

Note, however, that it is an extensive course. Those who would matriculate should comprehend the scope of their undertaking. The schools in this art range from the primary through the preparatory and the academic, to the college, the university, and the universe. Nevertheless, the courses are as simple, as logical, as delightful, and as certain of acquirement, as the end to be attained would imply.

As the head of this Happiness Foun-

dation, I already have a small, but incomparable, faculty in mind. It would be impossible to deduce from these members what qualities or habits or convictions would render one eligible to this corps of administrators. It would be impossible to say that there would be no preachers, no poets, no prophets, no psychoanalysts, artists, grave-diggers, tight-rope dancers, moralists, physicists, scientists, editors, dreamers. It would be equally impossible to say that any of these professions would be represented. It would be difficult to say what would constitute qualifications in instructors, though the Head of the Institution would, nevertheless, select the staff unfalteringly.

As to the curriculum, while the subjects taught are, seemingly, as manifold as the demands of the students, they prove themselves in the end few and fundamental. The doctrine to be inculcated deals faithfully with the minutely individual, though the attainment of a doctor's degree proves a grasp of the racial.

Are you — or do you believe yourself — unhappy because of any of the following reasons?

Old Age	Love
Thwartedness	Religion
Poverty	Mentality
Emptiness	Spiritual defects
Boredom	Physical manifestations

Or the content, positive or negative, of any of the above.

If so, you should, in person, or by correspondence, communicate yourself to this Institution if it existed, and have access to the wisdom of specialists.

Here is a world — if not, indeed, a universe — with everything that heart

can desire — except happiness. Is anyone trying to set right this lack? Are the teachers? Assuredly not. They are too busy teaching unessential facts. The preachers? They are involved — or so their followers believe — in inculcating the doctrine, 'Be good and you will be happy'; whereas the foundation stone of the Institute of Happiness is 'Be happy, and you will be good.' Are the poets and writers teaching this one essential? In the main, these are too hidden by the smoke of their own battle to be discernible to the needy. Are the scientists? The professional leaders? The explorers? The tillers of the soil? Too intent, all, on their own ends, to consider happiness. One and all cannot see the woods for the trees.

Happiness is made up of no achievement. It is compounded of no ingredients. It is the flower neither of sickness nor of health. It will not result from the most exalted aspirations, *per se*. It comes neither of good repute, nor of popularity, nor of distinction.

But if I were to state, either in a sentence or in a volume, what happiness *is*, and how it is to be come by, every precious atom of the elixir would be lost — dissipated, scattered by a naughty world. That is why I recommend to Mr. Bok to establish a Foundation of Happiness.

Yes, if World Peace *is* established through Mr. Bok's award, I might consent to consider the Institute of Happiness as a department — a subsidiary institution. But let there be no interference in my field. Peace is not happiness, though it is a better soil than strife or contention in which to grow the precious plant. An international amity may be brought about, if at all, by statesmen, theorists, seers, politicians; but happiness, indeed, is quite another matter. It demands an insight, an inspiration, a knowledge, an experience, and, withal, a control and

poise, that can be expected only of its discoverer, which is to say, of ME.

BREECHES

YELLOW stockings were the only pair left in my drawer — unmitigated mustard, fit only for farce. I winced as I pulled them on with this alliteration. Sidling to my table in the restaurant, I felt them radiate broadcast. But Katy took my order with a straight face; nor from the corner of her eye, nor from the corner of her mouth, did she spread the news. I heaved a sigh and released my digestion. As my calves twinkled, like Mr. Fezziwig's, toward the subway, I came to understand. People looked not at them, but at my thighs. One glance at these was enough to win tolerance for even outrageous stockings. I was instantly classified and rated by my breeches. If I had worn tweeds, the public would have taken the liberty to amuse itself at my color scheme; but army breeches serve as protective coloring. They distract the attention of predatory humor from vulnerable parts. By lacing on the calf, they permit any outer integument whatsoever, and some that they have borne were stranger than mine. Immunity is assured by their symbolism. They say to all beholders: this man is on holiday; and he is going, not to his club, but to that cheaper open air which is indeed open. He is seeking such vacation as may be sought by thousands. Trampler or camper, in whatever kind of cheap travel he chooses, he is to be unmolested. His is the uniform of common freedom. The wearer of this passport may proceed unchallenged.

One heritage, then, of the war promises reconstruction. A costume known in 1916 only as a new uniform has been issued by army stores, true or false, to the whole nation. A million Americans

have bought army breeches as the cheapest of all clothes, again as both suiting and suggesting out-of-doors, and then regularly as of proved adaptability. On the same holiday understanding army breeches are accepted for women.

It's hosen and shoon and breeks alone;
She climbed the wall and followed him.

They even threaten the great American institution of overalls. For while overalls are by common law permitted in public travel only to a workman actually in transit to or from his work, army breeches may engage in interstate commerce. Where will this end? A garb for both sexes, all ages, and all trades, ignoring and obliterating previous condition of servitude to clothes, may be only a holiday garb now; but does it not portend a new freedom?

Such a revolution in dress has not been seen since tailors undid the French Revolution by deceiving a fickle and perverse generation with trousers. The intervening century has been artistically sad. Painting has dissimulated trousers by any sort of masking. Sculpture has fled from them in horror. Only genius — and genius only now and then — has triumphed over trousers in bronze. Journeyman sculpture has either revealed all their essential perversity, or has robed nineteenth-century statesmen in the toga of Cicero. The art of the dance was no sooner recovered than it frankly took trousers off. What can art do with a garb that belies the human form and masks its movements? But the delicious laughter of Mrs. Meynell's 'Unstable Equilibrium' derided it twenty-five years ago in vain. Costume, proverbially conventional, has not often listened to art. Nor dare we invoke art for the application of army breeches to women. The resultant outline lacks something of truth and beauty. For men the artistic

case is more obvious; and for either, art urges, not a particular pattern, but more generally the clothing of legs as legs. Even so, art would not suffice. We needed a more compelling sanction.

Now that we have it from the camp and the road, shall we not dress with more courage? Shall we not enhance one another's courage by rejoicing aloud together? The breeches-bringing bicycle gave hope to the past generation in vain; for the bicycle itself was crowded off the road by the motor-car. The hope from golf has become negligible; for golf no longer promises to penetrate the social mass. But the new hope from army breeches is surely wide enough to warrant a hope for breeches in general. If we must not go to war in trousers, and if we will not go to camp, why must we go to anything? Let us hasten the doom of trousers, after an approved method of publicity, by proclaiming that they are doomed already. Soon may some American prince deserve well of the Republic by wearing breeches and stockings as evening dress. Meanwhile the mass of freeborn Americans can undermine the tottering tyranny of trousers by a method more potent than example, by consentient orders. Let the united orders of these United States, converging by mail upon the Middle West, converge also upon breeches. Gird your loins, ye conservatives! Smite an upstart modernism hip and thigh, and restore the dignity of Alexander Hamilton. Rally, ye radicals, to a cause more liberating than free speech, and far more liberating than free verse — the cause of free legs.

THE POETS IN COLOR

It has been written 'Of Color in the Poets,' why not 'Of the Poets in Color'? Why, for instance, has not some enterprising publisher issued a

Pope or a Wordsworth or a Keats, with the purple patches in purple, so that with a mere flutter of the pages the reader may light upon the desired? No more searching of quotation handbooks; the passage would spring at you, detached from its context and yet rich with it, like Glaucus coming up from the sea. It is not as an amputated fragment that you would then find it, but alive with meaning, explained and magnified by its natural surroundings.

And if purple be conceded, the rest follows. Green for passages of nature-description, drab for the dull didactic, pink for egoistic self-display, yellow for bad taste; and for the servile reproduction of earlier conventions, for what Mr. Lippmann calls 'stereotypes,' nothing is more appropriate than magenta.

How would not the teacher of, say, Wordsworth be aided! There disappears at once the necessity for lectures upon 'The Feeling for Nature in William Wordsworth': the student has merely to glance through the volume and observe the distribution of green, and all is said. Remarks by the instructor on 'The Development of Wordsworth's Art' are also superfluous: one has only to call the attention of the assembled class to the prevalence of magenta at one end of the volume, of drab at the other, and the object of the course is attained.

From force of habit, we have spoken of remarks as made to the class. But in all probability the necessity for such assemblages would disappear, so far as English literature is concerned. This simple color-type device, taking the place of the lecturer, will enable the student at home and in an evening to comprehend the life effort of any English poet. The merest glance into the volume of an author's work will give the material for easy and masterful

statements on the youthful bad taste of Keats or the dreary pedantry of the aging Wordsworth. Thus can education be speeded up and the waste of valuable time avoided.

The student mind is delivered, too, from the intrusive tyranny of the critical essayist. He is left free, on our plan, to commune with the words of the poet himself, undisturbed by a multiplicity of words about the poet. If a simple streak of yellow on a page can give the student guidance and set his mind working, it is surely an advantage for his development; it is surely better pedagogy than our present distraction by multifarious vocal comment.

Just as we have escaped to the movie from the verbiage of an unsatisfactory stage, so we retreat from the voluble critic to the quiet illumination of the pointing finger of color. The blend of green and purple on a Wordsworth page, with a single spot of yellow and some little streaks of pink, tells all that the most diligent pedagogue could tell in a semester; we know from it that here Wordsworth nobly expressed his feeling for nature, with one unfortunate lapse of taste and a touch or two of intruding complacency.

Of course, the pedagogue is not so easily deprived of his occupation. He will find substitutes. Instead of discoursing on 'The Development of Wordsworth's Art,' he will lecture on 'The Inaccurate Use of Magenta in the Westmoreland Edition' of the poet; or he will struggle to reduce the Yellow Period of Keats, as indicated in the Hampstead volume of his poems.

The word is yet with us; but assuredly everything that we can do to reduce the mass of lesser words, every attempt toward immediate spiritual communion with the great English poets, is a move for the better.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Is it all in the newspapers and on the surface of an over-jazzed existence, or has there actually been a change in the way Americans regard the relations between men and women, and the institutions by which those relations are surrounded? There is much idle talk upon the behavior of the younger generation, but is there any deeper change, indicating the evolution of new standards for old? To read the novels of Joyce, Cabell, May Sinclair, Sherwood Anderson, D. H. Lawrence, — a majority, indeed, of those novels now most influential with young men and women, — one would say yes. The whole question — as vital as one as any to ordinary human beings — is the theme of **Stuart P. Sherman's** 'Conversation with Cornelia.' Some will recognize Cornelia as their aunt, or their school-teacher, perhaps some will find in her a fair replica of themselves! **Stuart P. Sherman**, as most *Atlantic* readers know, is professor of English at the University of Illinois, and the author of several volumes of literary criticism. In July we published his provocative study of the censorship, 'Unprintable.' **Henry W. Kinney**, who reports the Japanese earthquake for the *Atlantic*, has enjoyed a curiously varied career. Born in Hawaii, he was graduated from the University of Copenhagen, Denmark, did graduate work in the University of California, and returned to his native island. There he became, at different times, teacher, rancher, purser on island tramps, editor, and superintendent of public instruction. Five years ago he went to Japan and is now managing editor of the *Trans-Pacific*. He writes: —

I was in about the centre of the disaster. . . . It gave me the opportunity to walk right through the principal earthquake region immediately after the quakes . . . over 36 miles in about 13 hours.

'Our Unsuitable Marriage' is the true story of a young woman of education and refinement who in a spirit of adventure went

to teach in the Kentucky mountains. She had a mountaineer in one of her classes who was a 'moonshiner' — and handsome as well. She fell in love with him — but that's the story. . . . **Arthur Pound**, by turns a printer, editor, and always a student of social and political problems, writes this month a study of Henry Ford and of the idea that is Henry Ford. Mr. Pound is the author of *The Iron Man in Industry*. **Edward W. Bok** has been a very active man of leisure since he resigned the editorship of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and began to 'play.' His offer of a hundred thousand dollars for the best idea to promote peace has recently attracted world attention. Persons numbering 22,165 and representatives of twenty-two countries have submitted suggestions for obtaining world peace to the jury of award.

Atlantic readers will remember **Olive Telford Dargan** for her tales of the hill-people of North Carolina among whom she makes her home. We publish a fourth of these 'Highland Annals' this month. **Edgar J. Goodspeed** is professor of Biblical and Patristic Greek at the University of Chicago and secretary to the President. It is an interesting news item that his recent translation of the New Testament is being printed serially in the *Chicago Evening Post*. As an American poet and essayist *Atlantic* readers are familiar with **John Jay Chapman**. He is the author of *A Glance Toward Shakespeare*, *William Lloyd Garrison*, and many volumes of verse and prose. **Harvey Wickham**, wandering essayist and familiar *Atlantic* contributor sends us his manuscript this month from Vienna. **F. Lauriston Bullard** is a veteran journalist who continues the discussion of the abuses of trades-unionism begun in the December *Atlantic*. **Agnes L. Taylor** is a writer of short stories that remind us a little, by their flavor and their subject, of Anthony Trollope. She is a new *Atlantic* contributor. **Sarah N. Cleghorn**

is both poet and novelist, and the author of *A Turnpike Lady*, *The Spinster*, *Portraits and Protests*.

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Henry W. Bunn since 1920, following his retirement from twenty years' active service in the army, has been a journalist with a judicial and philosophical bent. For the January 1921 *Atlantic* he wrote a succinct and comprehensive review of the preceding twelve months. **James Murphy** for over twelve years has engaged in a study of Italian questions. During the war he was appointed by the Italian Government to direct their press propaganda in London, but upon the advent of the Fascists to power he returned to Italy. **Sarah Wambaugh** has been a member of the secretariat of the League of Nations and has served as an expert adviser on questions regarding the administration of the Saar Basin and the Free City of Danzig. She was at Geneva throughout the first, third, and the latest League Assemblies. **Mark O. Prentiss**, American industrial engineer, concludes his personal story of what the Turks did at Smyrna in this number of the *Atlantic*. Present in the city during its capture and burning, he met and talked with Mustapha Kemal and the principal Turkish leaders.

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DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A bit of genuine appreciation!

Last night, as it drew near a small boy's bedtime, I discovered a combination hard to break up — my eight-year-old, an easychair, and 'A Week-End with Chinese Bandits.' Reluctantly I pried him loose and sent him off to bed, only by promising that he could tuck the magazine under his pillow and finish the yarn at break of day. Evidently bandits under the pillow produce light slumber, for the first thing I was conscious of this morning was the low murmur of his voice in the next room, as he continued the story aloud for the benefit of his six-year-old brother. Occasionally there was a halt, and, raising his voice to carry through the thin partition of the old farm house, laboriously he spelled out for parental assistance, 'phenacetine' or some other stumblingblock.

Now the two of them are off to our little country school for the day, but the lure of an unfinished tale will bring them hustling home again. Who says college professors monopolize the *Atlantic*!

AGNES D. GOFF.

Our castigators too are vocal — very.

GENTLEMEN, —

I congratulate you on your par-excellent JOURNALISTIC COWARDICE.

Undoubtedly your blatant bigotry, chivalrous injustice and crass ignorance of religious truths, preëminently befitted you to sit in judgment of what may be of service or disservice to any church.

Please oblige with balance of my subscription, and the discontinuance of your magazine.

Yours,

J. P. VLOSSAK.

* * *

Among all that we have printed of marriage and divorce, for pure wisdom we commend this.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

While the subject of marriage is occupying so much of your attention — and ours — you may like to hear what an old colored man said to me on an occasion when he thought I was taking the relation too lightly: —

'Dis heah marryin' is a ser'us bizness, Miss Cid. Didn' you nevah stop an' 'cidah whut a ser'us bizness it is? Pshaw! Lots o' folks don' think nothin' 'bout it, dey jes' pats dey foot an' hops in. But jes' look how you dun got Gawd all tangled up in it, an' see all dem things you dun promise — you say no mattah how sick he be, nuh how po', he keep agittin' po'ah an' po'ah, you dun promise stay by him; he git sickah an' sickah an' you dun promise stick by him an' he dun say de same by you. An' in de matermony it say de time dun cum fer ter tu'n aloose fum eve'ythin' an' holter yo' husban'. I tell you, Miss Cid, its a ser'us mattah an' can' nobody keep it fum bein' a promise eben ef you dun gone an' marry somebody else an' lef' him; not tell you die, one uh de udder.

'But sum folks, when de shoe pinch, dey shake it off.' CID RICKETTS SUMNER.

* * *

In this number of the *Atlantic* we publish Edward W. Bok's own explanation of his internationally advertised peace award, under the title, 'What I Expect.' We heartily urge our readers to participate in the nation-wide referendum to follow the announcement of the award. A word about this referendum which is really a gigantic experiment in the expression of public opinion has been sent us by the Peace Award Committee: —

The competition closed on November 15th last. We think the Jury will have made its selection by January first. Immediately after that, the winning plan is to be submitted to the widest possible public for consideration and for a vote. On the release date a number of leading papers throughout the country, including the *New York Times*, the *New York Tribune* and the *New York World*, will carry with the text of the winning plan a ballot which will contain space for the signer's name and address, a statement as to whether or not he or she is a voter, and a statement as to whether or not he or she approves the winning plan *in substance*.

Several hundred organizations and institutions, including the eighty-eight great national organizations which are members of our Coöperating Council, will send the winning plan with the ballot to each of their members for a vote.

These organizations include the most distinguished professional, fraternal, civic, and religious organizations (all faiths) in the country. The interested participation of these widely differing groups in the 'referendum' is to be explained only by the fact that they realize the vast opportunity which the American Peace Award offers for crystallizing public sentiment in this country and for making articulate the interest of millions of our citizens upon a subject of vast importance to us all. Participation in the referendum does not involve endorsement of the plan or commitment to any programme with regard to it.

We realize that some voters will wish to express themselves more fully than a 'yes' or 'no' vote permits. We ask in this case that they by all means send us their fuller opinions, but that they do this in some separate communication. The ballots may be sent directly back to us; we shall have them tabulated by states, with all duplicates removed, in order that the result may be a really authentic record of popular judgment.

AMERICAN PEACE AWARD
342 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

* * *

In this number Henry W. Kinney records as an eyewitness some measure of the appalling destruction the earthquake has wrought in Japan. The possible effect of American relief work on peace between Japan and America is pointed out in a pertinent letter from Major H. A. Finch of the United States Army:—

Americans living in Japan in 1921 testify to the gravity of the situation there in that year. And it kept getting worse up to the very day of

Secretary Hughes's speech before the Limitation of Armaments Conference. Many Japanese were convinced that the Conference was to be another diplomatic defeat for their country. Immediately following the Hughes statement, showing the United States to be sincerely working for peace and not for advantage over Japan, the tension eased tremendously. War talk stopped like magic and it has never since regained its pre-Conference volume.

But revived it has to some extent, and this letter is to emphasize the fact that, in extending relief to the Japanese in their present distress, we again have an opportunity to prove to them that we are not the scheming, militaristic nation they have imagined us to be.

Even if this work of American dollars were to be evaluated solely on a mercenary basis, it would be hard to find a better way to invest a few millions. Certainly our country gained much in good will through its gracious gesture in returning to China our portion of the extracted Boxer indemnity. For twenty years the fine feeling thus engendered has persisted in China, and it seems fated to crystallize into 'a traditional friendship.' To cite a more recent case—it is almost inconceivable that the Belgians could ever take up arms against the country that for years did so much toward their relief.

The Japanese are a supersensitive people, and while they may be keenly appreciative of favors rendered, it cannot be expected that one good turn will necessarily remove all possibility of war. It may do much, however, toward restoring us to a position nearer the 'favored nation' place we held for so many years in Japanese eyes after Admiral Perry's visit.

* * *

The contention of Cornelia James Cannon in 'The Dissociated School' (November *Atlantic*) that all private schools are undemocratic and, ergo, should be eliminated, has caused a wave of protest, as well as of commendation. We are permitted to quote from Frank W. Cushwa's editorial in the *Phillips Exeter Bulletin*.

The *Atlantic* writer speaks 'of our great heritage [this democracy] sanctified though it has been by the services of a Washington and a Lincoln.' To Exeter Washington sent his nephew; and Lincoln, his own son. In the past decade sons of high officials,—of the President of the United States,—sons of workingmen, of captains of industry, of shopkeepers, have all been drawn to Exeter by a common ideal.

But this ideal is vastly more comprehensive than that held by this ardent protagonist of the

public schools. It does, however, as our charter indicates, begin with democracy. As we have stated elsewhere, we are not so sure that democracy is or can be more surely fostered in the public high school than in a private endowed school like Exeter. Here in the Academy, for example, conditions are ideally favorable for democracy; and here surely a real democracy exists. The boys are detached from their families, from their social environment; and, except in rare instances, neither their teachers nor their fellow students know of their social position or influence at home. Anything besides the boy's real self and worth is irrelevant.

There is also an independence in the board of trustees and in the faculty that makes the standards of scholarship and discipline absolutely uniform and inflexible. Moreover, there is a tremendous gain for the maintenance of an intelligent democracy in the cosmopolitan character of the student body; by the perspective that a boy gets from association with other boys from every section, he loses his provincialism, his home-town attitude. Here he not only sits in a classroom with boys of all classes and sections, but he lives, eats, works, and plays with them, spends practically his whole time with them. In the local high school, on the other hand, the boy's family is known by both teachers and students — the kind of car he has and the influence his father wields. Mothers and fathers know with whom their sons and daughters associate, and often do not regard family standing as irrelevant. Nor are the teachers or the members of the school board always independent; membership on the school boards is oftentimes the first round in the political ladder.

As for standards of scholarship and discipline, the average parents wish them to be no higher than their own sons can attain. The parents pay the taxes; they have different degrees of influence, culture, and taste; and sometimes they control the destiny of teachers. Moreover, life in the high school does not necessarily produce intimate relationship among all classes; the students merely go to school together, they do not live together. Cliques in the high school follow generally the social lines of the community. The public schools, it is admitted, promote democracy, but the democracy is not necessarily inevitable or complete. Nor is democracy a monopoly of the public school. Exeter, we believe, has conditions that produce democracy, and a democracy resulting from those conditions that no high school can surpass.

But we believe that schools exist for reasons other than social. Scholastic standards can be more successfully maintained, we believe, in a school like Exeter than in the great majority of town or city high schools. And the training of

the body must be looked out for also. There can be no doubt, we think, that life in the Exeter countryside, with the bracing climate, is more conducive to physical growth and health — moral, too — than life in our great crowded cities. With private schools retained, most boys, it is true, have to remain in the city; many can go to private schools in the country, but most cannot. But are we to consider everything harmful that cannot be universally enjoyed?

Other elements in the situation seem never to be considered by those who would abolish private schools. In H. G. Wells's recent biography of Sanderson of Oundle — 'a great teacher-pioneer' — there is this sentence: 'Out of a small country grammar school, he created something more suggestive of those great modern teaching centres of which our world stands in need than anything that has yet been attempted.' It happened at Oundle, at Rugby, as it happened at Andover, at Exeter, and some other places in this country, that schools, relatively insignificant at first, have become great teaching centres. It has not happened that every town and city has such a centre, and it probably never will. It is a reasonable thing to believe that in the future as in the past, for secondary education as for college and university, many will not be able to get what they want at home, certainly not the best training, and they will have to seek it where it can be found.

* * *

Katharine Fullerton Gerould in her 'Ritual and Regalia' (November *Atlantic*) has aroused the men to retort and irony.

The secrets of these organizations have been the only ones which men have been able to keep from the genial all-inquisitiveness of the female sex, and the possession of these secrets therefore gives the numerous male members of them their one claim to superiority. This answers why they appeal to men. The answer to the question why women do not like these secret organizations is the same — namely, that within them there are some things which have resisted countless generations of insatiable female curiosity.

Finally, she asks in great apparent distraction, Why the regalia? This question can best be answered by a conundrum which runs like this: What animal is it that is very large, has four feet, a long slender tail, a trunk of ivory, and crows like a rooster? The answer is an elephant. But you say an elephant does not crow like a rooster. That is conceded; it is only put into the conundrum to make it hard. That answers why the regalia: it is simply put in to make it hard so that women will not guess the secrets.

C. D. C.

